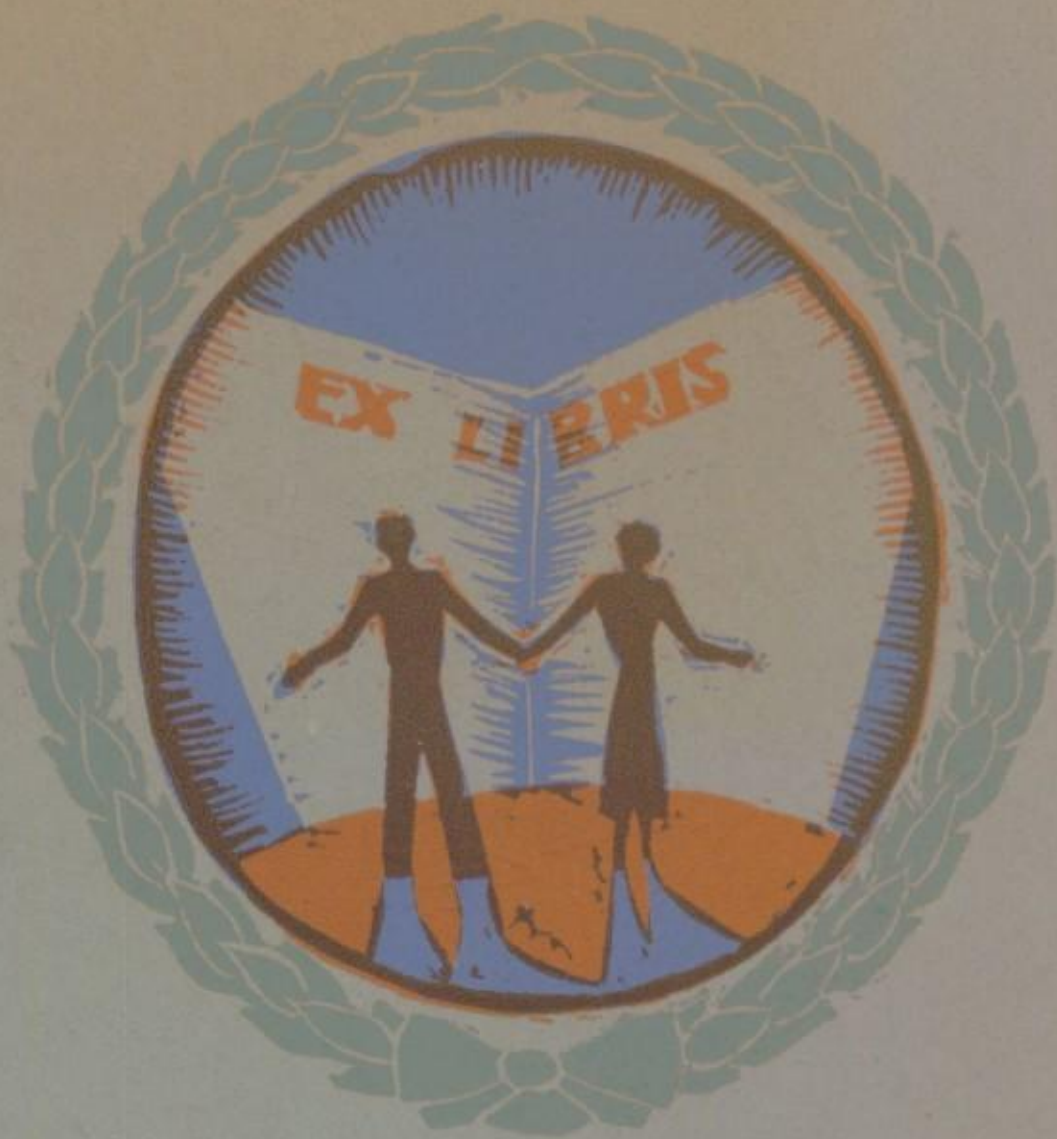




THE BLACKHAWK
1933



THE BLACKHAWK

THE ANNUAL PUBLICA-
TION OF THE SENIOR
CLASS OF DAVENPORT
HIGH SCHOOL — 1933



VOLUME SIXTEEN

FOREWORD

*I*N assembling the material for the 1933 Memorial edition of *THE BLACKHAWK*, the aim of the staff has been to preserve the pleasant memories of the past three years at D. H. S. under the guidance of our good friend, George Edward Marshall. We hope this volume will keep alive these memories and that in later years this book will become a cherished possession.

THE EDITORS.



CHERAL HILLIER

ELIZABETH ANN COE

Co-EDITORS

CLARENCE BLACKMAN

BUSINESS MANAGER

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years past our institution
scholarship and stem intelligently
was directed our day, and whose
concern whose teaching and
ment of the school have been an-
cients in promoting the develop-
ment of the school and the
to the memory of George Edward



His work is dedicated

DEDICATION

DEDICATION

 HIS volume is dedicated to the memory of George Edward Marshall, our late principal, whose efforts in promoting the development of the school have been unceasing, whose refreshing humor has gladdened our days, and whose scholarship and stern intellectuality have been our inspiration.





GEORGE EDWARD MARSHALL

1862 - 1932

NO MAN has had a more far reaching influence upon the minds of youth in Iowa than George Edward Marshall since his entrance into educational work in the year 1882. From that time the name of Mr. Marshall rapidly gathered fame and respect as the scope of his work broadened.

No recession, no lack of ambition has cluttered the path of this man who took upon his shoulders the burden of improving educational methods and preparing future citizens to discharge the duties which would inevitably be theirs. Those who knew him looked to him for significant, uplifting work; and they were not disappointed, for they found there a sure and constant vitality, unbending in spite of the pressure upon it and constant until the call from the Great Master. Those exacting virtues which we ask of our ideals were not missing in him. We find them in every phase of his work.

George Edward Marshall was born December 23, 1862, in Watertown, New York. During his boyhood, his parents, John and Ida Spaulding Marshall, moved to Chicago. In this metropolis Mr. Marshall spent the greater part of his boyhood. He was graduated from the South Division High School. He entered Syracuse University, but, after completing one year, he transferred to Columbia University where he received his degree. At college he took up the usual course of studies offered by those institutions, namely, the liberal arts.

Almost immediately his merit brought him a position as high school teacher in Keokuk, Iowa. After serving a short time as a teacher, Mr. Marshall became principal at the age of twenty-one. While in Keokuk, he also held the chair of chemistry in the Keokuk Medical College. This institution ceased to function early in the twentieth century.

In 1900 George Edward Marshall became head of the Central High School in Sioux City, Iowa. While there, a certain character-revealing incident occurred which it is worth while to relate. J. N. "Ding" Darling, now a famous cartoonist, roomed with Mr. Marshall. "Ding," knowing his own weakness, begged Mr. Marshall to take care of his money so that he would not spend too much. Mr. Marshall did so willingly and displayed while handling another's money a great integrity, a sense of which he has passed on to many of Iowa's youth since that time.

After seven years' service at Sioux City, Mr. Marshall came to Davenport to succeed Mr. Frank L. Smart as principal of Davenport High School. From 1907 to 1932 he served in this his selected career. Mr. Marshall was a superior school man, having a versatility of knowledge which made him adept in any class into which he might step. At one time a teacher in Latin and chemistry, he understood the problems of the teacher and had a realization of the work of high school students. Personal touch with students was one of his particular aims, and for the sincere student he had a characteristic pat on the head or some cheerful word of encouragement. His leadership was undisputed.





George Edward Marshall married Miss Effie Hutchinson of Keokuk, Iowa, on December 30, 1912. His marriage terminated a courtship of some years, and we need but say that their life together was a delightful companionship.

Mr. Marshall was active in high school work of the state in general. He was a member of the Board of Control of the Iowa High School Athletic Association on its organization in 1904. He served two years as president of the Board immediately after its founding. Later he again became president and served almost continuously in that capacity. Mr. Marshall was also prominent in the National High School Athletic Association and was president of this organization at the time of his death. He also served as president of the State Teachers' Association and the Southeastern Division of the Iowa State Teachers' Association. He was always interested in institutional work, but his main object was undoubtedly a good high school.

By far the most remarkable fact concerning the career of George Edward Marshall as an educator is that he has been and still is the educational ideal of thousands who knew him. He will live among us as a mighty force.



MEMORIAL ADDRESS

By Dean Philbrook of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral with Introduction by Lester E. Keller
High School Auditorium, December 9, 1932

We are assembled as a school, students and faculty, with our superintendent and members of the Board of Education to pay respect and reverence to the memory of our departed leader and teacher. It is fitting that we thus pause and lay aside our daily tasks for such a purpose.

If we could project our memories and imaginations back over the twenty-five years of leadership of Mr. Marshall in the Davenport High School and could see the hundreds of men and women from everywhere and in every walk of life who were members of one of the many classes that have been graduated under his direction, we would see them pause as we do now to pay reverence to his memory.

Our loss is great. His reward is greater. It is multiplied in our lives and in the lives of countless others who came in contact with his personality and whose characters were made better under his influence.

But our attempts to express our feelings are but vain efforts. It is well, therefore, that we turn to one of our friends, and one who knew Mr. Marshall well, to direct our thoughts in this hour. Such a friend is Dean Philbrook!



We have gathered in this assembly to pay corporate affection and respect to the memory of George Edward Marshall, whose personality and labors have so tremendously moulded and influenced this great institution through so long a period of years. It would be folly for me to attempt to eulogize that life to you who knew him so well and were so intimately associated with him in the activities of this school. Such a life as his is its own eulogy, and I am content to leave locked in the tender memories of each, the experiences that have been yours because of your association with him.

In his modesty and lack of self-seeking he would desire no encomiums of praise from the lips of men, and we are content to leave the "well done" to the God Who sees things as they are. It is not amiss, however, upon this occasion, to point out how that life of teaching has crystallized certain great principles. We can see these truths because they were made incarnate in him. As he taught in his life, he would not think it amiss if we reviewed these truths upon the occasion of his death.

The first thing that he would have us remember is that every life must have an aim. All through the many years that he has guided this great school he has been trying to emphasize that primary truth. He knew well that in life it is only too possible to "aim at nothing and hit it." Not only by precept did he teach this principle, but chiefly by example. Those that were close to him have told me that his one aim in life was to be the principal of a good high school. The great organization that he has built here, the splendid spirit that it bears and the high standard that it sets testify completely to the attainment of that ambition. As his every effort was bent to the fulfilment of his life's aim, shall we not in his memory determine again to direct every intelligent effort of ours to real accomplishment?





There is another element that he would have me point out to you, and that is the aim must be high, and above all, unselfish. A man with his talents and intelligence surveying the field of life's endeavor could have chosen a work that would have brought large financial return. His abilities and persistent effort would have brought him marked success in the business world. Selfish desire, however, played no part in his selection of an aim. He desired to serve youth in an underpaid profession and his reward is great. From far and wide men and women whose lives have been influenced by him in this place now rise up to bear their testimony to his worth. A whole community feels keenly a sense of irreparable loss in his passing. It is not always so. The false standards of success sometimes set up by a selfish world do not result in such great affection and universal love. Many a man who from the selfish standpoint has made a great "success" goes down to his grave unloved. But to the one who unselfishly follows a high ideal of service there arises a monument of peculiar worth, fashioned not from cold marble or bronze, but from the hearts of men and women who profited by loving service and who loved in return. Let his life tell us then that this aim must be high and unselfish if we would achieve life's greatest purpose.

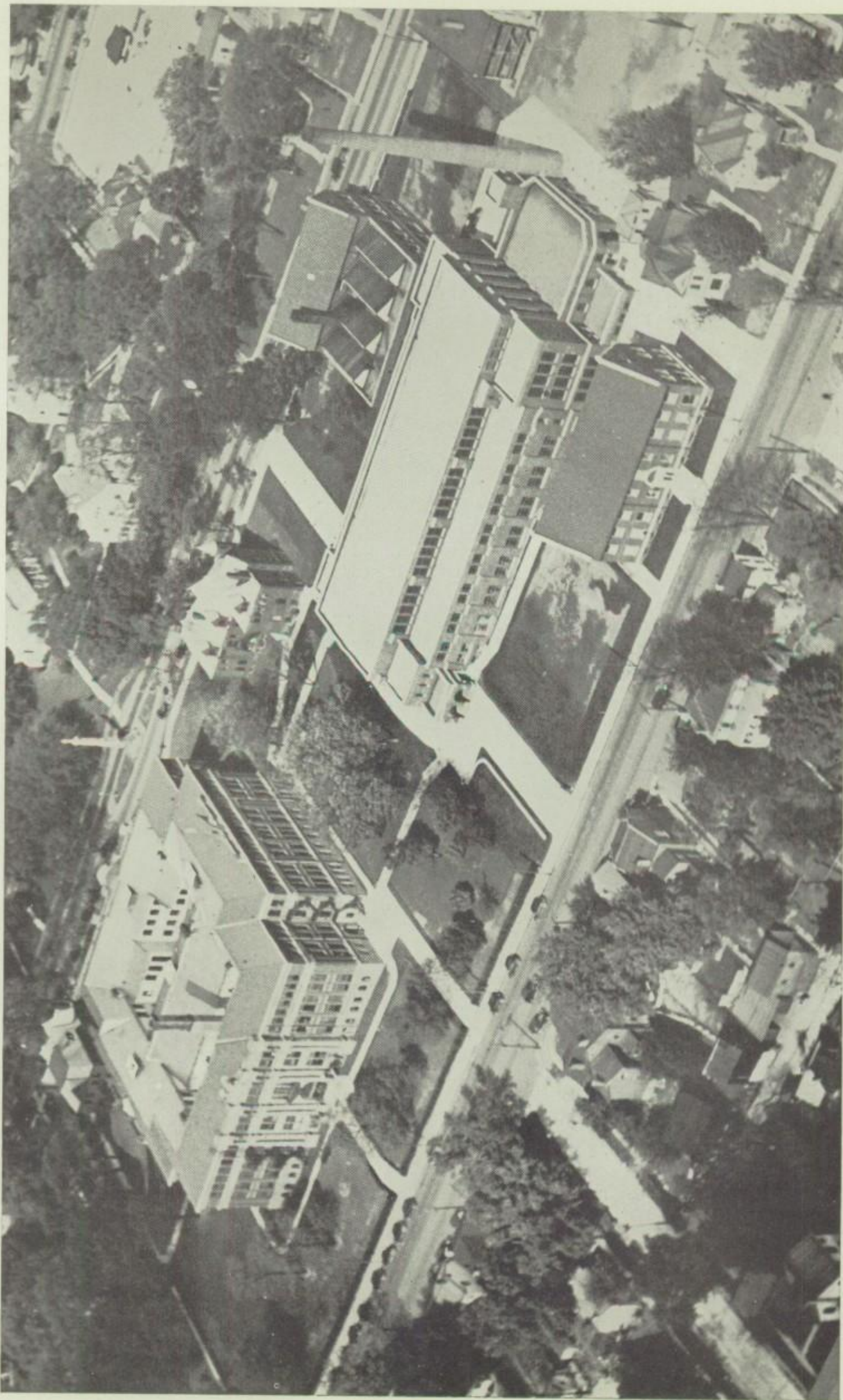
We must add a word about the character of persistency. It could not be that there were no discouragements in his life, but he did not allow discouragement to divert his persistent effort in accomplishing his task. Men and women are so apt to give way to discouragement and reverses—to allow life to slip along in the paths where no resistance is met. His life would tell us to beware of such cowardice. His example would encourage us to keep at the task in the face of any apparent failure until triumph comes to crown our persistent endeavor. Let us, in his memory, resolve for ourselves a greater courage and a more untiring effort.

Finally his life would tell us that if our aim is high and we labor persistently for its accomplishment that death comes only as the reward of rest for work well done. We cannot look upon the development of character and years of devoted service to the great cause of youth as wasted effort. It is not something that has gone past in the great stream of energy that moves from past to future. It has become a part of the fabric of our present lives. We, in turn, at the close of our life's evening will go on to rest. How we go depends entirely upon how we have lived. There is no preparation for that rest except by means of the labor of the day. Sounding clear from the record of his life comes this reassurance. He entered the life to come as he lived here—confidently, peacefully, and full of purpose. It can be no better expressed than in the words of one who caught a great vision (and when men catch great visions we call it poetry) who said:

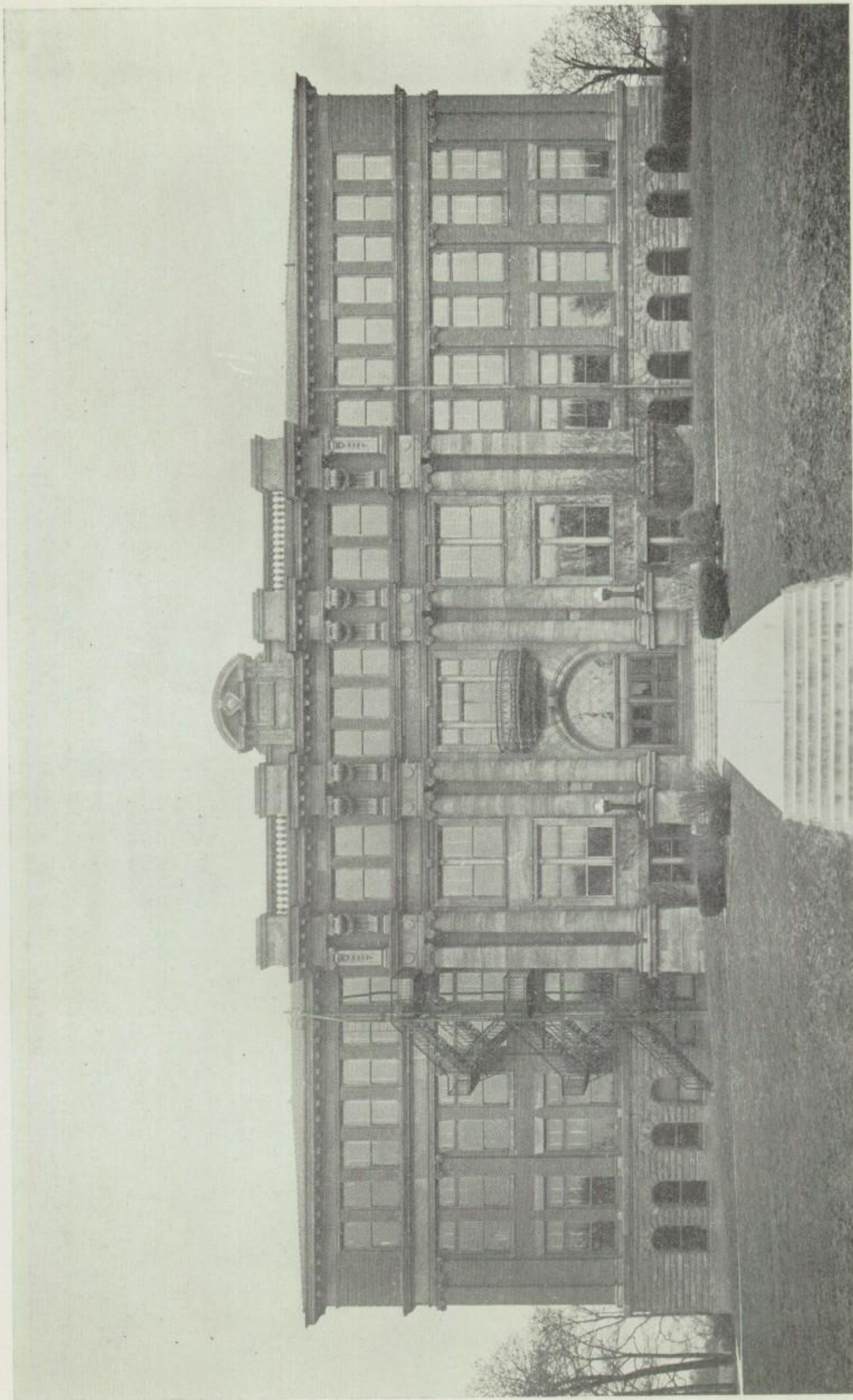
*"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death:
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the draperies of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."*



CAMPUS



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMPUS



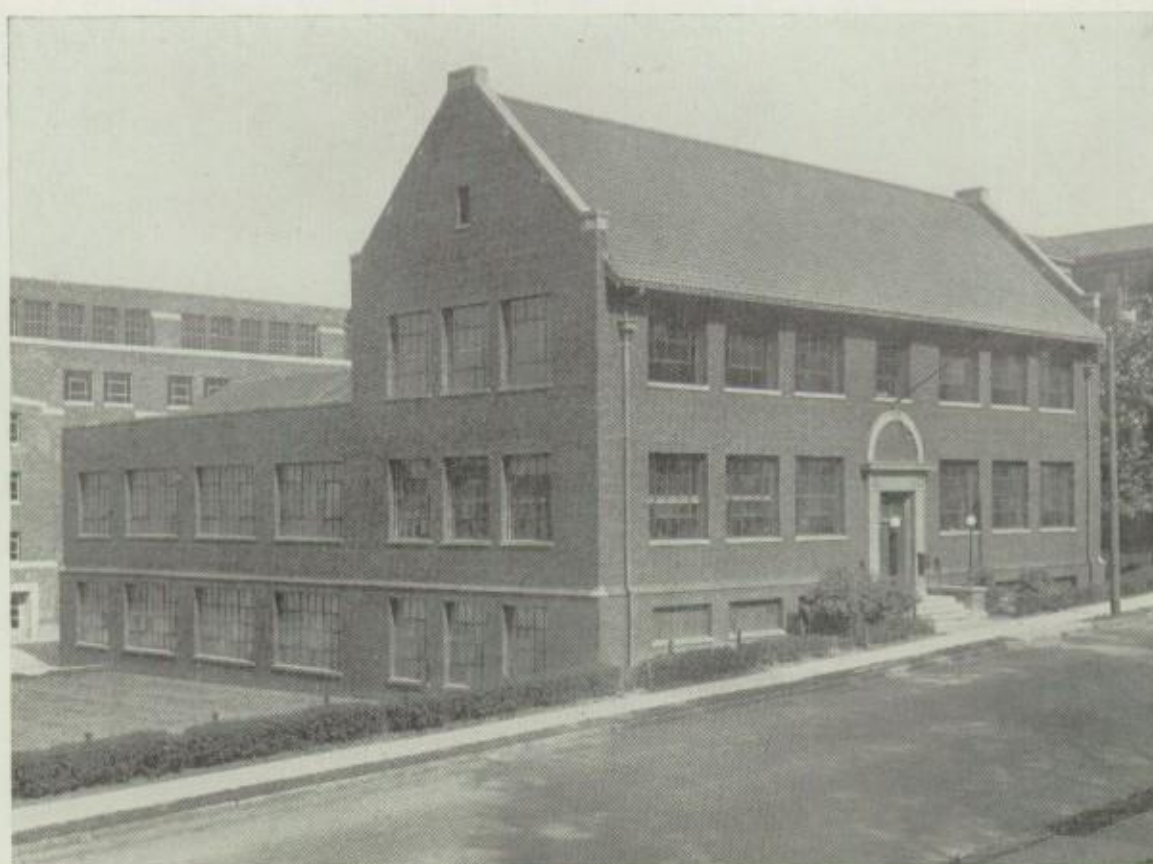
MAIN BUILDING



GEORGE EDWARD MARSHALL GYMNASIUM



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



INDUSTRIAL ARTS BUILDING



HOME ECONOMICS BUILDING



SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



THE MONUMENT



FACULTY



The Class of 1933 has completed the tasks assigned to it by the Board of Education and the faculty. Graduation time has arrived. Farewells must now be said to classmates and friends.

The days and years just ahead present a wonderful challenge to the youths of today. How well this challenge will be met depends upon the preparation, the faithfulness and the ideals of today.

May true success crown your every worthy effort. To accomplish your ambitions work honestly and live truly. As final words of advice to you, the parting words of your former Principal and friend, George Edward Marshall, to the Class of 1932 are commended to you: "The world is before you. Take the best life offers you. Keep your standards high. As you leave us you go with our best wishes for your future success and happiness."

Sincerely yours,

A. I. NAUMANN.





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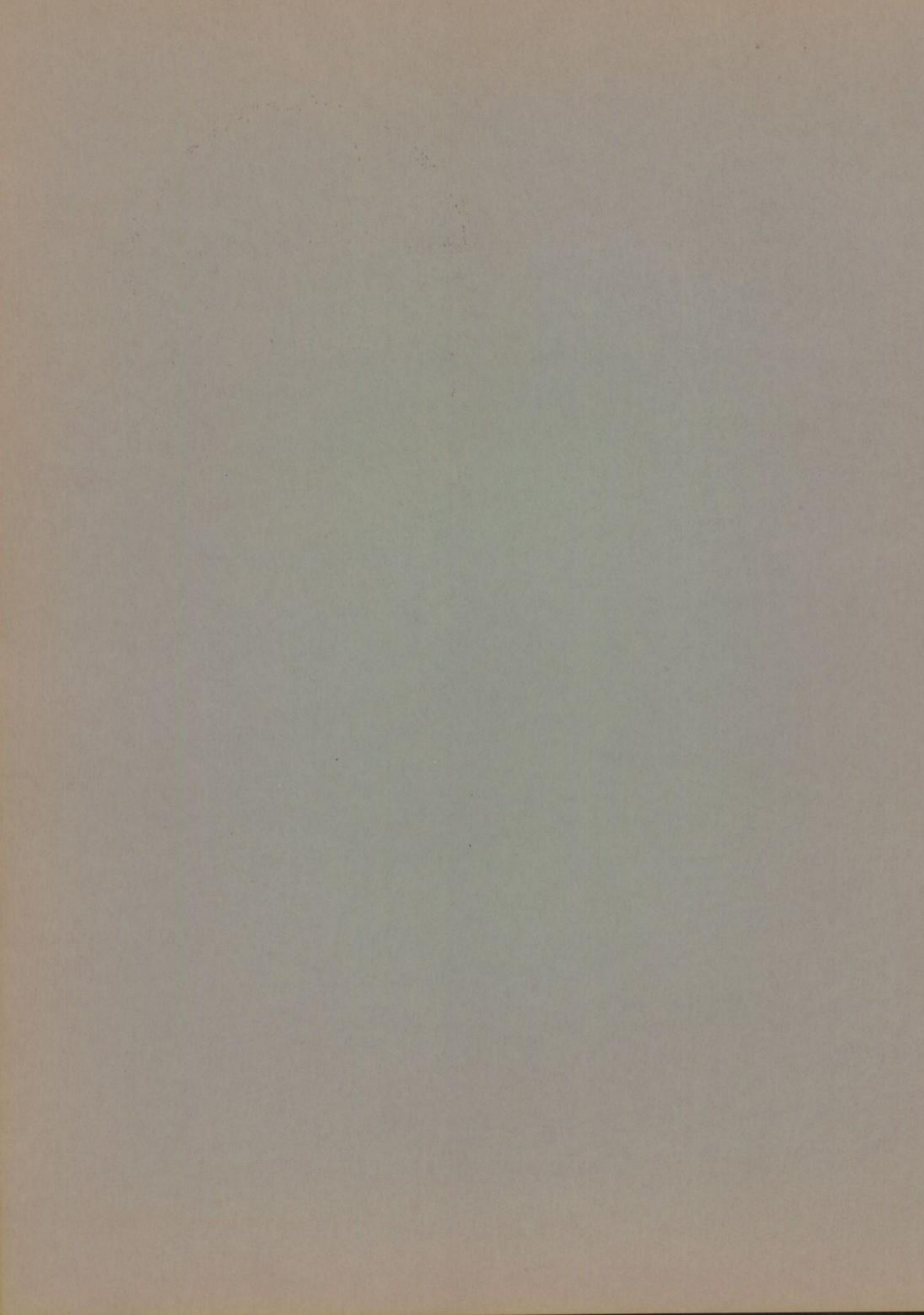
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Drake University





CLASSES





JANUARY CLASS

LEONE ELSIE ACKELSON "Babe"
Commercial Course

Chorus.

"The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceiling."

ELDON HENRY ARNO ADRIAN
Commercial Course

Orchestra; Basketball.

"What is the short meaning of this long
harangue?"

LAURENCE ALDRICH "Larry"
Science Course

Boys' Glee Club; A Cappella
Chorus; R. O. T. C.; "The
Mikado."

"O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate
men!"

ELEANOR R. ANTHONY "Eke"
Commercial Course

"I heard the little bird say so."

PHILIP AXELROD "Phlip"
General Course

Chorus; Boys' Glee Club; Or-
chestra; R. O. T. C.

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

WILLIAM H. BARGMANN "Bill"
Science Course

Boys' Glee Club; Chorus; D.
H. S. Quartet; Dramatic Club;
"The Mikado"; "Twelfth
Night."

"Come, sing now, sing; for I know you
sing well; I see you have a singing
face."

ARLINE BEHRENS "Kid"

Commercial Course

Chorus; Student Club.

"They mocked thee for too much cur-
iosity."

ROBERT G. BIELENBERG "Bob"

Science Course

Junior Reserve Officers Club,
Vice President; R. O. T. C.,
Major.

"No man was ever wise by chance."

OPAL LOURINE BOND "Ope"

General Course

Daubers Club; Girls' Glee
Club; A Cappella Chorus;
Student Club; G. A. C.

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound
of sorrow."

ALICE BERNADINE F. BRANDT

General Course

"My name may have buoyancy enough
to float upon the sea of time."

ANDREW S. CALKINS "Andy"

General Course

"Talk of nothing but business, and dis-
patch that business quickly."

HERBERT JOHN CAVELL "Herb"

General Course

R. O. T. C.

"Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes
this way!"





JOHN A. COGAN "Johnny"
Commercial Course
French Club; R. O. T. C.,
Second Lieutenant.
"Great souls suffer in silence."



ELMER MAXWELL DETERS
Manual Training Course
R. O. T. C., Second Lieutenant.
"Independence Now: and Independence
Forever."

CHARLES B. CONNER "Chuck"
General Course
A Cappella Chorus; Boys' Glee
Club; "The Mikado."
"Art is a manly business."



HENRY EARL DISMER "Diz"
Science Course
Boys' Glee Club; Chorus; R.
O. T. C., Second Lieutenant;
German Club; Dramatic Club;
"The Mikado"; "A Marriage
Proposal"; "Twelfth Night."
"Welcome to the ladies."

JOE LAWRENCE CORNICK
Science Course
"You come late, yet you come."



MARIAN ARLENE DITTO "Ditts"
General Course
Girls' Glee Club; Chorus.
"Singers are merry, and free from sor-
rows and cares."

RICHARD WILBUR DALY "Dick"
General Course
R. O. T. C.; Dramatic Club;
French Club.
"Silent people are dangerous; others are
not so."



WILLIAM HENRY DIXON
General Course
Stamp Club.
"O this learning, what a thing it is!"

MARIE C. DANNACHER "Ree"
Commercial Course
Student Club.
"I see that time divided is never long,
and that regularity abridges all
things."



JEROME R. DOHRMANN "Jerry"
Manual Training Course
R. O. T. C., First Lieutenant.
"From little sparks may burst a mighty
flame."

VIRGINIA A. DEJAEGER "Ginny"
Commercial Course
Girls' Glee Club; A Cappella
Chorus; "The Mikado."
"Bright gem instinct with music, vocal
spark."



VIRGINIA RUTH DOW "Ginny"
General Course
Chorus.
"As good be out of the world as out of
fashion."



ANGELOS W. DRAENOS "Ang"
General Course

Orchestra; Boys' Glee Club; A
Cappella Chorus; R. O. T. C.;
Basketball.

"A little more sleep, a little more
slumber."

ESTHER GORDON "Es"
General Course

"Fair and softly goes far."

HELEN ELOISE EGGER
General Course

French Club.

"Distinction without a difference."

CATHERINE A. GRABBE "Katie"
Normal Course

Normal Club.

"In a little red school house I'll spend
my days." (Maybe!)

KATHRYN FELDERMAN "Katy"
Commercial Course

Girls' Glee Club; A Cappella
Chorus.

"Neat, but not gaudy."

BESSIE GRANT "Bess"
Commercial Course

Dramatic Club.

"Joy rises in me like a summer's
morn."

PAUL WILLIAM FRIEMEL
General Course

Noncommissioned Officers Club;
R. O. T. C., Sergeant.

"Fortune is not on the side of the faint-
hearted."

FLOYD W. GRAY "Greyhound"
General Course

R. O. T. C., Sergeant; Non-
commissioned Officers Club,
Secretary.

"Could I love less, I should be happier
now."

RUTH JESSIE FULTON
Commercial Course

"I have found you an argument; but I
am not obliged to find you an un-
derstanding."

JEAN ELIZABETH HAHN
General Course

French Club, Treasurer; Girls'
Rifle Team.

"What hath night to do with sleep?"

JEANETTE A. GARRISON "Jen"
Commercial Course

Dramatic Club; Student Club.

"Great let me call him, for he con-
quered me."

MARGARET L. HALL "Marg"
Commercial Course

Student Club; Girls' Rifle
Team; Girls' Glee Club.

"The joy of youth and health her eyes
displayed."





JESSE ALLEN HAMMOND "Jess"
Science Course
R. O. T. C., Corporal.
"My life lies in those eyes which have
me slain."

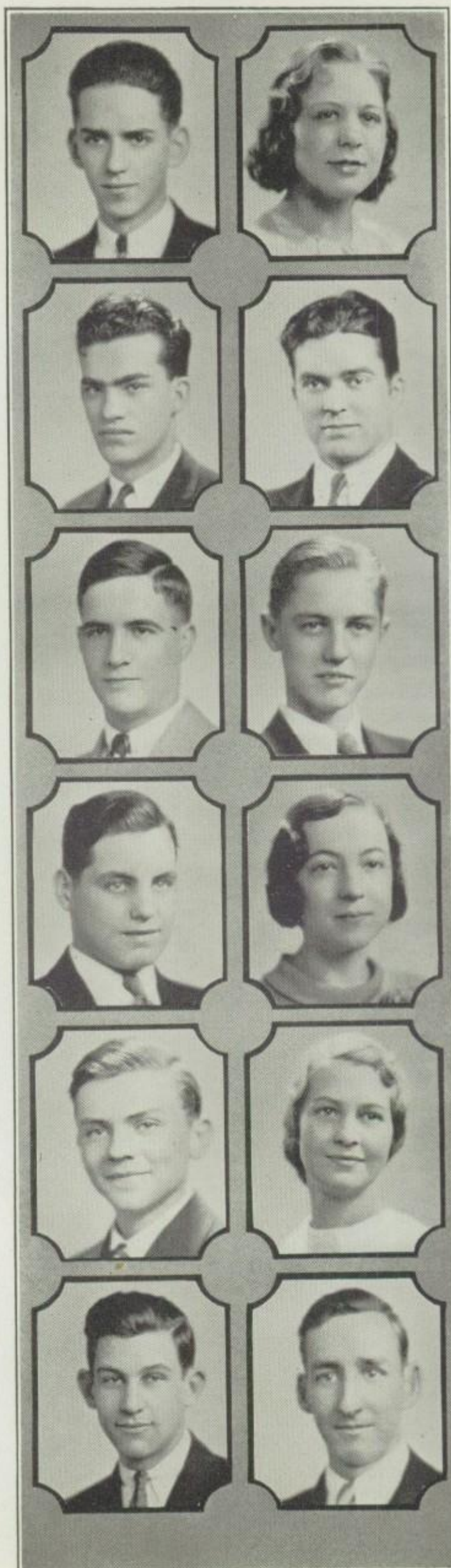
RAY RICHARD HAMPTON "Dick"
General Course
French Club; R. O. T. C.,
Sergeant; Basketball; Intramur-
al "D."
"When you're smiling."

THOMAS J. HANCOCK "Tom"
General Course
Wrestling; R. O. T. C.
"Preserving the health by too strict a
regime is a wearisome malady."

ERNEST EDW. HAWKINS "Ed"
Commercial Course
"Ev'n wit's a burden, when it talks
too long."

ALLEN HENRY HEBBEL "Andy"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Supply Sergeant;
Noncommissioned Officers Club.
"Your tongue runs before your wit."

JOHN HILDEBRAND
Science Course
French Club.
"Man delights me not; no, nor woman
neither."



MAURINE AGNES JOHNSON
Commercial Course
A Cappella Chorus; Girls' Glee
Club.
"Oh I heard, yes, I heard."

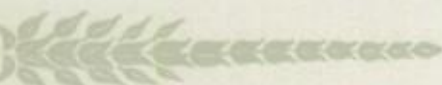
VERNE M. JOHNSON
General Course
Track; Football; Wrestling.
"The old maestro."

JESS WILLARD JOHNSON
Science Course
"They do not love that do not show
their love."

SHIRLEY LUCILLE JONES "Shir"
Commercial Course
"Little drops of water, little grains of
sand
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleas-
ant land."

CATHERINE E. JOSINGER "Kay"
Commercial Course
Girls' Glee Club; A Cappella
Chorus.
"He seems so near, and yet so far."

HENRY WM. KAKERT "Speed"
General Course
Basketball; Football; Track.
"What could he do? He introduced
quadrilles."





JOHN E. KAUFMANN "Johnny"
Science Course
Basketball; Track; Hi-Y.
"He putteth down one and setteth up another."



DONALD HARRY KRUSE "Don"
Commercial Course
Band; R. O. T. C.; Football;
Basketball; Track.
"Mirth, admit me of thy crew."



PAUL EDWARD KEARNEY "Red"
General Course
Declamatory Team; Extemporaneous Team; Oratorical Team.
"Men of few words are the best men."



IDA MARG. LADEHOFF "Peggy"
General Course
Chorus; Student Club.
"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

WM. KELLENBERGER, JR. "Bill"
Science Course
Boys' Glee Club, President;
Chorus; D. H. S. Quartet;
Dramatic Club; "The Mikado."
*"Sang, in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love, songs of longing."*



CLARIBEL BETTY LAGE "Betts"
General Course
Girls' Glee Club; Chorus;
French Club.
"With a hey-nonny nonny and a ha cha-cha."

DOROTHY LOUISE KOHN "Dot"
Commercial Course
G. A. C.
"She knew what is what."



DOROTHEA C. LANGE "Dotty"
General Course
Girls' Glee Club; Dramatic Club.
"Dowered with the hate of hate, scorn of scorn, the love of love."

FRANCES KOHRS "Franny"
General Course
Girls' Glee Club; A Cappella Chorus.
"What do I care what the world thinks!"



ESTHER MARIE LONG "Es"
Commercial Course
Chorus.
"Blest with a cheerful temper."

WILLIAM H. KROEGER "Bill"
Commercial Course
R. O. T. C.; Boys' Glee Club;
A Cappella Chorus.
*"His ivory hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in fitful fantasy."*



LILLIAN ROSE LOWRY "Lil"
General Course
"Sharp's the word with her."



JAMES B. McALLISTER "Mac"
Science Course
French Club; R. O. T. C.
"What should a man do but be merry?"



ORVAL Wm. NICKELS "Nick"
General Course
"Fiddle and I."



WALTER EDW. MAYER "Walt"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Captain.
"Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it?"



BERNICE E. OETZMANN "Bee"
Commercial Course
Girls' Glee Club; Student Club.
"Come and trip it as you go."



ARLYSS VERDO MEIER "Arly"
Commercial Course
Orchestra, Concert Master; Band.
"Play, fiddle, play."



MILLICENT H. OVENS "Millie"
Commercial Course
Chorus
"Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise."



RUTH C. MEYER "Bobbee"
Normal Course
A Cappella Chorus; Normal Club, Treasurer; Girls' Glee Club; Chorus.
"Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired."



JOHN D. PHILLIPS "Johnny"
Science Course
French Club; R. O. T. C.
"Hold the fort! I am coming!"



RHEA MABEL MOELLER
General Course
Basketball; Volleyball; Daubers Club, Vice-President.
"A still, small voice."



NORMA E. PLAMBECK "Norm"
Normal Course
Normal Club, Vice-President and President.
"The blush is beautiful, but is sometimes inconvenient."



THORA I. MOLTZEN "Blondie"
General Course
"Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold."



LLOYD E. POLLITZ "Polly"
Science Course
Boys' Rifle Team; Orchestra; Band; French Club; Science Club, President.
"And his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home."





WILLIAM RAMM "Bill"

General Course

R. O. T. C., Captain; Boys' Rifle Team; Girls' Rifle Team Coach.

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."



MYRTLE M. SCHAEFER "Myrt"

Commercial Course

"Many waters cannot quench love."



NANCY E. RIEGEL "Nan"

Latin Course

Girls' Rifle Team; Daubers Club.

"A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."



RICHARD SCHLAPKOHL "Dick"

General Course

"Oh life! Short to the happy!"



DOROTHY F. RITZA "Ritz"

Commercial Course

Girls' Volleyball Team.

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."



MILDRED EMILY SCHMIDT

Commercial Course

Daubers Club; German Club.

"Not much talk—a great, sweet silence."



HARRY ROSCHLAU "Swish"

Science Course

Basketball; Track.

"Women at their best are nuisances, I should say."



ARABELLA L. SCHNECKLOTH "Honey"

General Course

Student Club.

"And her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."



WAYNE H. ROSS "Rossie"

Science Course

Football; Track; French Club; R. O. T. C., Sergeant; Non-commissioned Officers Club; "The Blackhawk"; Orchestra; Band.

"My only books—
Were woman's looks."



GERTRUDE SCHNEIDER "Gertie"

Commercial Course

Dramatic Club; German Club, President; Stamp Club.

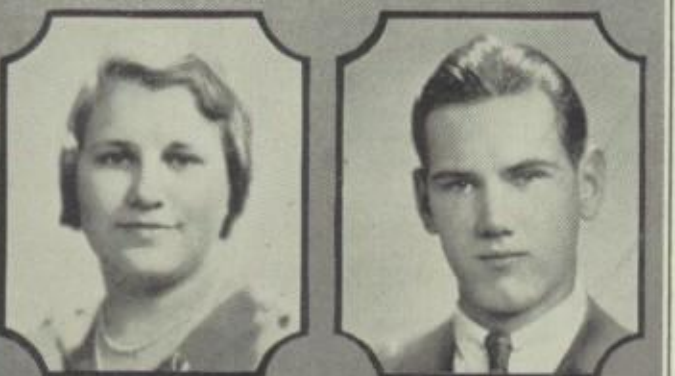
"Die That Ist Alles; Nichts Der Ruhm."



KATHRYN M. SASS "Kay"

Commercial Course

"All play and no work makes Jill a mere toy."

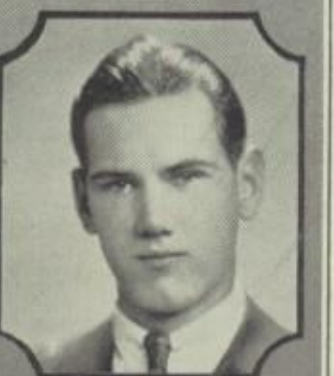


BOYD CURTIS SCHRIEFER "Bud"

General Course

Football; Track; R. O. T. C., Captain; Junior Reserve Officers Club.

"The sex is ever to a soldier kind."





HAROLD H. SCHROEDER "Butch"
General Course
Basketball; R. O. T. C.
*"She floats upon the river of his
thoughts."*

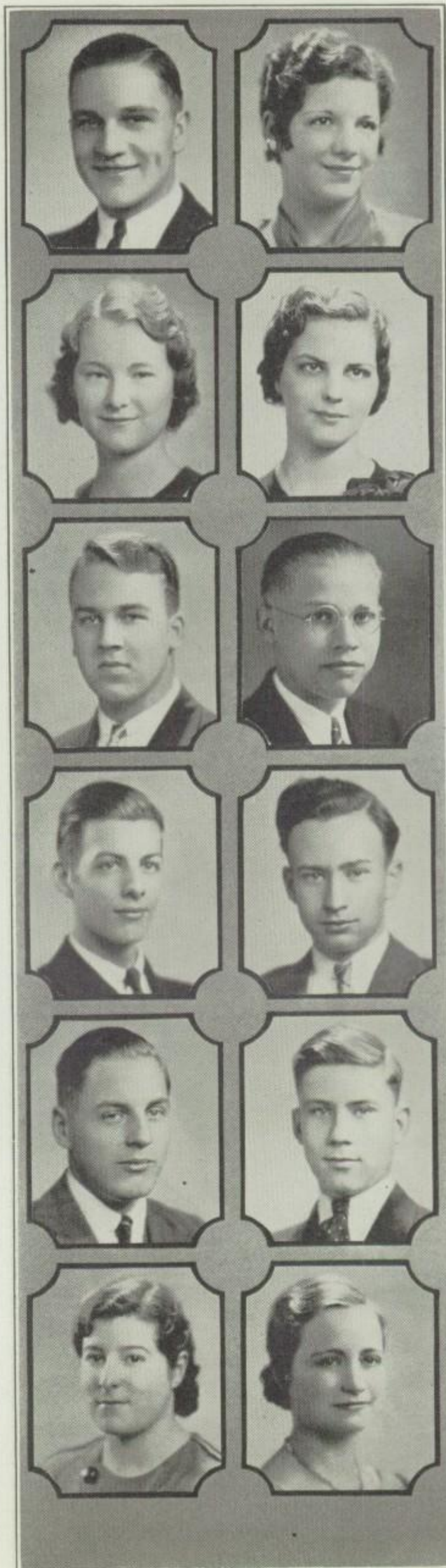
MILDRED M. SCHULTZ "Blondie"
Commercial Course
G. A. C.
*"Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Blondie."*

WILFRED JOHN SCHULTZ
Manual Training Course
R. O. T. C., First Lieutenant;
Noncommissioned Officers Club;
Junior Reserve Officers Club;
Boys' Glee Club; Chorus;
Wrestling.
"I am resolved to grow fat."

RUSSELL JOSEPH SCOTT "Russ"
Manual Training Course
R. O. T. C., Major; Non-
commissioned Officers Club,
President; Public Speaking Ex-
temporaneous Team.
*"He who falls in love meets a worse
fate than he who leaps from a
rock."*

OTIS SEBOLT "Ote"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Regimental Ser-
geant Major; Football.
"Oh, why should life all labour be!"

IDA BERNICE SHUGAR "Sugar"
Commercial Course
Dramatic Club; Student Club;
Stamp Club; "The Blackhawk,"
Typist; Yearbook; Chorus;
"Twelfth Night."
"Gracious as sunshine, sweet as dew."



MADALYN STAFENBIEL "Madge"
Commercial Course
*"But, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight."*

MARJORIE E. STANLEY "Margie"
Normal Course
Girls' Rifle Team; Student
Club; Normal Club.
*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."*

HUGO H. STENDER "Hooks"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Corporal.
"I live in the crowds of jollity."

DALE STURGIS STEVENS "Steve"
General Course
Band; R. O. T. C., Second
Lieutenant.
*"I know the nature of women. When
you will, THEY will not; when you
will not, THEY come of their own
accord."*

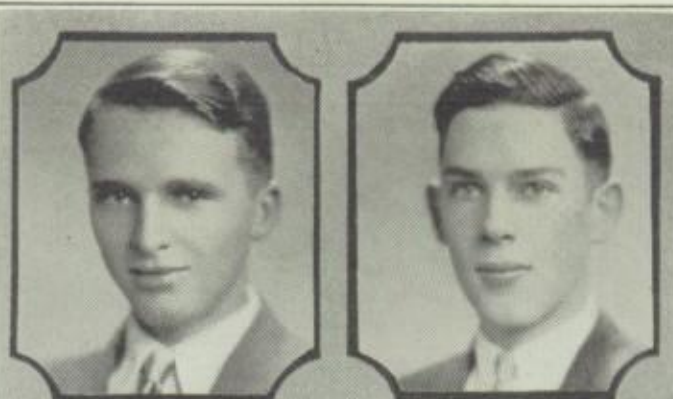
GEORGE STOKER "Gabby"
General Course
Boxing; Basketball.
*"The endearing elegance of female
friendship."*

ADELE M. STRONG "Honey"
Latin Course
Student Club.
*"She was a wee tiny thing
Dainty and demure."*





KERMIT M. SUTTON "Kernie"
General Course
Volleyball, Captain; Wrestling.
"Silence is more eloquent than words."



HOWARD CARLTON WERNER
Science Course
R. O. T. C., Captain; Junior
Reserve Officers Club.
"My love lies bleeding."



ABE TEKOSKY
General Course
"I am thankful that my name is ob-
noxious to no pun."



JACK WILLIAM WHITE
General Course
Football; Wrestling; Boxing,
1930 Champion.
"Auf Wiedersehen."



JOHN CHARLES VOSS "Colonel"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Colonel; Junior
Reserve Officers Club, Presi-
dent.
"Say what you will, 'tis better to be
left than never to have loved."



FRANCES M. WILSON "Franz"
General Course
"The mildest manners and the gentlest
heart."



VERA GRACE WASS "V.G."
Commercial Course
Girls' Glee Club; Dramatic
Club, Treasurer.
"It is a woman's reason to say I will
do such a thing because I will."



VIOLA LORETTA WOHRLE "Vi"
Commercial Course
Student Club, Finance Chair-
man; G. A. C., Treasurer;
Girls' Rifle Team; Music Club.
"For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs neyer vary."



LENORA CHRISTA WELLS
Commercial Course
Orchestra; Girls' Glee Club;
Chorus; A Cappella Chorus.
"Hearken, hearken, music sounds afar."



RAYMOND OTTO WOLFE "Ray"
General Course
Wrestling; Boxing; R. O. T.
C.; Band; Boys' Rifle Team.
"Lucky art thou, as if every day thou
hadst picked up a horseshoe."



HAROLD WENDHAUSEN "Windy"
General Course
Band.
"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn;
'Tis not a thing to laugh nor scorn."

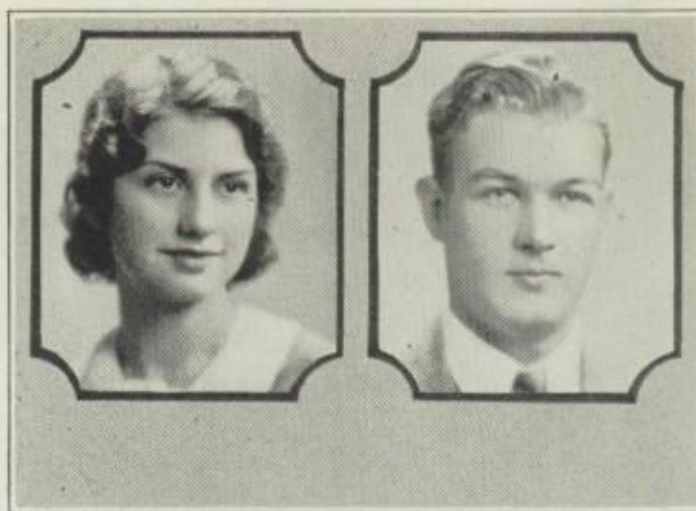


BERNITA I. WOODFORD "Bonnie"
Normal Course
Normal Club, Secretary; Cho-
rus; A Cappella Chorus; Girls'
Glee Club; "The Mikado."
"She has a unique affliction;
She is a sensible girl."





HELEN ANNA WUNDRAM
"Anne"
Commercial Course
Daubers Club.
"Grace and good disposition are true
of your ladyship."



ORRIN CHESTER ZABEL
General Course
Chorus; A Cappella Chorus.
"Although the last, not least."





JUNE CLASS

MARIA ABAYA

General Course

"A penny for your thoughts."



ALICE MARIE ARP

Commercial Course

"She carried her books clutched to her bosom with both hands."

KATHERINE ACKLES "Vera"

General Course

"Who's afraid?
Burglars dare not venture near
When they know that papa's here."



ARLOINE BONITA ARP

Normal Course

Normal Club; German Club.
"Ye gods, annihilate but space and
time and make two lovers happy."

ELEANOR E. ADAMS

General Course

"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too dis-
creet
To run amuck and tilt at all I meet."



ARLINE BAKER

"Abby"

General Course

French Club.
"There are some things paint will not
hide."

AUBREY ALLEN

General Course

Football; Basketball; Track.
"And most everybody thinks
That his smile is really beautiful and
sweet."



JEANNETTE W. BECKER

Commercial Course

Daubers Club.
"What a miserable world! trouble if we
love, and trouble if we do not
love."

HERMAN ALTER "Hymie"

General Course

R. O. T. C., Second Lieuten-
ant; Football.
"I am a soldier and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim at fortune's fickleness."



LOUIS BECKMAN

"Louie"

Commercial Course

"Indeed it is my chief delight,
To do the things I ought."

MARGARET C. ANGELL "Marg"

Commercial Course

"The anger of lovers lasts a short
time."



FRANK BENDA

General Course

Wrestling.
"Why are you silent?"



ELIZABETH BENNETT "Betty"

General Course

Chorus; A Cappella Chorus;
Glee Club; "The Mikado."

"Be to her virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind."



FRANK BLANK "Speed"

General Course

Wrestling.

"I must be off to the barber's
For methinks I am marvelously hairy
about the face."

JOHN BERESFORD "Johnny"

General Course

Glee Club; Orchestra.

"Men do less than they ought unless
they do all that they can."



JENNY SOFIA BLOOM "Jen"

Commercial Course

"Calm thou mayst smile, while all
around thee weep."

M. EVELYN BERGSTROM "Evie"

General Course

Girls' Rifle Team; Daubers
Club; Treasurer; Student Club;
Music Club; French Club;
"The Blackhawk."

"Some young lad's mystery."



GEORGE BONIGER

General Course

R. O. T. C., Sergeant; Boys'
Rifle Team; Boys' Glee Club;
A Cappella Chorus.

"And I, so modest a man am I."

RALPH H. BERODT "Tuffy"

Commercial Course

R. O. T. C.; Band.

"Much study is a weariness of the
flesh."



IRMA BOOTH

Commercial Course

Stamp Club.

"Be good and you'll be happy, but
you'll miss lots of fun."

ELIZABETH BLACKBURN "Betty"

General Course

French Club; German Club;
Music Club; String Quartet;
Orchestra; Band; North Central
States High School Orchestra;
National High School Orches-
tra.

"It is in learning music that many
youthful hearts learn love."



KENNETH C. BOOTH "Kenny"

Science Course

Band, Major; Senior Hi-Y;
Senior Class Ring and Pin
Committee.

"The greatest of faults, I should say,
is to be conscious of none."

CLARENCE BLACKMAN "Gus"

Science Course

R. O. T. C., First Sergeant;
French Club; Yearbook, Busi-
ness Manager.

"Pray, what can a civilized boy do now,
When the Dragons all are dead?"



RICHARD BOWERS "Porky"

General Course

Football; Basketball; Track.

"Lead, and I follow."



JACKABOT E. BOZMAN "Jackie"
Commercial Course
Chorus; "The Blackhawk,"
Typist; Yearbook.
"The gentle minde by gentle deeds is
knowne."

CLYDE R. BRAUN "Jerry"
Science Course
Science Club; Senior Hi-Y,
Vice-President; Football; Track;
R. O. T. C., Lieutenant; Boys
Rifle Team; Junior Reserve Of-
ficers Club; Boys' Glee Club.
"All great men are dead—
I am not feeling well myself!"

RITA BROWER
Commercial Course
French Club.
"Life is sweeter, Rita,
When you are near."

MABEL BUCHNER "Mabe"
General Course
Daubers Club; Dramatic Club;
Student Club.
"Glances are love's first epistles."

FORREST BURMEISTER "Burmy"
General Course
Football; Track; Band; Senior
Class Boys' Treasurer.
"All we ask is to be let alone."

IDA MARGARET BYERS "Skippy"
Normal Course
Normal Club; French Club;
Student Club; Orchestra; Cho-
rus.
"The habit does not make the nun."



LILA FERN CABEL
Commercial Course
Student Club, Chairman Ser-
vice Committee.
"The falling out of lovers is the renew-
ing of love."

CLYDE CARDWELL "KoKo"
General Course
Daubers Club, President; Sci-
ence Club; Dramatic Club;
Senior Hi-Y, Treasurer; Boys
Glee Club; Chorus; Boys'
Quartet; R. O. T. C., Lieu-
tenant Colonel, Medal Holder,
Infantry Board; "The Mika-
do"; "Twelfth Night"; Senior
Class Social Committee, Chair-
man; Senior Class Play.
"I marched the lobby, twirled my stick,
The girls all cried, 'He's quite the
kick.'"

ELSIE MARIE CARLIN "El"
General Course
French Club; Chorus.
"A light heart lives long."

LOREN D. CARLSON "Eric"
Science Course
R. O. T. C., Captain; Non-
commissioned Officers Club;
Junior Reserve Officers Club;
Yearbook.
"He is truly great that is little in him-
self, and that maketh no account of
any height of honors."

LUCY CHAPMAN "Red"
General Course
Student Club; Normal Club;
Latin Club; "The Blackhawk";
Yearbook; Music Hobby Club.
"How does your patient, doctor?"

FRANK CHILDS "Sam"
General Course
Daubers Club.
"Ring ting, I wish I were a primrose."



WARREN E. CLAPP "Bus"
Latin Course
Latin Club; R. O. T. C.;
Boys' Glee Club.

"Either I am
The foremost horse in the team, or I
am none."

DONALD CLAY "Don"
Manual Training Course
Boys' Rifle Team.

"He is not a lover who does not love
forever."

ELEANOR CODD "LaLa"
General Course

Dramatic Club, President;
Girls' Glee Club; "Twelfth
Night"; "Rosalie"; Senior
Class Play; Girls' Iowa Nine
Contest '32, First Place.

"On the stage she was natural, simple,
affecting;
'Twas only that when she was off she
was acting."

ELIZABETH ANN COE "Coe"
Latin Course

Latin Club, President; Orches-
tra; Music Club; Daubers
Club, Program Chairman; "The
Blackhawk," Editor; Iowa High
School Press Association, '32
Delegate; Yearbook, Editor.

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I
hope?"

MARGARET A. COLEMAN "Mac"
Normal Course

Normal Club; Chorus; Student
Club, Finance Chairman; Year-
book.

"But a wonderful twinkle shone in her
eye!"

WILLIAM ERNEST COOK
General Course

"Seeming to promise something won-
drous great."



ROBERT COPP "Bob"
Manual Training Course
Track; Wrestling; Senior Hi-Y.
"Comb down his hair; look, look, it
stands upright!"

KENNETH COX "Kenny"
Science Course
Football; Track; Boxing; Senior
Hi-Y, Treasurer; Practorian
Guard Lieutenant; R. O. T.
C., Major; Noncommissioned
Officers Club; Junior Reserve
Officers Club; Yearbook.
"Is he not more than painting can ex-
press?"

LILLY M. CRINER "Red"
Commercial Course
"Our Lily is as fair
As those the gardens bear."

HELEN CROWDER
Commercial Course
Student Club.
"A maiden prim and slender."

CHARLES A. CUTTER "Chas"
Science Course
Science Club; Track; Wrest-
ling, Intramural "D"; Senior
Hi-Y, President; Tri-Chapter
Hi-Y, President.
"Brother, can you spare a dime?"

JOHN DAVID "Chinko"
Latin Course
"Away with him, away with him! He
speaks Latin."



WALTER A. DAWSON "Walt"
Science Course
Orchestra; Band; "The Black-
hawk"; Yearbook.
"The world needs great minds—
I am here!"



LOUISE DRECHSLER "Drex"
General Course
Orchestra; Student Club, So-
cial Chairman, Council Rep-
resentative; Music Hobby Club.
"Ich habe gelebt und geliebt."
(I have lived and loved.)

HELEN DELARUE
General Course
Student Club.
"The society of women is the founda-
tion of good manners."



EDNA E. DUNKER "Eddie"
General Course
"Pains of love be sweeter far,
Than all other pleasures are."

LILLIAN M. DEPOOTER "Lil"
Commercial Course
G. A. C.
"Talk to her of Jacob's ladder,
And she would ask the number of
steps!"



PAUL WM. DUNKER "Dunk"
General Course
Senior Hi-Y; Daubers Club.
"Trust him not that seems a saint."

BERNICE DIEDERICHSEN "Billie"
Commercial Course
Student Club, Publicity Com-
mittee; Daubers Club, Treasur-
er; German Club, Secretary and
Treasurer; G. A. C., Treasur-
er; Stamp Club, Treasurer;
Music Club; Chorus; Senior
Class Invitation Committee.
"The maid was fair and good,
What more can mortal ask?"



ETHEL MARY ELMEGREEN
General Course
Student Club.
"Love from tender years her thoughts
employed."

ESTHER DITTMER "Es"
General Course
Normal Club.
"In accord with her generation."



JANE E. ELMEGREEN "Pinky"
General Course
French Club; Girls' Glee Club;
Chorus; A Cappella Chorus.
"Thy auburn locks were the despair
Of man and maid alike."

MARY LOUISE DONEGAN
General Course
French Club.
"That whiter skin of hers than snow,
and smooth as monumental alabas-
ter."



RICHARD ENGLEHART "Dick"
General Course
"The Blackhawk"; Senior Class
President; Dramatic Club; Sen-
ior Class Play.
"Put away childish things."



MILDRED EWOLDT "Millie"
Commercial Course
*"There was never yet fair woman but
she made mouths in a glass!"*

HAZEL FABER "Lefty"
Commercial Course
*"Common sense is the genius of hu-
manity."*

DORIS FENNELL "Dorie"
Commercial Course
French Club; Student Club;
Senior Class Social Committee.
*"Lord, I wonder what fool it was that
first invented kissing!"*

WILLIAM L. FISHER "Bill"
General Course
Band; Orchestra; Track; Boys'
Declamatory Team.
*"Bid them come forth and hear me;
I'll beat the drum."*

LESTER JOE FLEISCHMAN "Cream-Puff"
Commercial Course
R. O. T. C.
*"It is a great plague to be a handsome
man."*

RICHARD G. FREUND "Dick"
General Course
R. O. T. C.; Boys' Rifle Team.
*"A corn husker strong am I — just
watch me grit my teeth."*



BERNARD A. FRYE
General Course
R. O. T. C., First Lieuten-
ant; Boys' Rifle Team.
*"If the roads are wet and muddy
I remain at home and study."*

JEAN CAROLYN FRYE
General Course
French Club; Chorus.
"Oh, tell them they are men!"

MARSHALL JOSEPH FUNKHOUSER
"Professor"
Science Course
R. O. T. C.
*"This bold boy has done no wrong;
His hair has simply grown too long."*

JUNE VIRGINIA GEERTZ
General Course
French Club.
*"I ought to have my own way in every-
thing—and what's more, I will."*

JOHN GERDES "Johann"
Manual Training Course
R. O. T. C.
*"Let every man be fully persuaded in
his own mind."*

WILBUR GOLICK "Will"
Science Course
R. O. T. C.
*"I was not born under a rhyming
planet, nor can I woo in festival
terms."*



HARRY GRELL

General Course
Intramural Sports.

"He's of stature somewhat low—
Your hero always should be tall, you
know."



FAY HANSEN

Commercial Course
Student Club.

"O fair haired maid,
Must thou be so primly staid?"



RALPH C. GRIFFIN

Manual Training Course
R. O. T. C.

"Which not even critics criticise."



ERHARD HARMS

"Windy"

Latin Course

Boys' Glee Club; A Cappella
Chorus; Basketball; Senior
Class Ring and Pin Committee.

"And when he found that he was
drowned,
It took him unawares."

GERALDINE GROVES

"Gerry"

General Course

Student Club; G. A. C.; Girls'
Glee Club; Chorus; A Cap-
pella Chorus.

"Oh me! 'Tis strange, 'tis sad!"



EDWARD HASS

"Ed"

General Course

R. O. T. C., First Lieuten-
ant; Junior Reserve Officers
Club; Dramatic Club, Treas-
urer; Senior Hi-Y; Track.

"Sometimes I sit and think,
Sometimes I just sit."

HARRY HAHN

General Course

R. O. T. C., Sergeant; Non-
commissioned Officers Club;
Boys' Glee Club.

"Men, like bullets, go farthest when
they are smoothest."



WILBUR HEBBELN

"Willy"

Manual Training Course

"Let the world slide. I'll not budge
an inch."

MARJORIE HAKENDORF

"Hack"

General Course

Dramatic Club; "The Weak
Spot"; "The Marriage Pro-
posal"; Senior Class Play; '31,
'33 Iowa Nine Declamatory
Representative; "The Black-
hawk."

"Her eyes are filled with laughter
Her mouth is full of words."



FREDRICK J. HELD

"Fred"

General Course

R. O. T. C.; Yearbook.

"As we advance in life we learn the
limits of our abilities."

RHODA E. HAMANN

Commercial Course

German Club, Vice-President.

"She is one of these people no one
knows anything mean about."



VIRGINIAMAY HENTZELMAN

"Vir"

General Course

Student Club; G. A. C.

"Tush tush, fear boys with bugs."



GENETT LOUISE HERRICK

Science Course

Orchestra; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Music Club; Glee Club, Accompanist.

"There is a great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability."



ALVERDA C. HOLLAND

Commercial Course

"A mighty pain to love it is."



GORDON HILL JR. "String"

Science Course

R. O. T. C.; Football; Chorus.

"Were there no women, men might live like gods."



WARD K. HOLLINGSWORTH "Holly"

General Course

Senior Hi-Y, Secretary; Dramatic Club, Vice-President; "Twelfth Night"; "The Blackhawk"; Senior Class Social Committee; Senior Class Play.

"A man among men is he
But a man among women he'd rather be."



CHERAL T. HILLIER "Chick"

Science Course

R. O. T. C., First Lieutenant; Junior Reserve Officers Club, Secretary - Treasurer; German Club, President; Science Club; "The Blackhawk," Editor; Yearbook, Editor.

"He's fond of fun and folly,
He's round and fat and jolly."



VERNON HOLM "Doc"

General Course

R. O. T. C.; Boys' Rifle Team.

"Come hither from the furrow and be merry;
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on."



EILEEN E. HOFFMANN "Toots"

Normal Course

Normal Club, Treasurer.

"As cold as cucumbers."



ELVIN E. HUGHES "Blackhawk"

Manual Training Course

R. O. T. C.; Boys' Rifle Team.

"Why don't ya' hum?"



MARCINE LOUISE HOGUE

Normal Course

Normal Club, Vice-President and President; Student Club.

"She wants to teach the children, and,
bless her, so she shall."



LESTER L. IHMS "Les"

General Course

Boys' Rifle Team.

"He is wise, for he worries not."



ERNA HOLDORF "Ernie"

Normal Course

Normal Club; French Club; Chorus; Daubers Club.

"I sit me down and sigh."



FLORENCE F. ILLIAN "Flossie"

Commercial Course

Girls' Glee Club; Chorus.

"She was so good she would pour rose-water on a toad."





VELMA E. ILLIAN "Val"
General Course
Chorus.
"Contentment rests upon her brow, and peace."



EDWIN P. JAMES "Eddie"
Commercial Course
Stamp Club, Secretary.
"The best of men are sometimes small."

ALFRED A. JACKSON "Al"
General Course
Track; Football; Basketball;
Senior Hi-Y, President; Ger-
man Club; Glee Club; R. O.
T. C., First Lieutenant; Jun-
ior Reserve Officers Club;
Cheerleader.
"See! There is Jackson standing like a
stone wall."



ARTHUR B. JEBENS
Science Course
"The best is good enough for me."

CATHERINE A. JACOBS "Jakie"
Commercial Course
"A girl may win at any time if she
will set herself doggedly to it."



LORE F. JEBENS "Jebie"
Commercial Course
Girls' Rifle Club, Captain;
Senior Class Vice-President.
"Better pointed bullets than pointed
speeches."

RUTH EVELYN JACOBS "Boots"
Normal Course
"Even the best of friends must 'park'."



VERONA E. JEPSEN "Felix"
Commercial Course
German Club.
"Dame Nature gave her comeliness and
health."

EUGENE R. JAGER "Gene"
Manual Training Course
R. O. T. C.
"Who knows most says least."



THELMA JONES "Skeeter"
Normal Course
"Silence is golden and I'm a million-
aire."

GERTRUDE JAHNS "Gert"
Commercial Course
"Stay in thy native innocence."



LESTER J. JURGENS "Jug"
General Course
Football; Basketball; Track.
"It's quite a trick a ball to kick and
very hard to catch it."



VERNA KAUCHER

Commercial Course

"It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win in the lifelong race."

RUTH A. KEIM

"Keim"

Commercial Course

"For many years on the very verge of
starving
Without ever being starved."

ELOISE MAURINE KEPLER

Latin Course

Latin Club; Student Club;
French Club; Girls' Glee Club.

"Young in limb, in judgment old."

ALBERT W. KERKER

"Bud"

General Course

R. O. T. C., Corporal.

"The boys today are as bold, they say,
as ever they were of yore."

SUSAN KERNDT

"Sue"

General Course

Student Club; Chorus.

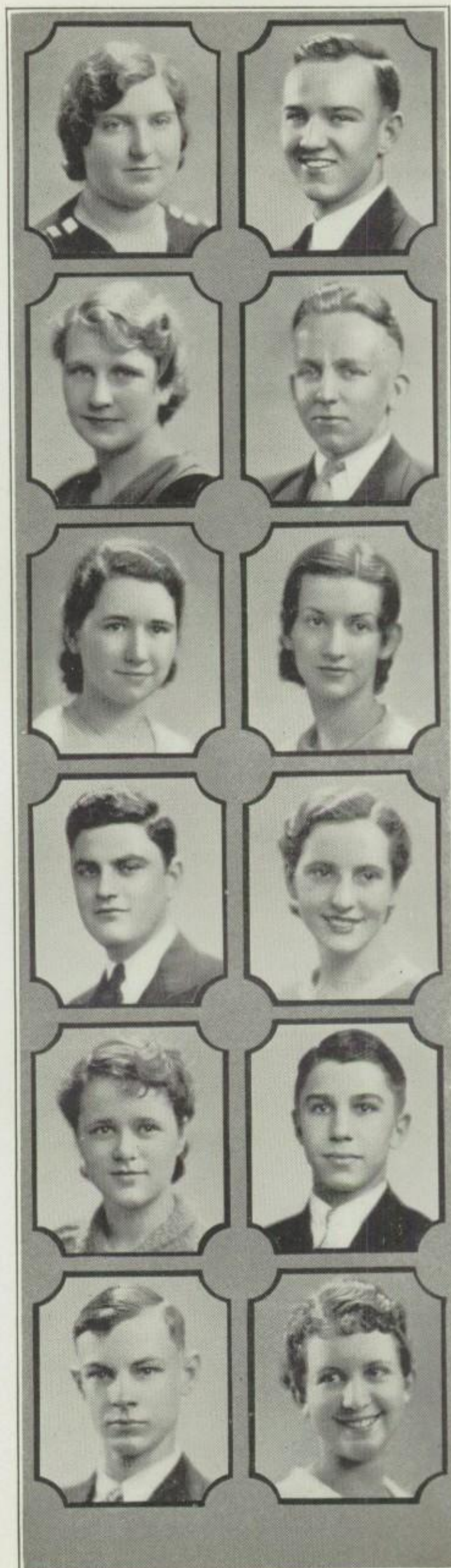
"Every star above knows the one I
love—sweet Sue."

ARTHUR KIEHR

"Art"

Manual Training Course

"Quiet as a mouse is he."



THOMAS KILLION "Tommy"

General Course

Track; Football; Junior Hi-Y,
Treasurer.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

CHAS. KLOPPENBURG "Chuck"

General Course

R. O. T. C., First Lieutenant.

"His cares are now all ended."

GERTRUDE E. KOLB "Kolbie"

Science Course

Student Club; Girls' Glee
Club; Chorus; Senior Class
Ring and Pin Committee,
Chairman.

"Y' ought to hyah dat gal a-warblin'."

EILEEN L. KOPP

"Eiley"

General Course

Girls' Rifle Team.

"Where do the 'chickens' go at night—
Heigh-ho! where do they go?"

EDWIN KRAFTMEYER

General Course

French Club; Hi-Y.

"He sleeps by day more than the wild
cat."

JAYNE KREBS

Latin Course

Latin Club, Censor; Student
Club; "The Blackhawk"; Year-
book.

"She dotes on his very absence."



ALICE L. KRONENBERG "Al"
Normal Course
Normal Club.
*"Fain would I be bound to the soil and
serve another."*



CLIFFORD LEABO "Clif"
General Course
*"Why do you laugh when I say woman
delights me not?"*

MARIE H. KUEHL "Rie"
Commercial Course
German Club.
*"I want a new figure to dance with,
my Dear!"*



KENNETH H. LEATHERMAN "Kennie"
General Course
R. O. T. C., First Sergeant;
Boys' Glee Club.
"Few things are impossible to diligence."

OLIVER KURTZ "Rusty"
General Course
Daubers Club.
*"Struck blind with beauty, shot with a
woman's smile."*



LORETTA LENSCH "Etta"
Commercial Course
*"Secret and self-contained and solitary
as an oyster."*

LOUISE C. LAGE "Louie"
Latin Course
Latin Club, Vice-President;
Daubers Club; French Club,
Vice-President; Girls' Rifle
Team.
*"With a smile that was childlike and
bland."*



OTTO GEO. LIEDTKE "Otts"
Commercial Course
"Knowledge without labor is my hobby."

DOROTHY H. LANGE "Dot"
Commercial Course
*"I'm really not as small as my nick-
name makes me out to be."*



EVERETT LIGHT "Ev"
General Course
Basketball; Track; R. O. T.
C., Colonel; Junior Reserve
Officers Club, President; Prae-
torian Guard, Commander;
Boys' Rifle Team; Senior Hi-
Y; "The Blackhawk"; Year-
book; Dramatic Club; Senior
Class Play.
*"Let there be light." (And here it
is!)*

WALTER LARSEN "Wally"
General Course
Football; Basketball; Track; R.
O. T. C., Major; Junior Re-
serve Officers Club.
*"Then longen folk to goon on pilgrim-
ages."*



FRANCES LIGHTNER "Fran"
Commercial Course
*"Come in the evening, or come in the
morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come
without warning."*



ALMA LOIS LINEBURG "Al"
Normal Course
Normal Club.
"It's great to be misunderstood."

VICTOR LIPSMAN "Vic"
Latin Course
Latin Club; French Club; Iowa
Nine Boys' Oratorical Contest,
First Place; State Negative De-
bate Team; Iowa Nine Nega-
tive Debate Team; Big Nine
Negative Debate Team; State
Affirmative Debate Team,
Leader; Iowa Nine Affirmative
Debate Team, Leader; Big
Nine Affirmative Debate Team;
Oratorical Team; Boys' De-
clamatory Team; Extemporane-
ous Team; Senior Class Invi-
tation Committee, Chairman.
"They will not let my play run, yet
they steal my thunder."

ROBERT C. LOVETT "Bob"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Second Lieuten-
ant; "The Blackhawk."
"Every man meets his Waterloo at
last."

GEORGE HENRY LYBARGER
General Course
"A great ox has trodden on my tongue."

HELEN MACK "Mac"
General Course
French Club; Chorus; Daubers
Club.
"Mama says she's really worse
Than six or seven boys."

EILEEN MACUMBER
Commercial Course
"I am never less alone than when by
myself."



PAUL MACUMBER "Bob"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Supply Sergeant.
"Am I not a man and a brother?"

CATHERINE MARTENS "Katie"
Commercial Course
Student Club.
"And I reckon it's just through a wom-
an the last man on earth'll be lost."

MARY E. MARTIN "Betty"
General Course
"I said to Cupid's uplifted dart,
'Aim sure. O why delay?'"

BERNICE MCBRIDE "Red"
General Course
"The beautiful eyes of my cash book."

G. OCTAVIA MCCABE "Tavy"
General Course
Music Club; Student Club.
"It is not the biggest oxen that do the
best day's work."

ROBERT MCINTOSH "Scotty"
Science Course
Senior Hi-Y.
"Men are what their mothers made
them."



MARJORIE C. MCLEAN "Marj"
Commercial Course
*"We were ONLY WALKING in the moon-
light."*

LORETTA MAY MEYER "Rex"
Commercial Course
German Club.
*"So we'll go no more a-roving so late
into the night."*

ADELENA REBA MINKE "Neen"
Commercial Course
*"Fair tresses, man's imperial race en-
snare."*

ARDYTHER MOELLER "Art"
General Course
*"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon
this."*

CHARLES R. MOELLER "Chuck"
General Course
*"Flow deep and straight with all your
powers."*

EUGENE LYLE MOELLER "Gene"
Science Course
Band.
"Brain him with his lady's fan."



LAURENCE MORRISSEY "Larry"
General Course
Football; Basketball; Track;
Senior Class Social Committee.
*"What knowest thou of lovesong or
love?"*

LOIS MOSES "Mose"
Commercial Course
Student Club.
"I cannot bear to be with men."

ARLIE FERNE MURPHY "Pat"
General Course
French Club; Girls' Rifle Team.
*"Win her with gifts if she respect not
words."*

MARY M. MURPHY "Murph"
Commercial Course
Music Club; G. A. C.
*"Scratch my back and I will scratch
yours."*

CLEORA MURRAY "Ke Ke"
General Course
Student Club; Girls' Glee
Club; A Cappella Chorus.
"Patience and shuffle the cards."

FLORENCE MURRAY "Flossie"
Commercial Course
G. A. C., President; Dramatic
Club; Senior Class Play.
"Blest with calmness of spirit."



LANTHA-DALE NEIL "Dale"
General Course
French Club, Secretary; Girls' Glee Club; Chorus; Dramatic Club; Senior Class Play.
"And French she spake full fayre and fetisly."

DONALD NEISWANGER "Don"
General Course
"Mankind has a great aversion to intellectual labor."

ROBERT JACK NIEMAND "Bob"
Manual Training Course
Tumbling Club; Wrestling; Cheer Leader; Junior Hi-Y, Vice-President; Senior Hi-Y.
"I'm young and healthy."

DONALD OGG "Don"
Science Course
Football; Basketball; Track; French Club; Junior Reserve Officers Club; Noncommissioned Officers Club; R. O. T. C., Major; Junior Hi-Y, President.
"And with a velvet lip print on his brow."

MARTIN O'NEILL "Barney"
General Course
Football; Track, Captain; R. O. T. C., First Sergeant.
"I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat, too."

JEAN ELIZABETH ORENDORFF
Latin Course
Latin Club; French Club; Daubers Club; Girls' Rifle Team.
"Louise, where art thou?"



HENRY OTTESEN "Hank"
Science Course
R. O. T. C., First Lieutenant; Noncommissioned Officers Club; Junior Reserve Officers Club.
"A youth hardy in toil."

DOROTHY PAPENBROCK "Dot"
Commercial Course
Chorus.
"Out of breath to no purpose and very busy about nothing."

ROBERT PARMELE "Bob"
Science Course
R. O. T. C.
"I hear but keep silent."

MILDRED A. PASSNO
Commercial Course
G. A. C.; Music Club, Treasurer; Chorus.
"Low gurgling laughter, as sweet as the swallow's song i' the South."
(???)

GLADYS R. PEETERS "Corky"
Normal Course
Normal Club.
"For if she will she will, you may depend upon it."

MILDRED C. PENNOCK "Penny"
Normal Course
Normal Club, Secretary; Student Club, Secretary; French Club; Orchestra; Girls' Quartet; Senior Class Ring and Pin Committee.
"Think not I am what I seem."



ERWIN PETERSEN "Ert"
Science Course
R. O. T. C.
"And of his port as meeke as is a mayde."



MIRIAM A. POSNER "Mimps"
General Course
Daubers Club, Secretary, President; French Club, Vice-President; Latin Club, Treasurer; Chorus.
"I hate and despise a man of the world."

ALFRED CARL PETERSON "Pete"
General Course
R. O. T. C.
"I suppose I am eligible to visit the stars in my time."



ISABELL POSTON "Is"
General Course
Student Club; G. A. C.; Senior Class Invitation Committee.
"For love deceives the best of woman-kind."

JEANNE M. PHILLIPS "Sweetie"
General Course
French Club; Student Club; Senior Class Social Committee.
"How sweet and fair she seems to be!"



ELIZABETH ANN QUINN
Normal Course
Normal Club.
"Who is it can read a woman?"

EMILIE PLACATKA "Millie"
General Course
Student Club; French Club.
"What a woman says to her fond lover may well be written on the wind and rapid stream."



CARL W. RANKIN "Spike"
General Course
*"In arguing, too, this person own'd his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still."*

IRMA G. PLAMBECK "Pat"
Normal Course
Normal Club; Chorus; Girls' Glee Club.
"The greatest miracle of love is that it cures one of coquetry."



OTTO H. RASCHER "Otts"
Science Course
German Club; Science Club; Intramural Sports.
"Foul whisperings are abroad."

FLORENCE POHLMAN "Flossy"
Commercial Course
G. A. C.; Girls' Glee Club.
"I must follow him thru thick and thin."



RAYMOND JOHN REESE "Ray"
General Course
Iowa Nine Negative Debate Team, Leader; State Negative Debate Team, Leader; Iowa Nine Boys' Declamatory Contest, Third Place; Big Nine Debate Team; Boys' Declamatory, Oratorical and Extemporaneous Teams; Yearbook; Senior Class, Secretary; Boys' Glee Club.
"A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off."



RUTH E. REISTROFFER "Irish"

General Course

French Club; Dramatic Club.

"Yet fooled with hope, men favor her
deceit."



MARVIN ROSENE "Marv"

General Course

Senior Hi-Y; "The Black-
hawk."

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue
to persuade (especially Mabel), and
a hand to execute any mischief."

FREDERICK REITEMEYER "Fritz"

Manual Training Course

"Thoughtful men do not shout their
wares from the housetops."



HENRY ROSTENBACH "Hank"

Science Course

"The world knows nothing of its great-
est men."

DONALD RENSBERGER "Red"

Manual Training Course

Basketball.

"Is it turning a fainter red?"



MILDRED RUNGE "Milly"

Commercial Course

Girls' Glee Club.

"Coquetry is woman's business."

EVELYN RIESSEN "Evvy"

General Course

G. A. C.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."



BERNICE M. RUWE "Neicy"

General Course

"The course of true love never did run
smooth."

ALICE ROGERS "Al"

Commercial Course

Girls' Glee Club; Chorus; Or-
chestra.

"How am I doing, hey, hey?"



MARY K. SANLEY "M.K."

General Course

Latin Club.

"After all there is something about a
wedding gown prettier than any
other gown in the world."

MAXON ROLLER "Red"

Science Course

Science Club; R. O. T. C.,
Major; Junior Reserve Officers
Club.

"I went to bed last night in the twist
and snarl of a problem."



ARNOLD L. SCAMMON "Army"

Science Course

R. O. T. C., Captain and
Range Officer; Junior Reserve
Officers Club; Boys' Rifle
Team.

"I am still quite at sea, nor see the
shore."



MARIE A. SCHAEFER "Ree"
Science Course
Chorus.

"She does her own thinking and needs little advice."



DOROTHY MAY SCHULLER "Dot"
Latin Course

Latin Club; French Club; Student Club, Service Committee, Chairman.

"A peace above all earthly dignities, A still and quiet conscience."

MARVIN L. SCHAEFER "Marv"
General Course
Track.

"Let not thy hair be out of order."



ANABELL SCHUPP "Billie"
Commercial Course

"To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."

ELMER SCHAKE "Shake"
General Course

Junior Reserve Officers Club.
"Calamities make great talkers."



JEANETTE SCHUTTER "Jeannie"
General Course

Orchestra.

"No sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked each other the reason."

EDWARD SCHNECKLOTH "Eddie"
Manual Training Course

French Club, Treasurer; R. O. T. C., Captain; Junior Reserve Officers Club; Boys' Rifle Team.

"The timid soul."



LENORE MAE SCHUTTER
Commercial Course

Senior Class Social Committee.

"The moon with its dark mysteries and ever hidden face is an arrangement for us to flirt under."

BERNICE M. SCHOLER "Bernie"
General Course

Student Club; Music Club, Pianist, Vice-President.

"Laugh and grow fat." (And she did!)



MILDRED SCHWAB "Slats"
Commercial Course

"Much ado about nothing."

ERWIN A. SCHRODER
Commercial Course
R. O. T. C.

"And thus the farmer sows his seed, And then stands by and takes his ease."



GEO. SCHWERTDFEGER "Boots"
General Course

R. O. T. C.; Band.

"I say, learn reverence to thy betters."



WILBERT F. SCHWERIN "Bill"
General Course

"A woman and a melon are hard to select."

CLARENCE E. SEHMANN
Science Course

"Nods his wise head and cries, 'I told you so'."

JOHN J. SEIMS "Whity"
General Course

"I reckon I git your drift, gentlemen."

ELOISE V. SHANNON "Nooky"
Commercial Course

"Quietness never frightened any man."

CLARKE SHOWALTER "Doc"
General Course

R. O. T. C., First Lieutenant; Noncommissioned Officers Club; Junior Reserve Officers Club.

"Something between a hindrance and a help."

MARVIN SIEGEL "Monk"
General Course

"Disciplined inaction."

WALTER SKIFF "Skippy"
Manual Training Course

"Calm and steady, but he gets there just the same."

GIOVANNA SMITH "Jo"
Science Course

French Club; Student Club, Treasurer; G. A. C., Vice-President.

"Punctuality is the politeness of kings."

PHYLLIS SMITH "Phil"
General Course

Student Club.

"Wearing a vast enormous smile."

ELSA SOENKE "El"
General Course

Student Club, Music and Publicity Chairman; Daubers Club, President; French Club.

"Her face is fair, her heart is good."

ELSIE E. SOENKE
Normal Course

Normal Club.

"Me and my girl friend."

ELIZABETH C. STAGE "Betty"
General Course

Student Club; Girls' Glee Club; Chorus.

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies."





ALFRED STAHL "Red"
Science Course
Science Club; "The Black-hawk."
"Battleship, that mad game the world so loves to play."



HELEN STROHKARCK "Strokie"
General Course
German Club; Student Club, Publicity Committee, Chairman; Daubers Club, Secretary.
"O wit and art, what power you have when joined."

MARGARET A. STAMER "Marg"
General Course
"Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is most sharp sauce."



ELSIE R. STRUCK
Normal Course
Normal Club.
"The world, dear Elsie, is a strange affair."

FRANK E. STEWART JR. "Jerry"
Science Course
Science Club; Football; Basketball; Track; French Club; "The Blackhawk"; Yearbook.
"The angels sang in heaven when he was born."



DOROTHY M. TAYLOR "Doddie"
General Course
French Club, President; Student Club, Secretary, Membership Committee, Chairman; Senior Class Girls' Treasurer.
"If ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it."

ROMAN STOLTENBERG "Rome"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Lieutenant Colonel; Junior Reserve Officers Club, Vice-President.
"The boy who made good."



REED C. TAYLOR
General Course
"And the muscles of his brawny arms Are strong as iron bars."

RUTH STOLTENBERG "Ruthie"
Commercial Course
"For where is any author in the world That teaches such beauty as woman's eyes?"



LESTER O. THOENSEN "Les"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Corporal; Non-commissioned Officers Club; Orchestra; Clarinet Quartet.
"Pours thru the mellow horn his pensive soul."

OLIVETTE STRASSER "Ollie"
Commercial Course
"I speak in a monstrous little voice."



WILBUR THOMAS "Pat"
General Course
"A brain whose cover is a curly head."



IRENE VAVERKA "I.E."
General Course
"How blue were Irene's eyes!"

HELEN VOLLERT
Commercial Course
"Not much talk."

GEORGE VOLRATH "Brother"
General Course
Football; Dramatic Club;
"Twelfth Night."
*"No one is satisfied with his fortune or
dissatisfied with his intellect."*

EVELYN VOSS "Tiny"
Commercial Course
Student Club; Dramatic Club.
*"Why does the doggie bark, papa;
Why does the doggie bark?"*

PHYLLIS WAGNER "Phee"
Commercial Course
"Light-haired but not light-headed."

RUDOLF WALES "Rudy"
General Course
R. O. T. C.; Noncommis-
sioned Officers Club.
*"Bad language or abuse
I never, never use."*



THOMAS WALKER "Tommy"
General Course
Football; R. O. T. C., Ma-
jor, Infantry Board; Junior
Reserve Officers Club.
*"Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is."*

JEAN KENT WARNER
Science Course
French Club; Girls' Glee Club;
A Cappella Chorus.
"We learn to do by doing."

OLIVE G. WAYLAND "Olive Oil"
Commercial Course
*"Woe to the man who ventures a re-
buke."*

WILBUR WEAVER "Bill"
General Course
Track.
*"Flirtatious attention, without inten-
tion."*

WANDA WEBER "Windy"
Commercial Course
"Be merry, if you are wise."

SAMUEL N. WEIGLE "Sam"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Captain; "The
Blackhawk"; Oratorical Team;
D. H. S. Affirmative Debating
Team; Extemporaneous Team;
Declamatory Team.
*"He uses unnecessary proof in an in-
disputable point."*



HERSHEL WEINROTT "Hershie"
General Course

Senior Hi-Y; Dramatic Club;
"The Blackhawk"; Boys' Glee
Club; Chorus; A Cappella
Chorus.

"With volleys of eternal babble."



ALMA WICKERSHAM "Wickie"
Commercial Course

French Club; Student Club.
"The trouble is small, the fun is
great."

PHYLLIS R. WEINSTEIN "Phil"
Commercial Course

"Grace was in all her steps,
In every gesture dignity."



LUCILLE WILLIAMS "Luce"
General Course

"Who's that little chatterbox
With the curly auburn locks?"

DONALD WELLENDORF "Don"
General Course

R. O. T. C.

"He will succeed for he believes all he
says."



PAUL WILLIS
Manual Training Course

Boxing.

"And nothing can be done about it."

DOROTHEA WESTPHAL "Doris"
Commercial Course

"Let this describe the undescribable."



HARRY WILSON "Red"
Science Course

Science Club; Senior Hi-Y;
Football; Track.

"So this is the forest primeval."

EVELYN L. WESTPHAL "Evie"
Commercial Course

Student Club; Interscholastic
Representative; Dramatic Club;
"Twelfth Night"; Senior Class
Play.

"I am tipsy with laughing."



MADLYN WILSON
Commercial Course

"Knows a lot but can't think of it."

FRANCES H. WHALEN "Fran"
General Course

Student Club; G. A. C.;
Dramatic Club; Music Club;
Girls' Glee Club; A Cappella
Chorus; "The Mikado"; Year-
book.

"And her 'Yes' once said to you
Shall be 'Yes' for evermore."



NELDAROSE WITT "Witty"
Commercial Course

"We were twins of friendship."



EDNA MARY WOLF "Eddie"
Normal Course
"A childlike innocence she had."



KENNETH A. ZOST "Ken"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Second Lieutenant.
"Content to follow when someone leads the way."

EDGAR NED YOUNG "Ned"
General Course
R. O. T. C., Second Lieutenant; Boys' Glee Club.
"The soldier is a splendid man, When marching on parade."

ELIZABETH ZUBER "Mutz"
Commercial Course
Orchestra; Music Club, Treasurer.
"If the end be well, all will be well."



FIRST EDITIONS

CATHERINE MARTENS



LOUISE PAGE

JAYNE KRIEBS



EVERLYN WESTPHAL



AL JACKSON

ELIZABETH A. COE



ARLIE



MURPHY



?



?



?



?

E. A. COE



WHAT'S WRONG HERE?



GATHER YE ROSEBUDS
WHILE YE MAY



DON'T BE BASHFUL



DOUBLE ACTION



NEW SPRING "LEG" WEAR



OH HENRY!



FIREMAN, SAVE
MY CHILD!



DIXIE
ON PARADE



DON'T FEED THE
ANIMALS

E. A. COE



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



President Richard Englehart
Vice-President Lore Jebens
Secretary Raymond Reese
Girls' Treasurer Dorothy Taylor
Boys' Treasurer Forrest Burmeister

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Clyde Cardwell, Chairman
Doris Fennell

Laurence Morrissey
Jeanne Phillips

Ward Hollingsworth
Lenore Schutter

RING AND PIN COMMITTEE

Gertrude Kolb, Chairman
Kenneth Booth

Mildred Pennock
Erhard Harms

INVITATION COMMITTEE

Victor Lipsman, Chairman
Bernice Diederichsen Isabell Poston



CLASS PLAY



"Hay Fever," by Noel Coward, a brilliant modern comedy, selected for the 1933 class play was well suited to the talent of the senior class.

The play is an amusing satire which deals with an actress, her novelist husband and their two children. The Bliss household is an unconventional one; the situations produced by the presence of four conventional guests, invited for the same week end, are amusing. The play reaches its climax when the guests become disgusted and leave.

Although the plot is simple, the play is fascinating. The real charm of the play lies in the characters. Interest was created from the start and held throughout the play.

The cast was as follows:

Judith Bliss	Marjorie Hakendorf
David Bliss	Richard Englehart
Sorel Bliss	Eleanor Codd
Simon Bliss	Clyde Cardwell
Myra Arundel	Lantha-Dale Neil
Richard Greatham	Everett Light
Jackie Coryton	Evelyn Westphal
Sandy Tyrell	Ward Hollingsworth
Clara	Florence Murray



CAVALRY UNIT OF R.O.T.C.



CLASS IN "CURBITIS"



DOUGHNUT + COFFEE MAN
"DUNK"



WHO HAS THE BIGGEST "PULL"?



"APOLLO" ON CRUTCHES



IN THE SPRING
A YOUNG MAN'S
FANCY, ETC.



HO HUM?



MOISIE + POISIE



"YOU BIRDS ON
THE MONUMENT"

L.A. COE



BEER ON THE CAFETERIA?



WE HAVEN'T PINK
TOOTH BRUSH



CAUGHT!



$A+B=X \rightarrow$



"DIETRICH"
OF D.H.S.



SECOND ACT



WHO IS SHE, SAMMY?



MADONED?



CURTAIN



"HONEY, TAKE A LOOK AT
ME"



"WE DON'T NEED
GIRLISH LAUGHTER"



IT'S TIME TO SING SWEET DELONE



"OLD FAITHFUL"

E.A. COE



PUBLICATION



LESLIE C. GOSS



ESTHER L. BISSELL



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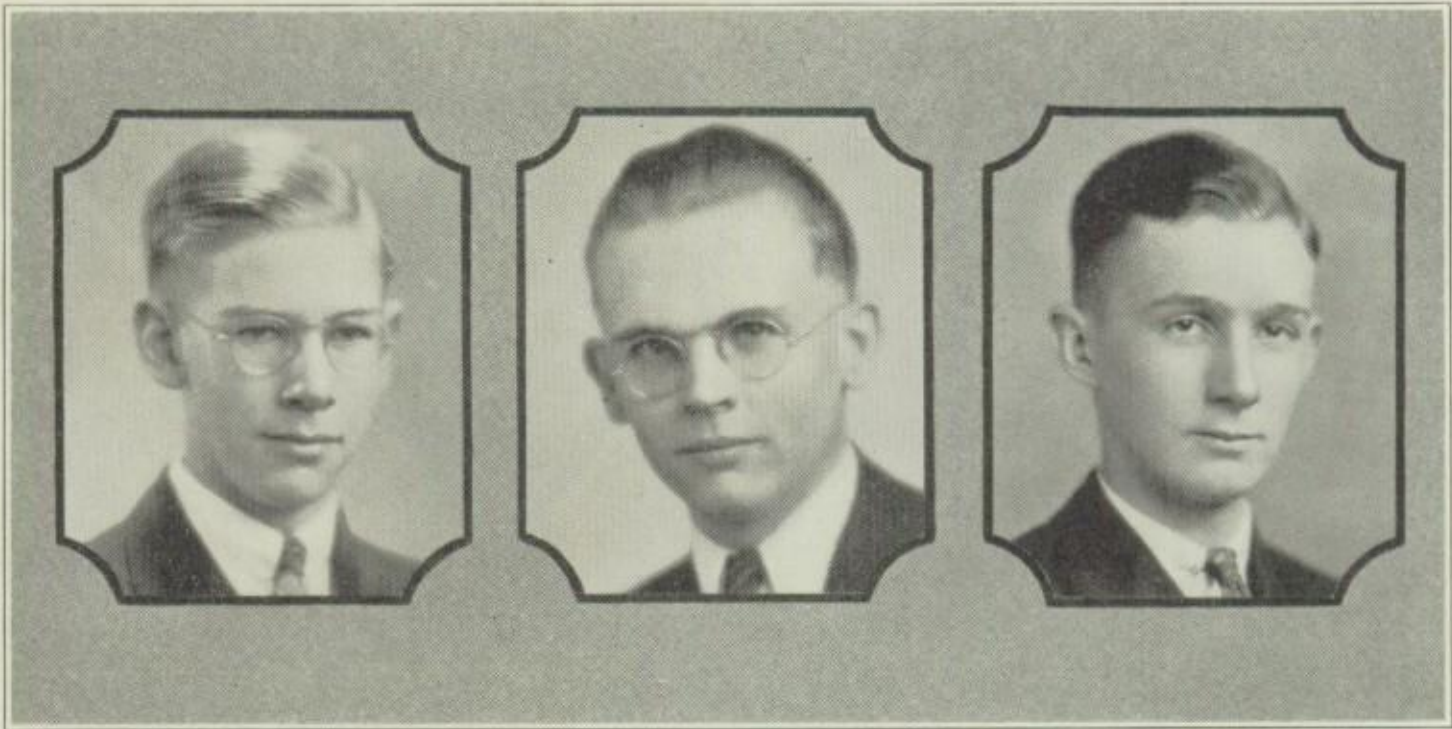
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R. O. T. C.	Frederick Held
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Basketball	Everett Light
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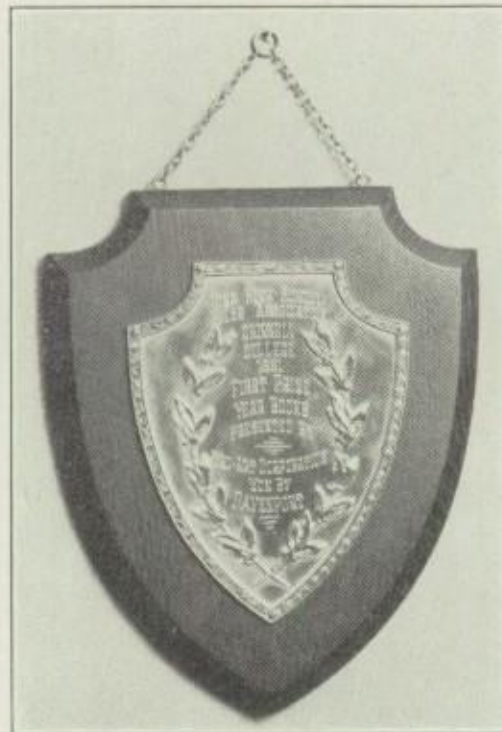




BUSINESS STAFF



Business Manager Clarence Blackman
Salesman Frank Stewart
Salesman Walter Dawson





ATHLETICS



CHEER LEADERS



The noisemakers did their part in keeping the galleries hot with spirit and arousing the teams to a fighting pitch. Thus they were partly responsible for the success of the games.

Bob Niemand is the veteran of the quartet. He had no more than entered High before he was found in front of the stands. It was he who originated many new ideas to keep the attention of the crowd. He was one of the first to receive the honor of a letter for cheer leading.

Ray Reese, not appearing in the picture, will long be remembered as a fellow of keen wit and discerning personality. He used these two excellent qualities to a wonderful advantage as cheer leader. He has only served for one semester, but has won his cheer letter already.

Al Jackson held the part of cheer leader for two years. He was a master at injecting pep into the crowd. The quartet lost him during track season as he was a letter winner in that sport. Louie Andre is just another proof of the old saying that "good things come in small packages." Although the smallest member of this troupe, he could get as much noise as the biggest of them. He has two years yet to serve in this capacity.

Cheering is a thing hard to get from stands who are excitedly watching a football or basketball game. These fellows knew their stuff and put it over. Congratulations!



ATHLETIC STAFF



Athletic Manager, First Semester	Lester E. Keller
Athletic Manager, Second Semester	Leslie C. Goss
Football and Track Coach	Jesse E. Day
Basketball Coach	Paul C. Moon
Assistant Football and Sophomore Basketball Coach	Clement E. Bridge
Sophomore Football and Track Coach	William S. Rosing
Assistant Football Coach	Harold N. Money
Assistant Track Coach	Merle E. Makeever



From only a few veterans of the team of 1931, but with a likely squad of candidates who were anxious to play football and who were willing to make personal sacrifices and give their time to the betterment of football, a representative team of Davenport High School was presented to football followers in the fall of 1932.

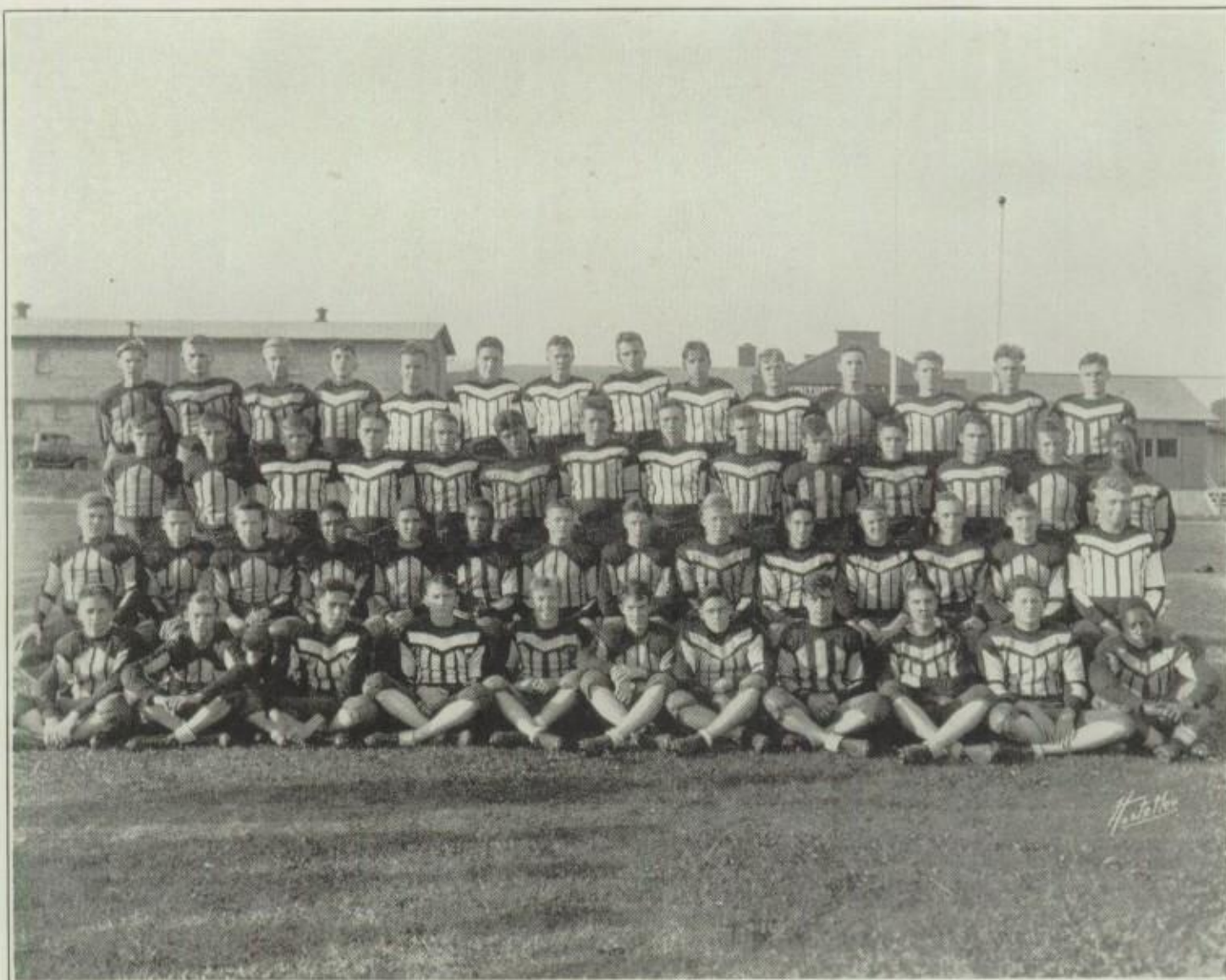
Their willingness to work, with their love for football and the moral courage to give the best for the team and for the other fellow, won for them the admiration of the school and their many football enthusiasts.

In winning eight of the nine games scheduled the team brought to Davenport High the Mississippi Valley Conference Championship as well as a share in the Iowa High School Football Championship.

JESSE E. DAY.



FOOTBALL SQUAD



Left to right—Bottom Row: Robert McCluskey, Chester Lupton, Elvin Hughes, John Langwith, Lester Foster, Richard Evans, Guy Gordon, Donald Nahrgang, Clifford Morrell, Richard Lewis, James Ashby. Second Row: Robert Beyer, Randall Kirk, Dean Rogers, Floyd Macon, Clarence Wagner, Robert Norville, Lynn Connaughy, Harry Wilson, Donald Ogg, Raymond Stevenson, Richard Bowers, Raymond Smith, Vaughn Baggerly, Forrest Burmeister. Third Row: Robert Schulz, Hugh Hill, Robert Johnson, Elmer Hanson, Keith Moburg, John David, John Brennan, James Dishinger, Lawrence Sierk, Martin O'Neill, William Black, Roland Barber, Herbert Elliott, Phillip Ashby. Top Row: Anthony Metz, Paul Wind, John Hayward, Glenn Baggerly, Arthur Collins, Laurence Morrissey, Marvin Buttenob, William Campbell, Ivyl Swanson, Lester Jurgens, Allen Buttenob, Kenneth Cox, Norman Stolley, Curtis Ford.

1932 SCHEDULE

September 24	Davenport 14	-	Tilden Tech.	7
October 1	Davenport 25	-	Iowa City	0
October 8	Davenport 14	-	East Des Moines	0
October 15	Davenport 19	-	Dubuque	0
October 22	Davenport 6	-	Clinton	0
October 29	Davenport 14	-	Ottumwa	0
November 5	Davenport 6	-	Rock Island	2
November 11	Davenport 14	-	Grant (C. R.)	0
November 24	Davenport 7	-	Moline	9
Totals			119	18



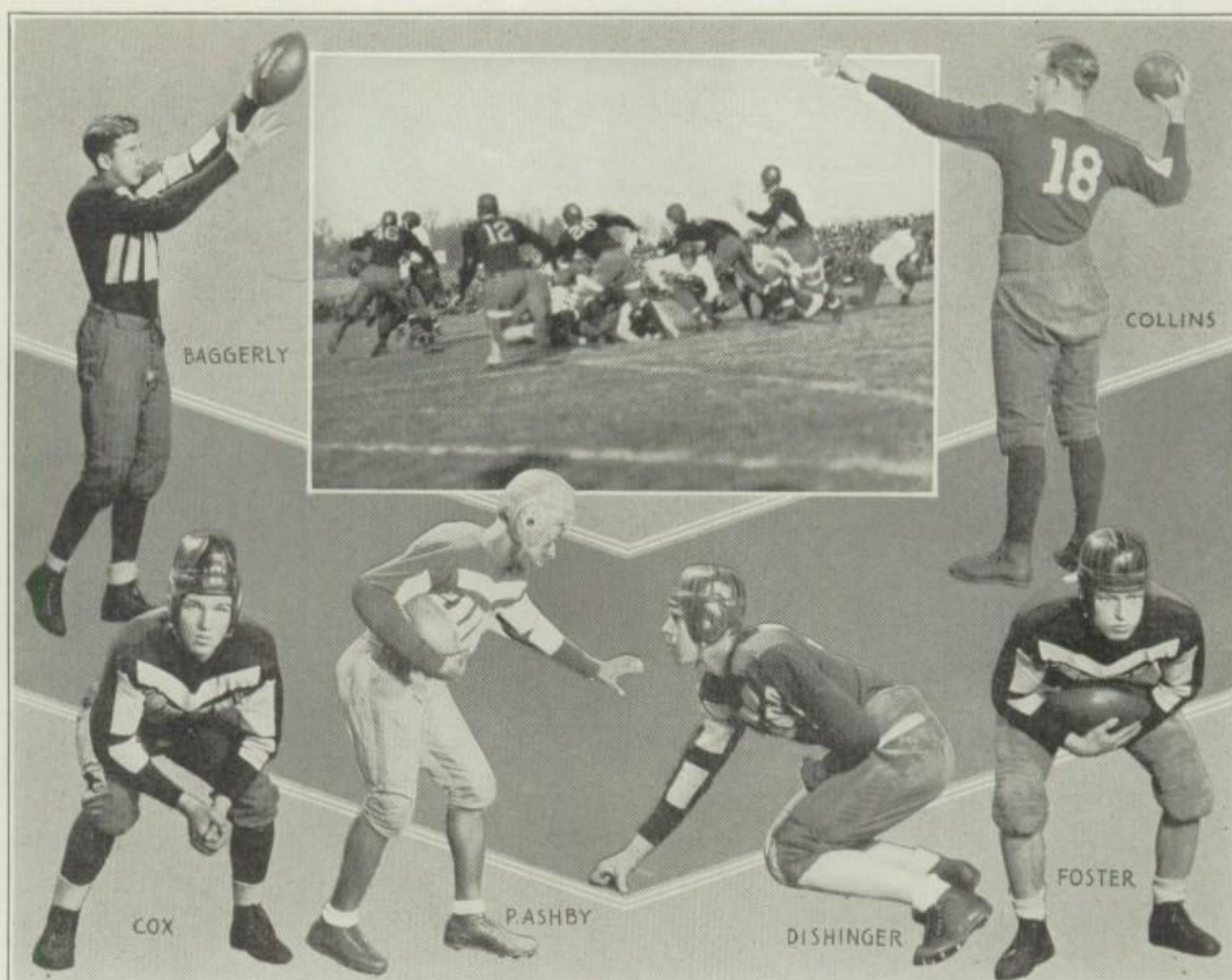
CAPTAIN MORRISSEY

The season was in every way a successful one with eight victories and one defeat. Two titles were won by the Daymen, first of which was the Mississippi Valley crown and second, the State championship. The Tri-City honors were lost because of the Moline game. This 1932 team was not scored on by any Iowa opponent.

Three players were awarded positions on the mythical All-State team. Forrest Burmeister, Davenport's powerful tackle, received the position of tackle; Richard "Porky" Bowers, stellar halfback, was made alternate back; and Captain Laurence Morrissey was given a place on the fourth team at center. All three of these fellows have earned their letters for three consecutive years and will be greatly missed in the season of 1933.

The first game was with Tilden Tech of Chicago on their field. The team worked exceptionally well for the first encounter and defeated the Chicagoans 14 to 7. The first touchdown was made by a pass on the 50-yard line; the second, on an intercepted pass from about the same spot. This was the third time in three years that Davenport defeated the strong Windy City grid machine. For this initial event Laurence Morrissey led his teammates as captain.

Davenport's first home engagement was with Iowa City, "Kenny" Cox acting as captain and an entirely new lineup playing in the game. Under a scorching sun

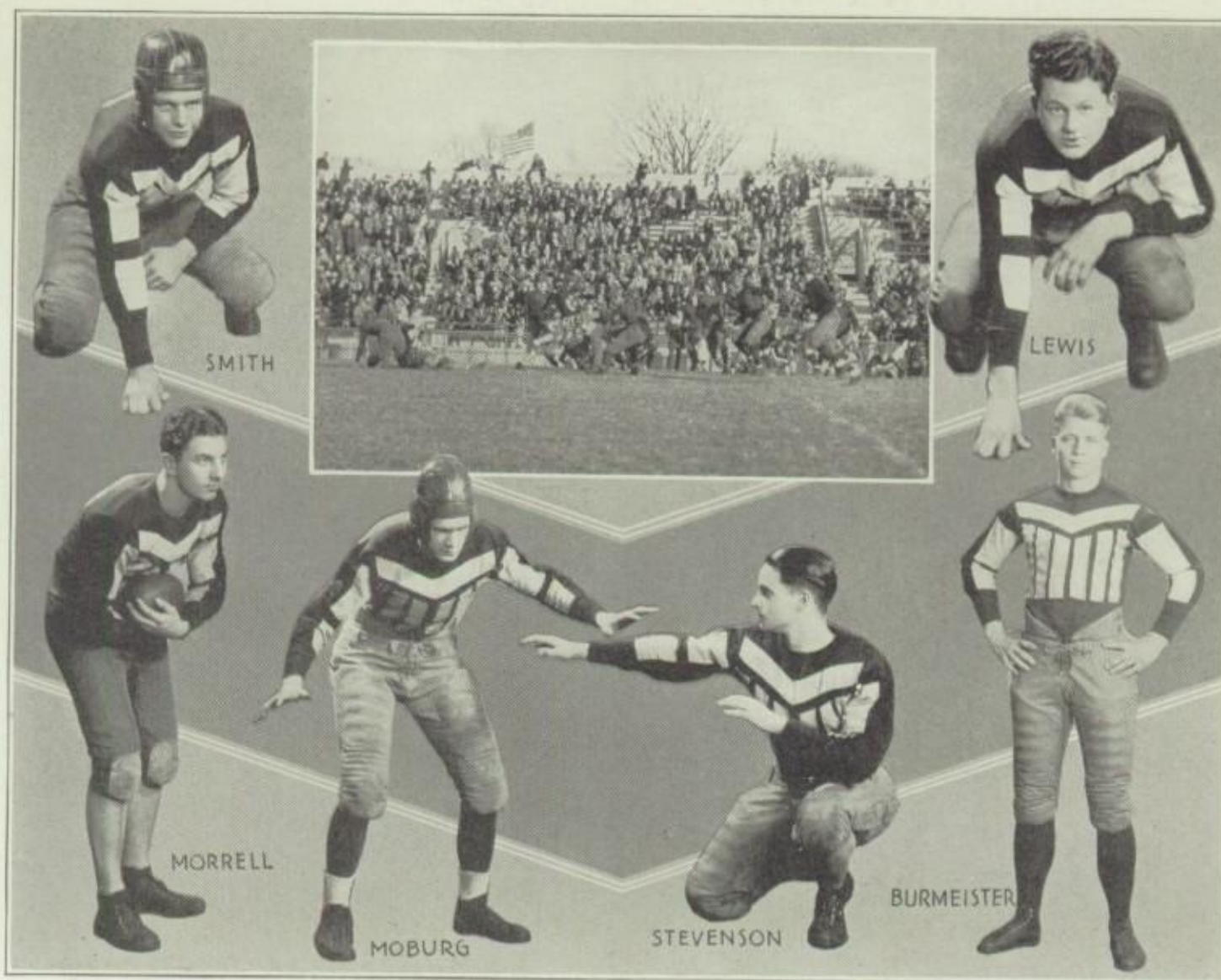


and before a crowd of fifteen hundred spectators, the Little Hawks met defeat, 25-0. The new combination displayed the Davenport fighting spirit, and obviously outclassed the Hawks in every department. From the start the game was "all Davenport." By winning this game Davenport made the initial step toward the State championship.

Davenport travelled to Des Moines, October 7, to meet Coach Mike Augustine's powerful East High eleven. The teams were well matched. Unable to make any points in the first half, the Red and Blue came back in the second with an astounding drive and made good fourteen counters. After defeating an opponent with a record like that of East Des Moines, Davenport could well claim the second step to the two crowns which she coveted. "Porky" Bowers, captain of this contest, was a mainstay to the team.

The team functioned well against Dubuque, both backfield and line working smoothly. Forrest Burmeister, stellar tackle, was captain. The line opened large holes through which the backfield could go with apparent ease. The Davenport defense worked well and stopped the Dubuque offense in their tracks. As a result the team won by a score of 19 to 0 and thus avenged themselves for their defeat the year before. It was Dubuque that knocked to pieces the hopes for a State crown in 1931. Phillip Ashby, halfback on the team, stopped Gibbs of Dubuque with a most spectacular tackle.

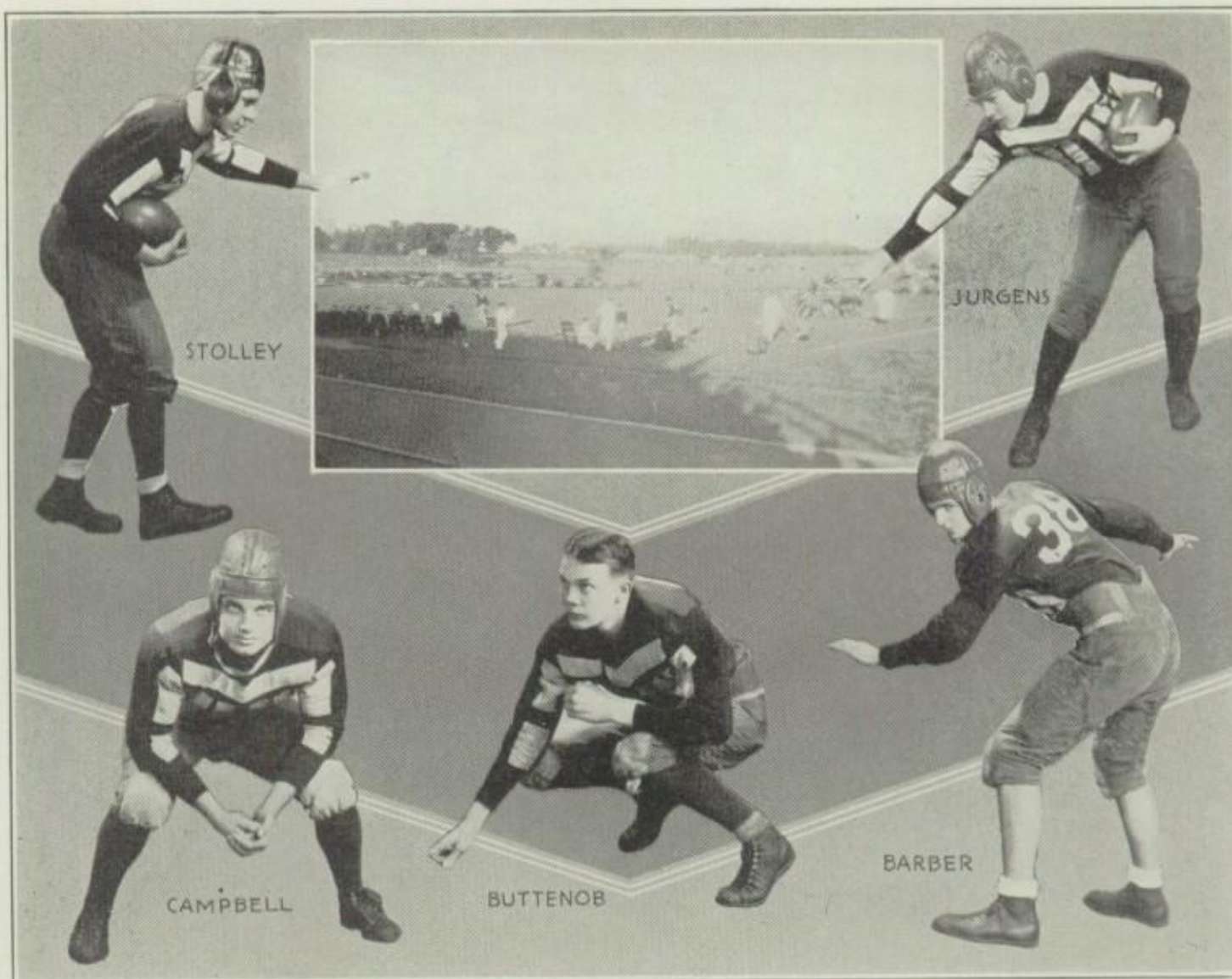
"Les" Jurgens was made captain of the tilt with Clinton, one of Davenport's



toughest rivals. Playing on their home field Clinton has always been a difficult team to beat. This nocturnal contest proved no exception to the rule. The result of this engagement showed that Davenport could play as well in the pale moonlight as in the bright sunshine. The blocking of Art Collins was especially commendable. The team had no breaks in their favor; they had to drive down the field time and again before they finally pushed over the goal line for the one and only touchdown. Clinton was a powerful rival, and the Daymen were forced to work hard to add the Red and Black to its string of victories.

Ottumwa was Davenport's fifth opponent in the race for the State championship. The Ottumwa team put up a "grand and glorious" fight but was not strong enough for the powerful Red and Blue gridmen. The Daymen, led by Art Collins, showed their superiority by whipping the Bulldogs 14 to 0. All of the points were made in the final minutes of play. Davenport outplayed her rival in every department as is shown by the following statistics:

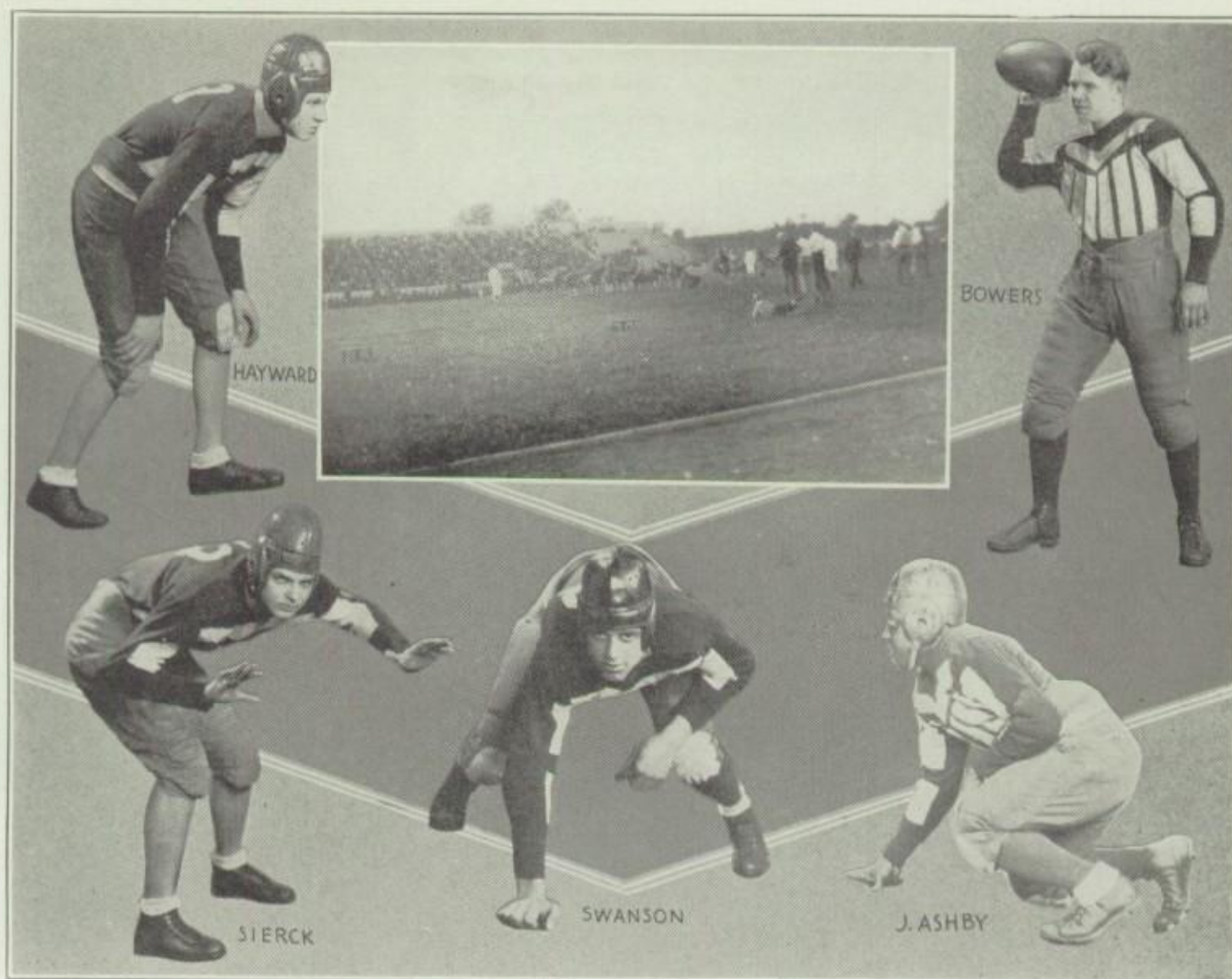
	Davenport	Ottumwa
Yards from scrimmage	190	102
Yards from punts	175	105
First downs	9	5
Passes	5	3
Passes completed	2	0



The Davenporters had an off day when they played the Islanders, their old rivals from across the river. In spite of this condition, the Daymen pulled out on the winning end of the score. It looked for a while as though the game were going to end 2 to 0 in favor of Rock Island, for the Red and Blue were not clicking on all eleven. In the last quarter, however, after a tremendous drive which was unstoppable, the Red and Blue warriors pushed over for their six points. Marvin Buttenob was chosen by his mates to lead the team.

On Armistice Day one of the most spectacular contests of the season was waged. The home team was led by Glenn Baggerly, an end. For the first time in the history of the school a homecoming was arranged. Former "D" men were invited to attend and were given a special section in front of the stands. A program was put on in accordance with the spirit of the day. The game thrilled the large crowd as Davenport won 14 to 0, the points coming in the last half. By winning this game the Red and Blue claimed the Mississippi Valley Conference title.

The Thanksgiving Day game was a thriller in every sense of the word and a heartbreaker to every student of Davenport High. Both teams had a powerful offense and a strong defense. Statistics show that Davenport outplayed her rival but was not found on the larger end of the score. The team made their touchdown by a tremendous drive down the field and made good the extra point. Moline gathered her first two points on a safety; the other seven were made in the last quarter by a well



executed and somewhat lucky passing attack. Davenport tried the same tactics, which were cut short by the final whistle. The spectators will never forget the thrill-packed game played by two good teams. "Larry" Morrissey was elected honorary captain of the 1932 team and so captained the final show.

	Davenport	Moline
First downs	11	6
Yards gained by scrimmage	138	60
Passes attempted	6	10
Passes completed	4	4
Passes intercepted	1	0
Penalties	3	2



SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL SQUAD



From left to right—First Row: Robert Murray, James Stopulos, Lynn Connaughey, Louis Naeckel, James Dugan, Robert Lindsey, Wayne Keeffer. Second Row: Robert Haut, Emil Flindt, Franklin Collins, Richard Schwarte, William Goenne, William Box, Ebbie Pitts, Robert Close. Third Row: Hugo Gamber, Lester Jones, Paul Lund, Robert Jordan, Jack Puscas, Douglas Walton, Merrill Hamma, Raymond O'Brien, James Hanson.

The lightweight team, composed entirely of sophomores, coached by William Rosing and Harold Money, took the Quad-City lightweight title for the fourth time in six years. Taking all their lightweight opponents for a ride they were only beaten by the varsity teams of Lyons and DeWitt. They held these two teams to two touchdowns apiece.

Davenport	0	-	Lyons	13
Davenport	0	-	DeWitt	14
Davenport	0	-	Rock Island	0
Davenport	13	-	Clinton	0
Davenport	6	-	Moline	0
Davenport	13	-	East Moline	0
Davenport	6	-	Rock Island	0
Totals				27
				38



During the season of 1932-33 our teams made another fine record—the first team won twenty out of twenty-three games played, and the sophomores under Coach Bridge won eighteen out of nineteen games. Led by Captain Leonard Dick, Davenport won the Sectional Tournament for the fifth successive year, also the Tri-City Championship, and tied with West Waterloo for the Mississippi Valley Conference title. The sophomores won the Mississippi Valley Conference Championship and tied with Moline for the Tri-City title.

Captain Dick was honored by being selected as a forward on the All-State team. His consistent playing throughout the season and his leadership certainly entitles him to this State-wide recognition. Jurgens was given honorable mention among the best guards in the State.

The losing of Kaufmann and Roschlau by midyear graduation and then Buttenob through sickness gave an opportunity for several new players to make good, and the records will show how well these boys delivered.

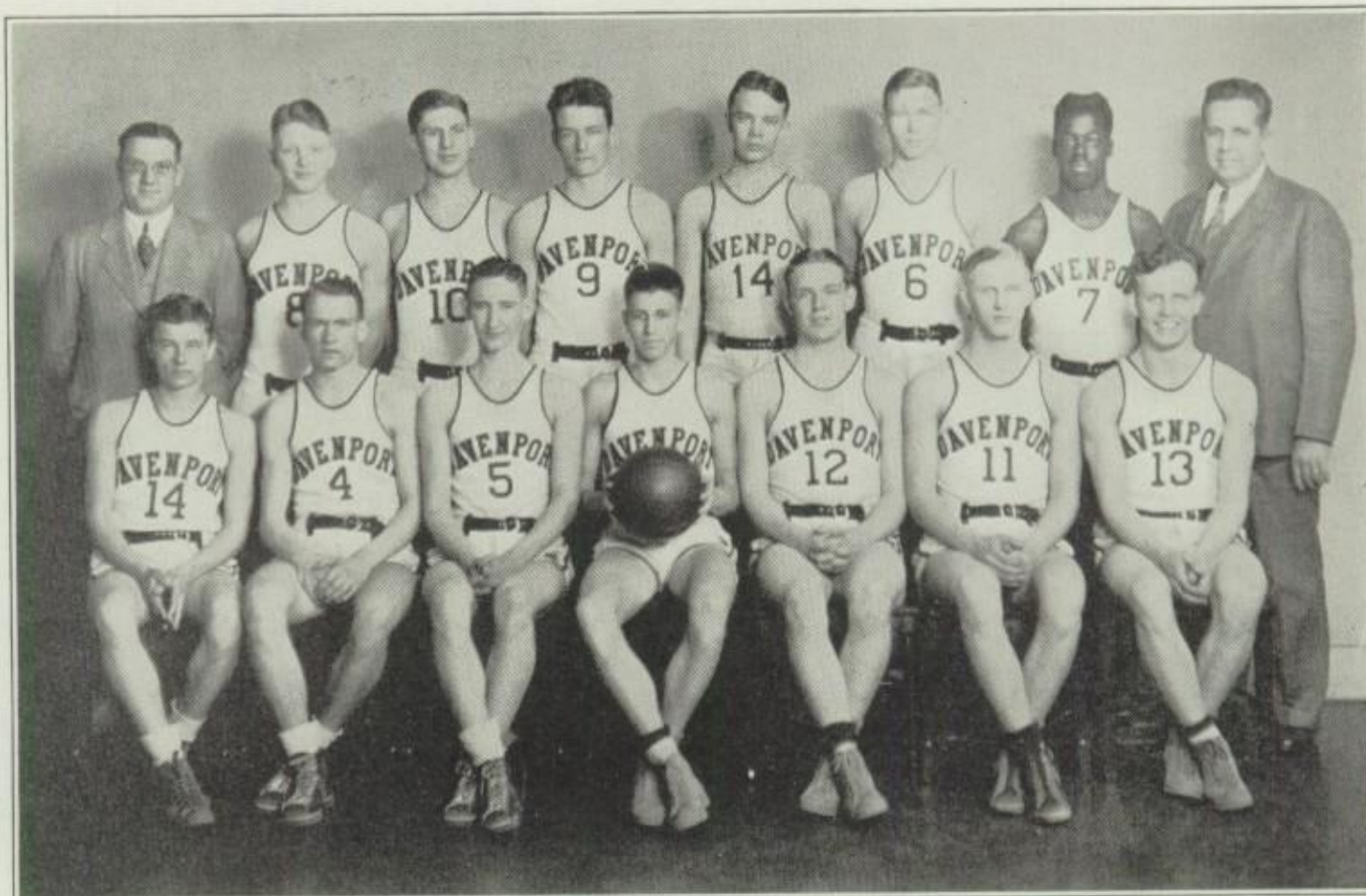
Some of the highlights of the season were: the tight defensive play which held Dubuque scoreless for the first fourteen minutes of their game; the fighting second-half comeback against Waterloo, although Davenport lost 27-29; the beautiful teamwork which won our second Moline game; Dick's long shot with seven seconds to go which won the Washington game 37-35; and the wonderful turnout of over three thousand fans at the Alumni game for the George Edward Marshall Memorial Yearbook.

And now as we write the names of Dick, Kaufmann, Roschlau, Buttenob, Collins, Jurgens and Light into history, let us look ahead to next year. With six lettermen back, with Ashby, Hayward and Moburg till midyear, and Schiebel, Karstens and Brennan all year, plus our reserves and the sophomore squad, we may hope to see another good season under the 1933-34 leader, Captain Roy Schiebel.

PAUL C. MOON.



BASKETBALL SQUAD



From left to right—Seated: Harry Roschlau, Keith Moburg, Roy Schiebel, Leonard Dick, Lester Jurgens, John Hayward, Arthur Collins. Standing: Athletic Director L. C. Goss, John Kaufmann, Everett Light, John Brennan, Marvin Bittenob, Kenneth Karstens, Phillip Ashby, Coach Paul C. Moon.

Early in November Coach Moon sent out the first call for basketball men. Included in the ninety candidates were four lettermen: Dick, Schiebel, Kaufmann and Roschlau. Other promising material included Redshaw, McShane, Light and Karstens, the latter eligible in midyear. Hayward, Jurgens and Collins, also lettermen, reported for practice after the Thanksgiving Day football game. Moburg, Brennan and Ashby also showed much promise as the season progressed. With this material Coach Moon started the weeding out process, and by the first game there were at least twelve good men anxious for action.

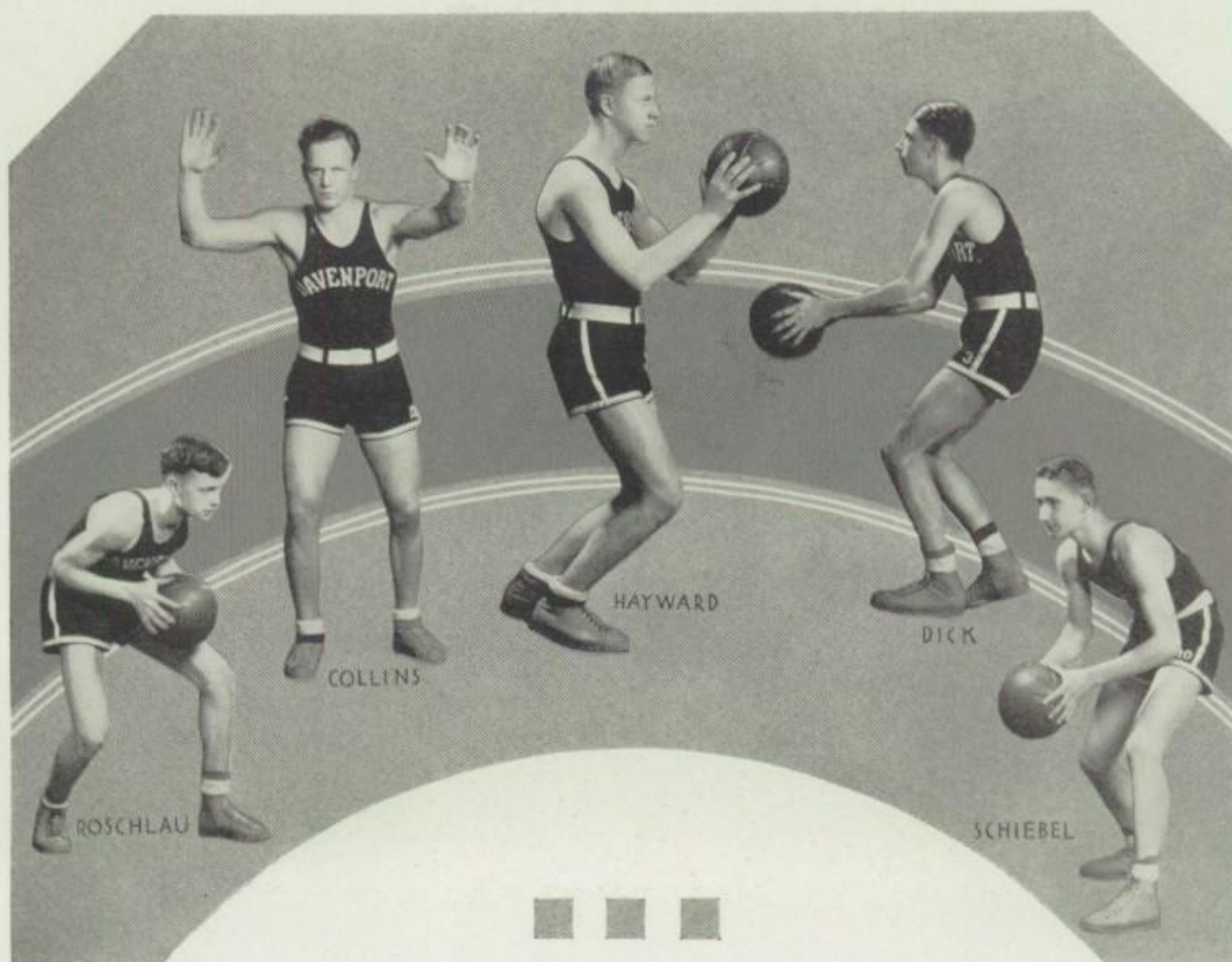
The season proper began Tuesday evening, December 13, when East Moline visited the Davenport gym. The five regular lettermen, Schiebel, Dick, Roschlau, Jurgens and Kaufmann started the game. Roy Schiebel, stellar center of last year, paced the Red and Blue to win narrowly 25-23.

The following Friday Davenport was the guest of Clinton. The same quintet started an offensive drive that was hard to stop. Roschlau was high scorer in a 27-11 victory for Davenport.

An Iowa City squad fell as victims on Wednesday, December 21. Davenport was on a well balanced scoring rampage to win 49-19. All the players on the Red and Blue squad saw action with the five regulars starring.

Coach Moon took a serious minded squad to Washington High of Cedar Rapids on Friday, December 30. The Orange and Black annually claims one of the strongest teams in the conference. Less than a minute to play found the score 35 all. After futile passing, Captain Dick received the ball, and with seven seconds left to play swished one from near the center to win the game 37-35. Roschlau was a main factor on the Red and Blue team with his fourteen points. Other scoring honors were evenly divided. At the end of the first quarter, Light was substituted for Jurgens and played at the guard post for the remainder of the game.

The next night found Davenport in Moline. The Red and Blue started with their usual pep and held a slight lead for the first three quarters. At this time, however,



the defense of the tired Davenport team completely crumpled and Moline sifted through the visitors to win 35-27. Davenport's first defeat! Dick, the only man in form, collected thirteen points.

With the strenuous holiday contests over, the Moonmen settled down and started in their real style again. Grant of Cedar Rapids fell prey to the new onslaught 37-14. Again the entire team began clicking evenly. The latter part of the game was continued by the ever anxious second team.

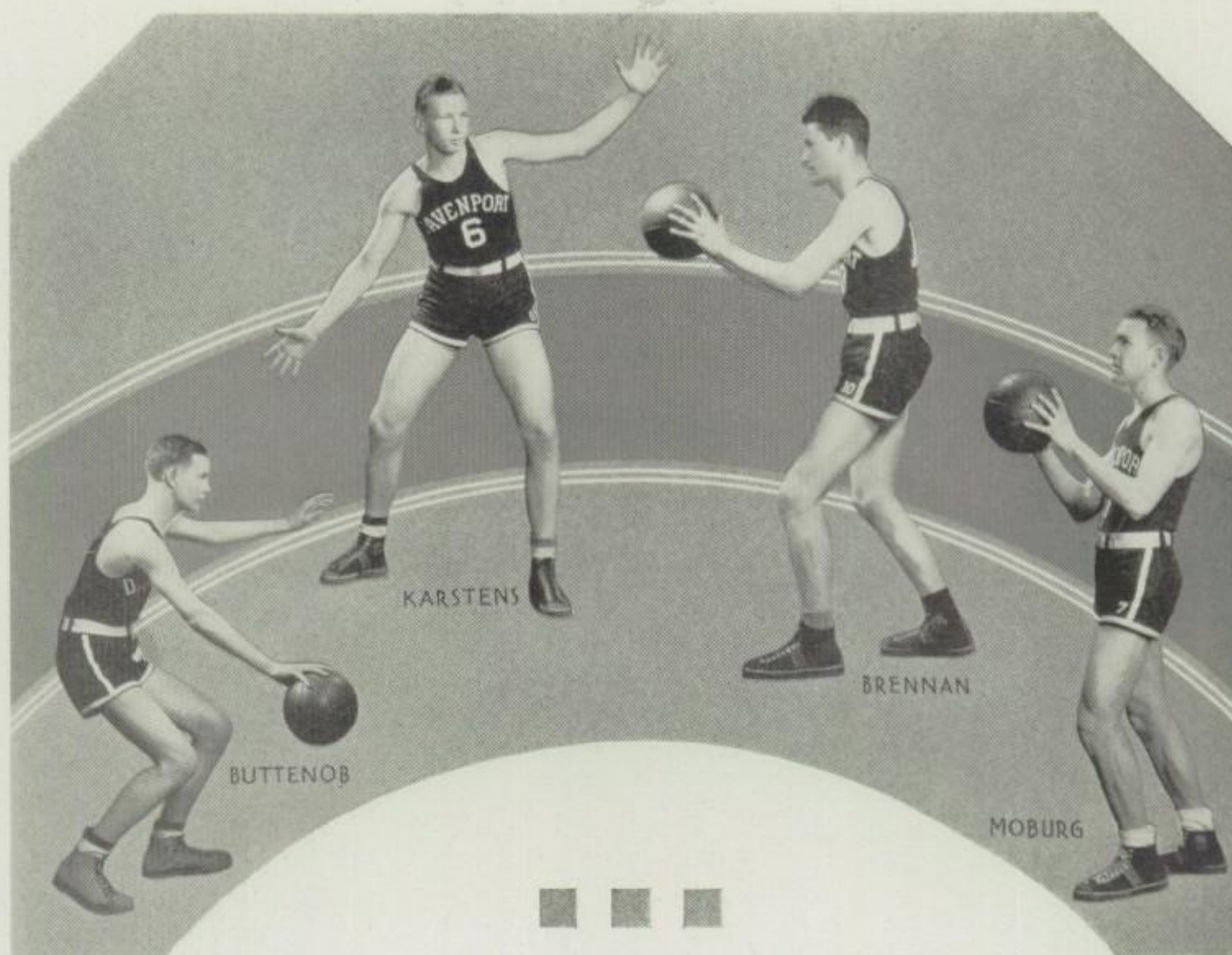
The next encounter was with the usually strong Muskies. With bulletlike speed and deadly accuracy, however, the Red and Blue won the battle 29-20 by passing Muscatine to death. Scoring honors were split mainly between Roschlau and Dick. McShane gave a good account of himself later in the game when he was substituted in a forward position.

Dubuque brought a powerful quintet to Davenport on January 13. Again the home five were the victors in a 27-15 fray. "Johnny" Kaufmann held C. Jackson, high scorer of the conference, to a scant six points. This particular lad usually garnered more than fifteen points a game. Captain Dick collected nine markers to lead the otherwise evenly divided Red and Blue squad.

Next, East Moline was host to the strong Davenport team. In this second encounter the Orange and Black received a 42-18 licking. "Skinny" Dick gathered fourteen and Roschlau, eleven points. The rest of the scoring was left to Jurgens, Ashby, Kaufmann, Schiebel and on down through the remainder of the squad.

The night before midyear graduation Davenport entertained the Rock Island team and sent it along the road of defeat by a score of 22-14. This was the grand finale for John Kaufmann and Harry Roschlau.

With a revamped lineup Davenport visited West High of Waterloo on the first Friday of the new semester. Up to this time Waterloo was tied with Davenport for first place in the conference. The starting lineup found Karstens and Bittenob in the two vacancies. Waterloo held a safe lead at the end of the third quarter. The Red



and Blue rally in the third canto was not sufficient to overcome the Hawks who won 29-27.

The following Tuesday Muscatine visited Davenport for the second encounter. The Red and Blue team won a listless 12-6 game. Nobody seemed to be able to find the hoop.

The Grant High quint from Cedar Rapids came to Davenport at the end of the week and were promptly sent home with a 29-13 defeat. Jurgens, Dick and Buttenob divided honors in this tilt.

A return engagement at Dubuque was the next issue. Again C. Jackson was bottled up by the Red and Blue guards. Captain Dick was in form and quickly gathered sixteen points. Hayward started the game in place of Buttenob who was out for the remainder of the season because of sickness.

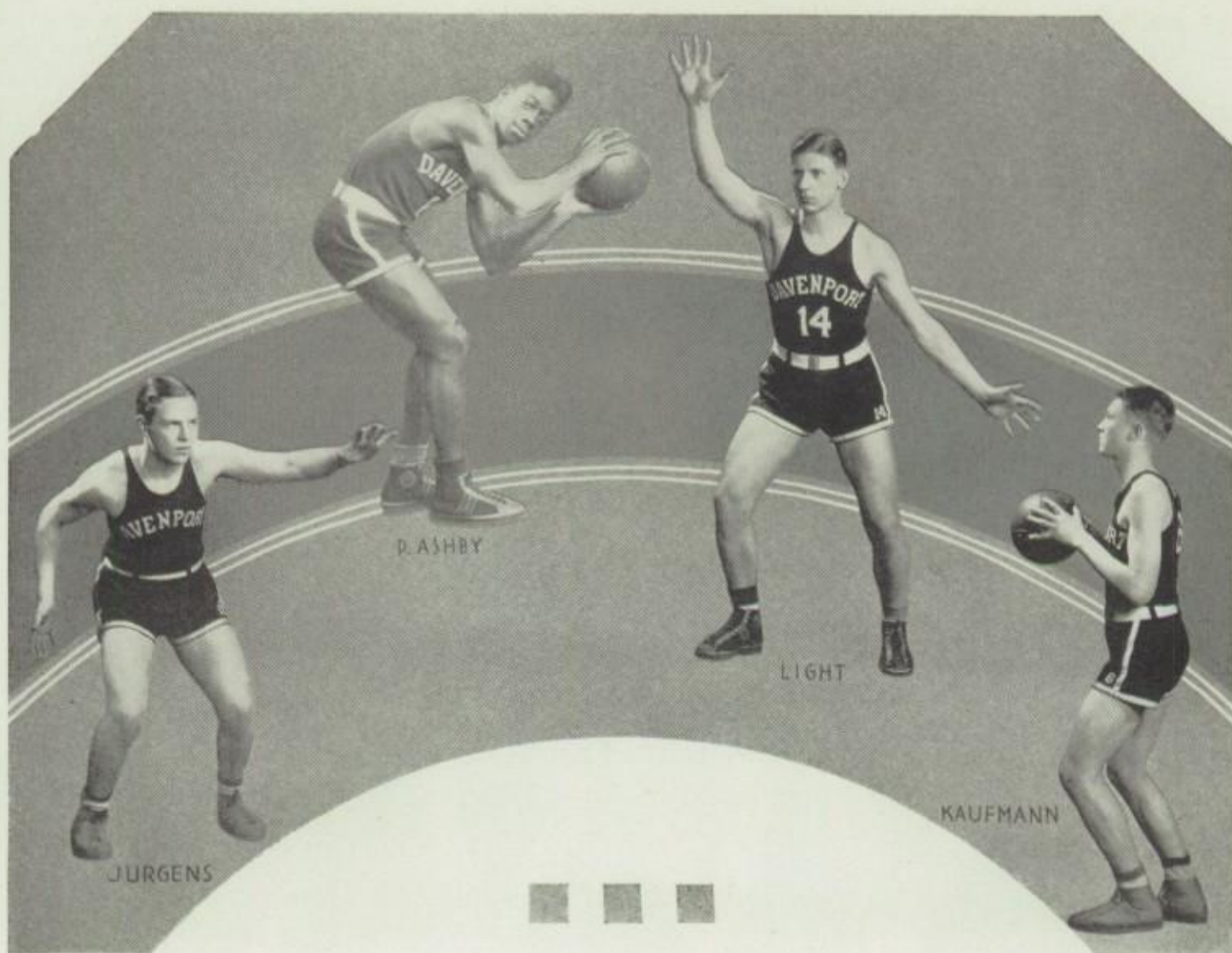
Iowa City tasted defeat once more at the hands of Davenport when the Red and Blue were invited to "come up and play." Ashby and Hayward alternated at the left forward post in an attempt by Coach Moon to find a satisfactory scoring combination.

Saturday night, February 17, was a lucky date for Davenport. In their encounter with Rock Island the Moonmen took an easy game by a count of 35-24. During the course of events Hayward garnered fourteen points. Moburg, starting as a pivot man in the last few tilts, also came through in good form.

Davenport's big chance came on Tuesday, February 21, when Moline came to this side of the river for a return engagement. The large crowd witnessed one of the smoothest working teams this year as the Red and Blue avenged their previous defeat 30-21. Jurgens made two long shots in the second quarter, and Moburg, Hayward and Dick were there to follow closely when he missed. During the second half it was an easy matter to hold a safe lead.

The final tilt in the regular season was played on Friday night, February 24, with Clinton. The upriver quintet was no match for the fast Red and Blue team. Davenport easily outplayed the visitors and the game ended 43-17.

Thus the Mississippi Valley Conference ended with Davenport and West Waterloo tied for first place, both teams having won nine games and lost but one.



TOURNAMENTS

The Sectional Tournament opened on Thursday, March 2, at Muscatine. The Muskies played Davenport in the feature tilt of the first evening. Again the Red and Blue were victorious in disposing of the Muscatine five 31-17. Captain Dick fired three successful shots in the first few minutes of play and later made two more for a total of ten points. Jurgens at a guard post gathered nine points during the fray. The other points were evenly divided.

The following night the Red and Blue met an inexperienced Wilton quintet. After the first quarter there was little doubt as to who would be the winners, so the Davenport second team was substituted and finished the game, winning 52-10. Schiebel was the man of the hour with seventeen markers. Moburg, Hayward, Dick and Light each had six or more points to complete the major part of the scoring.

The finals of the Sectional Tournament were played on Saturday night. A fighting DeWitt team tried vainly to upset the Red and Blue, but were not equal to the task. Dick led the scoring with ten points. Hayward, Schiebel and Jurgens followed closely with eight, seven, and six points respectively to figure in the 38-23 victory.

With the Sectional title tucked safely away, the Red and Blue team anxiously turned to the beginning of the District Tournament on the following Thursday.

Davenport was chosen as the site of the District Tournament and on the opening night drew a contest with Burlington. A scrappy team from the downriver city were powerful enough to give the Red and Blue a sound 31-24 licking. The Greyhounds took the lead from the beginning and never relinquished it. The Hawks possessed the ball most of the evening and made one of the best percentages of shots ever collected. On the other hand the Red and Blue were unusually ragged. Captain Dick made the only fair showing.

Thus another very successful season closed with twenty out of twenty-three victories. Included among these games were the Quad-City Championship, the Sectional Championship and a tie for first place with West Waterloo for the Mississippi Valley Conference.



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL SQUAD

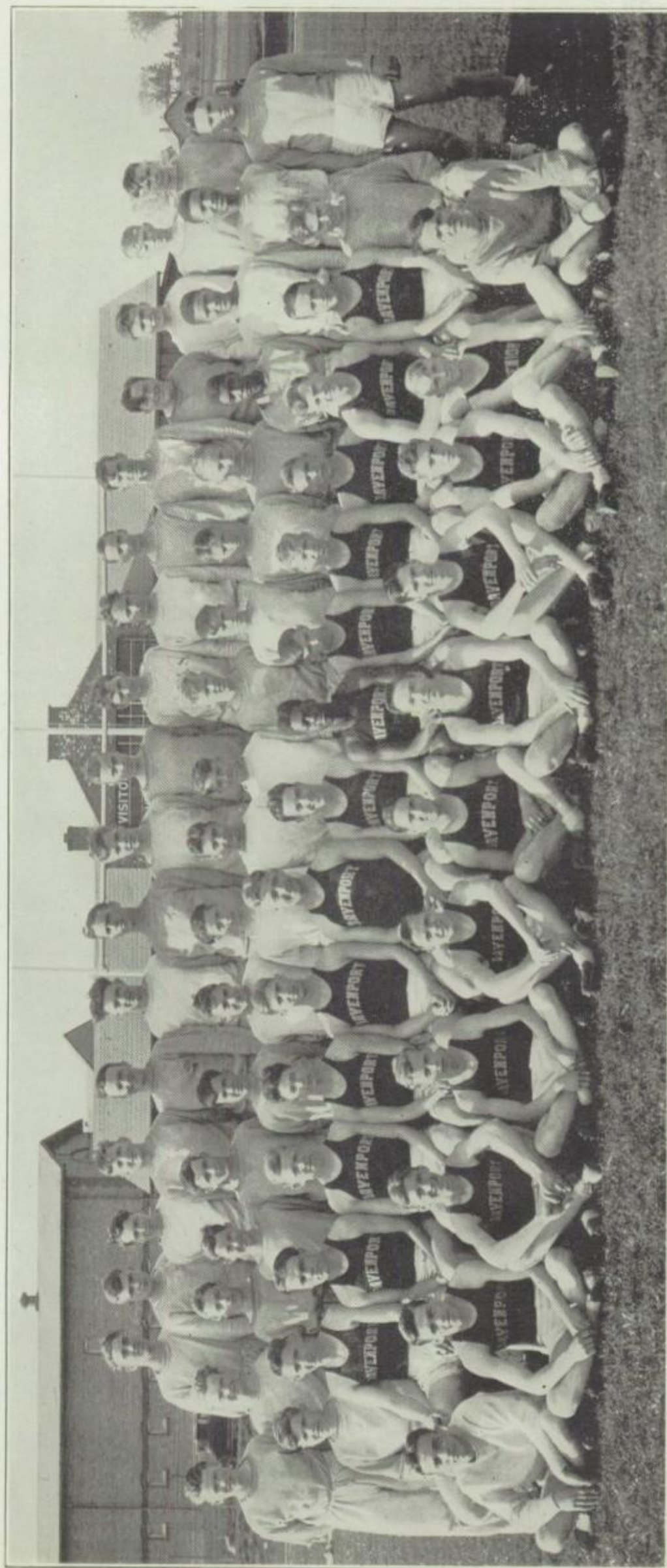


From left to right—Seated: Edwin Shinnars, Douglas Walton, Hugo Gamber, Richard Schwarte, Emmett Dohse.
Standing: John Langwith, Harry Keller, Ivyl Swanson, Emil Flindt, Paul Lund, Coach Clem Bridge.

December 13	Davenport	36	-	East Moline	16
December 16	Davenport	37	-	Clinton	13
December 21	Davenport	27	-	Iowa City	16
December 30	Davenport	37	-	Wash. Hi (C. R.)	14
December 31	Davenport	21	-	Moline	25
January 6	Davenport	35	-	Grant Hi (C. R.)	11
January 10	Davenport	27	-	Muscatine	10
January 13	Davenport	36	-	Dubuque	13
January 14	Davenport	27	-	East Moline	26
January 19	Davenport	30	-	Rock Island	28
January 27	Davenport	27	-	West Hi, Waterloo	15
January 31	Davenport	27	-	Muscatine	13
February 3	Davenport	37	-	Grant Hi (C. R.)	4
February 10	Davenport	39	-	Dubuque	21
February 14	Davenport	42	-	Iowa City	18
February 17	Davenport	38	-	Rock Island	24
February 21	Davenport	26	-	Moline	25
February 24	Davenport	35	-	Clinton	7

The Davenport lightweight team led the conference in the following nine items: (1) the team with the best offense; (2) the team with the best defense; (3) the team with the highest advantage over their opponents; (4) the team scoring the most field goals; (5) the team scoring the most free throws; (6) the team making the fewest fouls; (7) the player making highest total score; (8) the player making the most field goals; and (9) the player scoring the most field goals in one game.

TRACK SQUAD



Aubrey Allen	Charles Cummins	Hugo Gamber	Robert Johnson	Jess Loter	Albert Ohlsen	Richard Schwarte
Ronald Allen	Charles Cutter	Mark Getzendaner	Lester Jones	Donald Lunardi	Martin O'Neill	Edwin Shinnars
Phillip Ashby	Earl Cutter	Guy Gordon	Robert Jordan	Paul Lund	Arvora Peebles	Lawrence Sierk
Leon Baker	Jack Dale	Elmer Hanson	Vernon Jungjohann	Ted Martens	Harvey Peters	Raymond Stevenson
Roland Barber	Gale Daudel	James Hanson	Lester Jurgens	Guy Martin	Fabian Peterson	James Stopulos
William Box	Lauren Daut	Edward Hass	Harry Keller	Roger McShane	Jack Puscas	Ivyl Swanson
Paul Browning	John David	John Hayward	Randall Kirk	Dwight Minkler	Earl Redshaw	Arthur Teufel
Forrest Burmeister	Fred Dittmer	Harold Hoppe	Peter Kunkel	Keith Moburg	Marvin Schaefer	Carl Teufel
Arthur Byram	David Downey	Robert Haut	John Langwith	Harley Moore	Roy Schiebel	Frederic Teufel
Robert Carpenter	James Dugan	Elwin Howell	Glenn Lawton	Laurence Morrissey	Carl Schiff	Edwin Tyler
Kenneth Clark	Emil Flindt	Harold Huss	Everett Light	Louis Naeckel	Karl Schmidt	Clarence Wagner
Robert Close	Curtis Ford	Alfred Jackson	Richard Lorenzen	Raymond O'Brien	Herman Schmidt	Douglas Walton
Kenneth Cox	George Franck	Frank Johannsen		Donald Ogg	Verne Schriefer	John Warner



TRACK SUMMARY

On March 24, the track team met its first competition in the Mississippi Valley Conference Indoor Meet at the University of Iowa Field House. Clinton, led by Carl Nelson, took the laurels with 73 points. Davenport ranked second with 41 2/3 points. Eight records were broken in the twelve events on the program. The Davenport two-third mile relay team established a new record, and Aubrey Allen and Roy Schiebel shared a record with Connolly of Dubuque. Schiebel also tied for first place in the pole vault with Nelson of Grant High (C. R.).

April first marked the breaking of ten records at the State Indoor Meet at Iowa City. Speed artists came from forty-five schools, of which twenty-four scored. Clinton won the meet with a total of 35 points. Davenport ranked fourth with 16 points. Among the Davenporters to place was Schiebel who won the pole vault at a mark of 11 feet. Don Ogg placed third in the 60-yard low hurdles.

The dual meet with Rock Island which was scheduled for April 8 was postponed to the following Wednesday, April 12, at which time the Red and Blue speed artists overwhelmed the Rock Island team 101 to 34. Martin of Davenport starred with three firsts and also ran on the winning half mile relay. Hayward, Gordon, Stevenson, Schmidt, Schiebel, Burmeister, Allen, Jurgens and Light also took first places.

The second dual meet was held with the Muscatine track team, coached by Leonard Hunn formerly of D. H. S., on Davenport's home oval. The Muscatine outfit proved no match for the hilltop speed team, for they were vanquished to the tune of 99 to 45. Don Ogg took first place in both the high and low hurdles. Guy Martin was "hot" as usual and took two firsts and one third, and was on the winning quarter mile relay team. The mile relay team, composed of Stevenson, Cox, Jackson and O'Neill, outdistanced their opponents by a large margin.

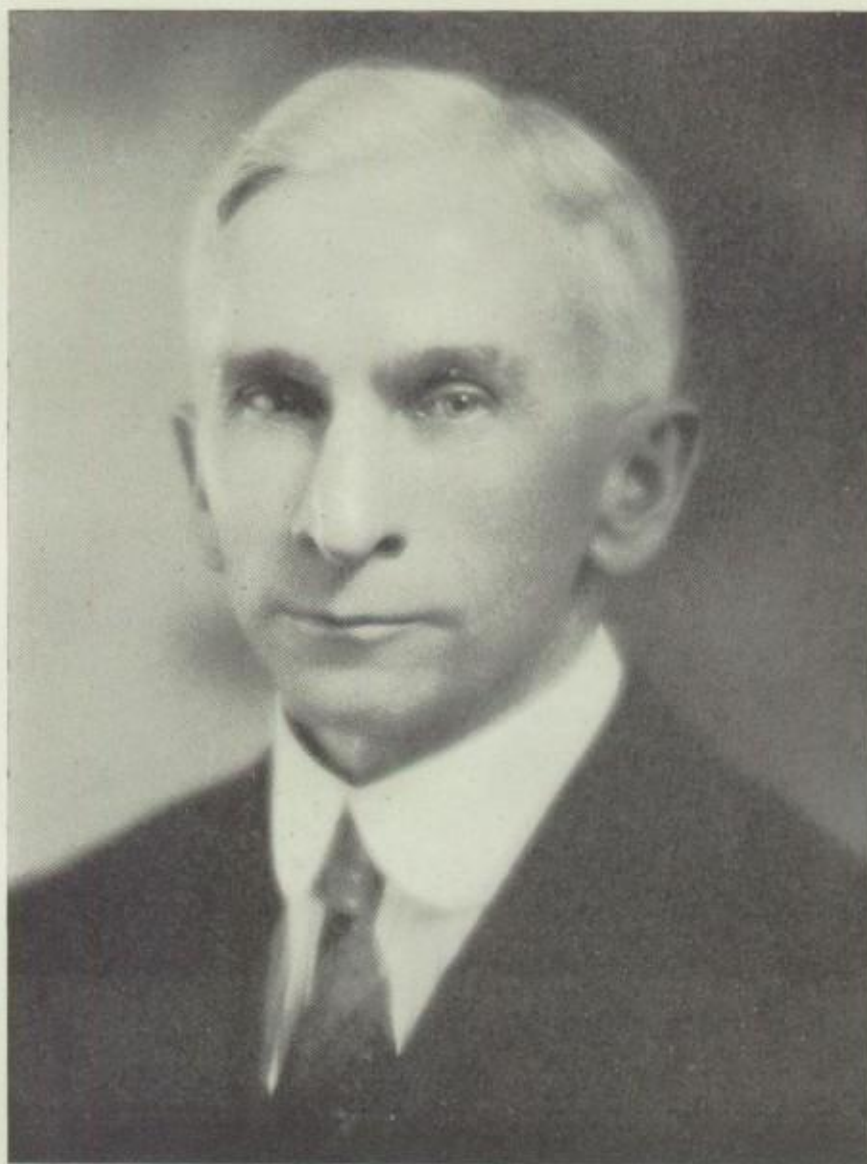
The Moline-Davenport Dual Meet, held on April 22, at Browning Field, Moline, was taken by Davenport with 74.5 points. Moline gained 54.5 points. The Red and Blue athletes took first places in nine out of the fifteen events on the program. Davenport scored clean sweeps in the 220-yard dash and the discus throw. In the 220 Martin, Baker and Schiff took first, second and third, while in the discus Burmeister, Light and Morrissey nosed out the Moline men. John Hayward showed form and took the hurdles against a strong wind in 16.9. Roy Schiebel took his usual first in the pole vault at 11 feet 6 inches. By adding this meet to their list the Davenport squad gained undisputed possession of first place in the Tri-City prep track standing.

The Drake relays were held April 29 at the Drake stadium in Des Moines. The Davenport runners who participated were Captain Martin O'Neill, Elmer Hanson, Ray Stevenson, Guy Gordon, Donald Ogg and Guy Martin. The first four named ran the mile relay which took eighth in a field of eighteen. The last four ran the 440-yard relay which took fourth with a time of 44.4. Oak Park of Illinois took the 440-yard relay with a time of 43.8.

Clinton High retained the Gateway Classic track title by winning one of the largest and most spectacular high school meets in the country on May 6. Representatives from 51 schools competed in the speed program. Tribute was paid to the late George Saling, Olympic Champion of the University of Iowa, who was to have given an exhibition at the classic. Don Ogg went over the high barriers to beat Connolly of Dubuque at a time of 16.4 seconds. Roy Schiebel set a new record in the pole vault as he skimmed over 11 feet 11 1/8 inches. The mile relay team met with misfortune, but finally overcame it. A camera man leaned too far over the track and knocked the baton out of Ray Stevenson's hand. The officials decided to run the team with no competition and if the time was bettered to give first place to Davenport. The time was bettered by 4/10 of a second, and the trophy for the mile relay was taken by Davenport. The Red and Blue finished third in the field of competitors.



FORENSICS

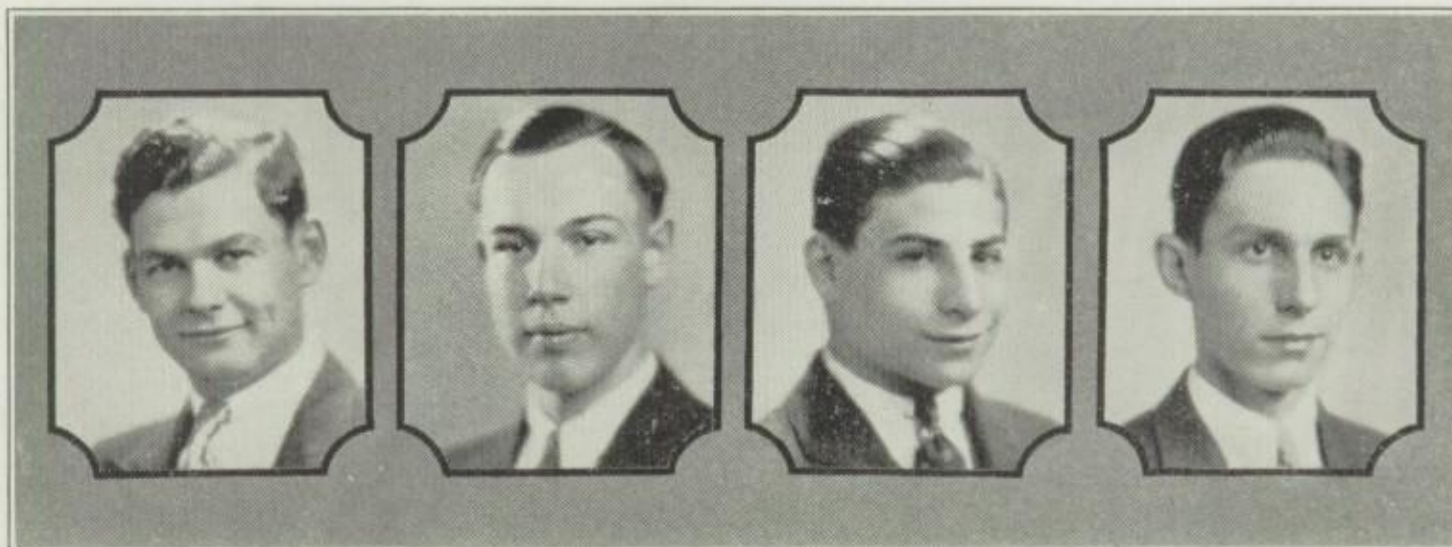


Perhaps the most unusual incident of the year's work is the fact that a program of economy has increased the number of interscholastic contests. This is due largely to the introduction of the round robin tournament idea in debate both in the State and Iowa Nine Associations. The result was an increase in debates from last year's record of 26 to 45 for this year. Of these our teams won 35, placed second in the State league and first in the Iowa Nine. But more important than these victories is the fact that a large number of students were enabled to appear in contests, both locally and interscholastically. A fine spirit of individual rivalry and team cooperation has prevailed throughout the year.

A. E. KEIBER.



FORENSIC REPRESENTATIVES



Raymond Reese, Max Peterson, Victor Lipsman, Elmer Schake

FORENSIC SUMMARY

Although losing one or two contests, the Davenport High School forensic department has upheld the standards set by former classes. Mr. A. E. Keiber lost four of his letter men who were graduated in June 1932.

The first dual meet in the oratorical division was awarded to Rock Island with a total score of 61 to 55. Davenport was victorious in the evening meet, having a score of 33 to 30. On December 2 Davenport went to Muscatine for a humorous contest, which was awarded to the latter with a score of 69 to 40. On Monday Muscatine again met Davenport here in a combined oratorical and dramatic contest in which Davenport was awarded first place in the dramatic, having a score of 21 to 11 and in the oratorical, having a score of 21 to 9.

The declamatory teams were composed of Robert Schulz, Roger McShane, Sam Weigle, Victor Lipsman, Elmer Schake, David White, Max Peterson, John Powlesson, William Hintze, Malvin Hansen, Robert Parker and Ray Reese.

The Boys' Iowa Nine Declamatory Contest, which was originally intended to be held here December 9, was postponed to January 6, due to Principal George Edward Marshall's death. This meet, which came to Davenport for the first time in eight years, was represented by seven schools: Muscatine, Ottumwa, Fairfield, Iowa City, Burlington, Washington and Davenport. The speakers who represented Davenport were Victor Lipsman, in the oratorical division, securing first place, Ray Reese, in the dramatic, third place and Max Peterson, in the humorous division, seventh place. Fairfield received first place in this contest, Iowa City, second and Davenport, third.

The tournament idea held sway during the debating season as a medium of economy and simplicity in conducting the debates. Because of this fact Davenport was able to book a great number of practice debates with various out-of-town schools. This year's question was: "Resolved, That at least fifty per cent of all state and local revenue should be derived from sources other than tangible property."

The regular season opened on February 16, the Davenport affirmative meeting the Monmouth negative and winning 3 to 0. On February 17 the Davenport team traveled to Monmouth, taking this debate 3 to 0. Galesburg tied the Davenport affirmative and negative teams on February 21, losing one debate and winning the



AFFIRMATIVE DEBATING TEAM



*Reading from left to right—First Row: Max Peterson, Victor Lipsman, Robert Schulz.
Second Row: Malvin Hansen, William Hintze, Sam Weigle.*

other. On March 2 Dubuque was tripped up by both the Davenport affirmative and negative teams 3 to 0.

The State Sectional series opened on March 3, at Iowa City. Davenport won this meet by defeating Iowa City, Muscatine and Washington.

Moline split with Davenport on March 13, winning the first contest 2 to 1, and losing the second on March 14 to the Davenport negative 3 to 0.

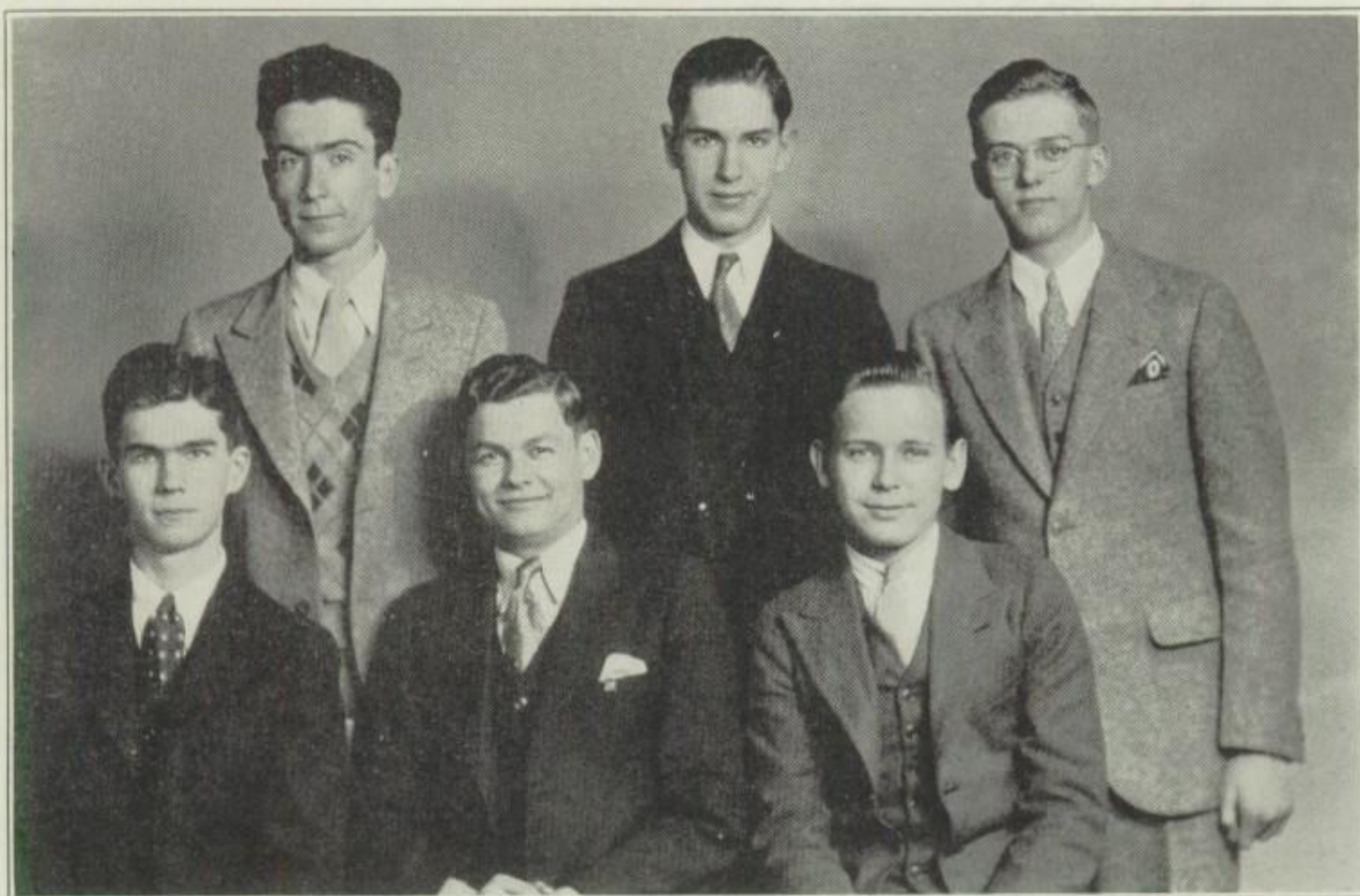
March 14 saw the Iowa Nine teams swing into action in the tournament at Iowa City. The Davenport debaters made a clean sweep in this event, winning twelve out of twelve debates, and thus annexing the championship and gaining possession of the traveling loving cup. The teams entered were Burlington, Fairfield, Iowa City, Muscatine, Ottumwa and Washington.

On March 25 the Iowa Nine Championship negative took the Illinois Big Nine Champs, Galesburg, into camp by a score of 1 to 0.

The State meet was held at Iowa City on March 30, 31 and April 1. There were fourteen Class A and fourteen Class B schools participating. Davenport entered in the Class A section. In the qualifying rounds, the Davenport debaters met Roosevelt High, Spencer, Ames, Fairfield, Mason City, Cedar Falls, Decorah and Creston, winning five out of eight debates. On the basis of rankings, Davenport, Roosevelt High, Fairfield and Sioux City entered the semi-finals. The Davenport affirmative met the Roosevelt negative, defeating the latter by a score of 1 to 0. The Davenport negative defeated the Fairfield affirmative 1 to 0. Thus Davenport and Roosevelt High entered the finals which were broadcast from the Senate Chamber of the old Capitol building. In the first final held at 11 o'clock, April 1, the Davenport affirmative met the Roosevelt negative, winning by a score of 2 to 1. In the second final held at 2:30, the Roosevelt affirmative defeated the Davenport negative by a score of 3 to 0. Thus



NEGATIVE DEBATING TEAM



*Reading from left to right—First Row: Roger McShane, Raymond Reese, William Daley.
Second Row: Robert Lynott, Paul Richards, Carl Heeschen.*

Roosevelt High of Des Moines annexed the scholarship by a score of 4 to 2. Davenport was the runner up, however.

On April 7 and 8, the Davenport teams entered the Augustana tournament, meeting Moline, Kewanee and Rock Island. Davenport received third place in this meet. Elmer Schake was the extemporaneous representative in this event.

Thus Davenport completed a highly successful year of debating, annexing 53 points to their opponents 15.

The extemporaneous season opened on April 18. This contest with Muscatine was won by the visitors with a score of 24 to 26. Rock Island fell victim to the Davenport High School team at Rock Island on April 16, losing by a score of 309 to 290.

On April 21 the Iowa Nine Extemporaneous Meet was held at Ottumwa. Davenport's representative, Raymond Reese, won this event by securing a unanimous first. Thus Davenport won the Iowa Nine plaque for the ninth consecutive year with a total of 79 points.

Davenport again met Rock Island here on April 25, Davenport losing by a score of 128 to 106. The Iowa City teams next succumbed to the Davenport speakers by a score of 76 to 158.

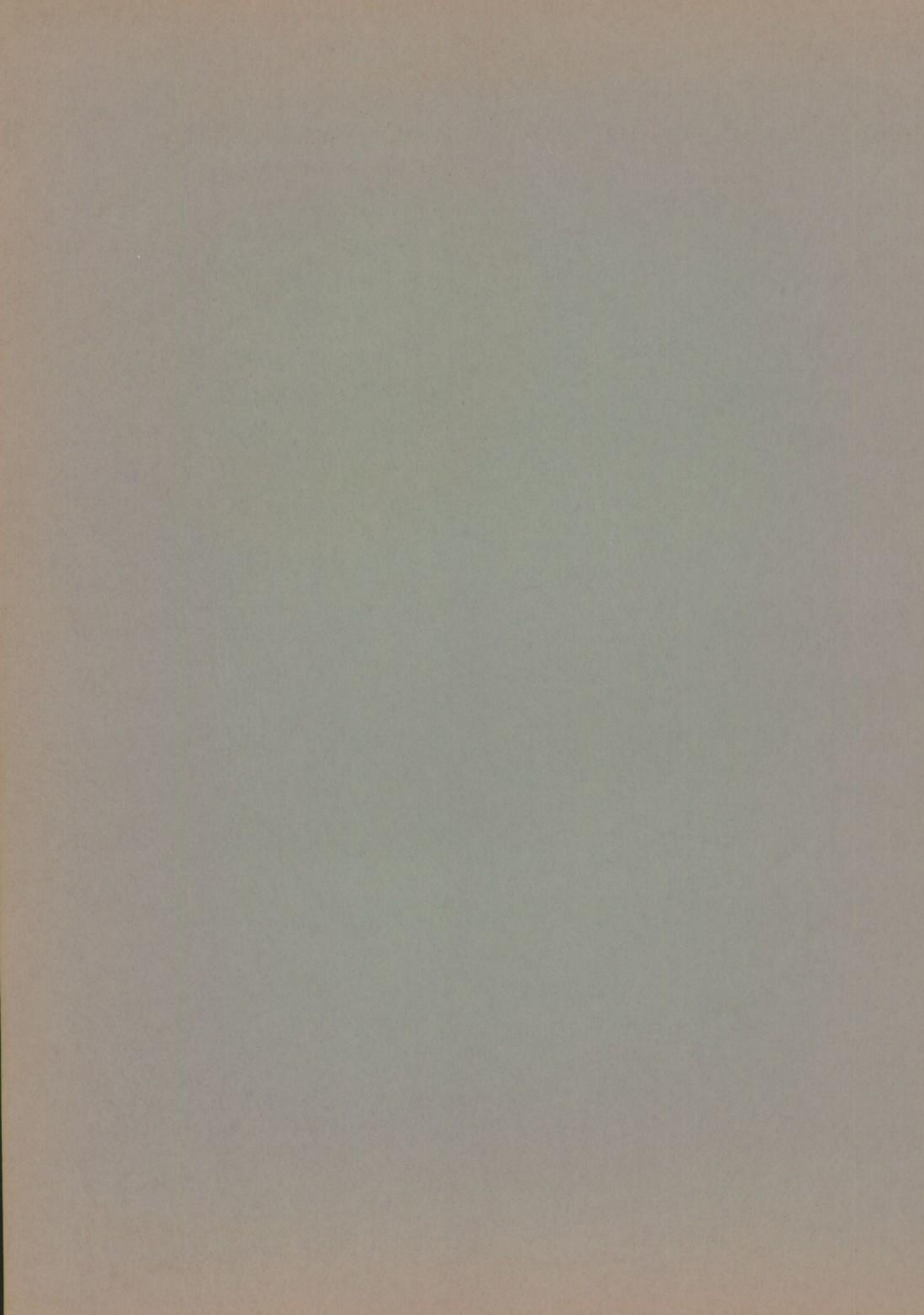
The extemporaneous teams were composed of Clyde Heckerman, Robert Lynott, Delbert Reese, Carl Heeschen, William Daley, Elmer Schake, Matthew Farber, Victor Lipsman, Sam Weigle, Jack Firth, Max Peterson, Lester Schick, Roger McShane, John Hayward and David White.

This closed a highly successful forensic season, one which ranks favorably with the records established in the past.

At the time this goes to press a big Speech Festival is planned for May 26. Three representative speakers will show the value of speech in college, in business and in the professions. A student in the public speaking department will conduct a short parliamentary law session and demonstrate the difficulties facing the average beginner and the finished product of the speech department. The rest of the program will consist of a short humorous and a short serious debate and several humorous declamations.



R. O. T. C.





CAPT. LEWIS E. REIGNER



SERG. DAVID H. BARLOW

The training of the Davenport High School R. O. T. C. is preliminary instruction in all the subjects prescribed for appointment as Second Lieutenant Infantry Reserve Officers of the United States Army.

Special emphasis is laid on developing the student as an instructor and leader capable of producing trained privates, corporals and sergeants instead of merely perfecting himself in the knowledge and practice necessary for those grades.

The object of this course in the Davenport High School is to lay the foundation of intelligent citizenship by teaching the student habits of precision, orderliness, courtesy, correctness of posture, deportment, leadership and respect for loyalty to constituted authority.

CAPT. LEWIS E. REIGNER, F. A., U. S. A.
P. M. S. & T.



INFANTRY BOARD



COLORS

Staff Sergeant	Allen Gesell
Staff Sergeant	Jack Firth
Color Sergeant	Dean Chance
Color Sergeant	Richard Taylor



REGIMENTAL STAFF



BATTALION STAFFS



PRAETORIAN GUARD

Captain Richard Wolfe
 First Lieutenant Donald Ohlsen
 Second Lieutenant Paul Bitzer

First Sergeant Henry Koch	Corporal George Boston
Supply Sergeant Curtis Ford	Corporal Orville Griffin
Sergeant Bert Allender	Corporal Wilbur Hebbeln
Sergeant Ralph Bracker	Corporal Phillip Russell
Sergeant Robert McCluskey	Corporal Roy Schiebel
Field Music Fred Lambert	Corporal Lawrence Sierk
Guidon Corporal Norman Wade	

PRIVATES

Nahum Blackman	Henry Hartz	Kenneth Lockrem	William Roe
George Block	Elmer Hebler	Vincent Lorrain	Dean Rogers
William Box	Clyde Heckerman	Robert Lynott	Herman Schmidt
Harvey Brown	Frederick Held	Richard Martens	Robert Schulz
Arthur Collins	Hugh Hill	Guy Martin	Harold Sears
John Davies	Harvey Holden	Robert Bernard Martin	Richard Stoddard
Lowell Flenker	Elvin Hughes	Roger McShane	Leon Van Camp
Edward Freymann	Harry Keller	Laverne Montgomery	Robert Ward
Richard Garstang	William Bishop Kelley	Walter Newport	Arthur Wellendorf
Donald Green	Robert Koenig	Miles Pilgrim	David White
Joseph Green	Robert Lapham	Gerald Reading	Paul Wind
Dietz Hamilton	Kenneth Leatherman	Earl Redshaw	Charles Winter
Lawrence Hanlin	Edward Lillenberg	Harold Reid	Lloyd Wright

Officers appearing on Honor Company picture who were promoted and were not active in the Company.

Colonel	Everett Light
Major	Kenneth Cox
Major	Maxon Roller
Captain	Terence O'Brien
Captain	Ernest Panusopulos
First Lieutenant Personnel Adjutant Regiment.....	Donald Heesch
Captain Range Officer	Arnold Scammon
Second Lieutenant	Robert Baker
Second Lieutenant	Alvin Accola
Second Lieutenant	Herman Alter
Second Lieutenant	Lester Ihms



COMPANY A

Post Graduate Colonel John Voss
 Lieutenant Colonel Roman Stoltenberg
 Major First Battalion Donald Ogg
 First Lieutenant Battalion Adjutant Joseph Johnston

Captain Company Commander Elmer Schake
 First Lieutenant Personnel Adjutant Donald Heesch
 First Lieutenant Donald Ohlsen
 Second Lieutenant Alfred Peterson

Battalion Sergeant Major Harry Hahn
 Battalion Supply Sergeant Paul Macumber
 Battalion Personnel Sergeant.....Vernon Holm
 First SergeantElvin Hughes
 First Platoon Sergeant Ralph Ritza
 Second Platoon Sergeant Robert Koch
 Supply Sergeant John Gerdes
 Sergeant Lowell Flenker
 Sergeant Wilbur Hebbeln
 Sergeant Phillip Russell
 Sergeant Lloyd Wright

Section Guide Corporal Vincent Lorrain
 Section Guide Corporal Roy Schiebel
 Section Guide Corporal Herman Schmidt
 Section Guide Corporal Richard Freund
 Guidon Corporal Kenneth Spranger
 Corporal Jack Davies
 Corporal Harvey Holden
 Corporal Robert Parmele
 Corporal Gerald Reading
 Corporal Donald Wellendorf
 Regimental Clerk Corporal Perry Lafferty

PRIVATES

Louis Bein
 Robert Bettendorf
 William Box
 Robert Brandt
 Harold Brant
 Leonard Canfield
 Robert Canfield
 Norris Daurer
 Mike Doshen
 Robley Evans
 Henry Frisch
 Harold Grampp
 Louis Halleck
 Lawrence Hansen

Raymond Hartz
 Hugh Heeney
 Homer Hensley
 Charles Johannesen
 Marvin Jones
 Roy Keyoth
 Rufus Kurth
 Paul Martens
 Elmer Mattingly
 William McCarthy
 Harley Moore
 Arthur Pavlovic
 Miles Pilgrim
 James Proffitt

Kenneth Roe
 Myron Roepke
 Elmer Schroeder
 Dean Schumacher
 Erwin Shultz
 Ralph Spear
 Lawrence Sutherland
 Milburn Swift
 Arthur Teufel
 Chester Vieth
 Edward Watkins
 Arthur Wellendorf
 Darrell West
 Wesley Woehrle



COMPANY B

Post Graduate Major Walter Larsen
 Post Graduate Major Thomas Walker

Major Maxon Roller
 Captain Arnold Scammon
 Captain Company Commander Terence O'Brien
 First Lieutenant Ardo Trede
 Second Lieutenant Lester Ihms
 Second Lieutenant Ralph Griffin
 Second Lieutenant Alvin Accola

First Sergeant Kenneth Leatherman
 Supply Sergeant Wilbur Golick
 Sergeant First Platoon Frederick Held
 Sergeant Second Platoon Erwin Petersen
 Sergeant Harvey Brown
 Sergeant Robert Ellingsworth
 Sergeant Edward Koenig
 Sergeant Eugene Jager
 Section Guide Corporal Robert Gillmor
 Section Guide Corporal Blair Waider

Section Guide Corporal....Geo. Schwerdtfeger
 Section Guide Corporal Weldon Hoepner
 Guidon Corporal Randall Hansen
 Asst. Guidon Corporal Earl Redshaw
 Corporal Nahum Blackman
 Corporal Leland Christian
 Corporal Elmer Hebbler
 Corporal Paul Moon
 Corporal Harold Tenenbom
 Corporal Leon Van Camp

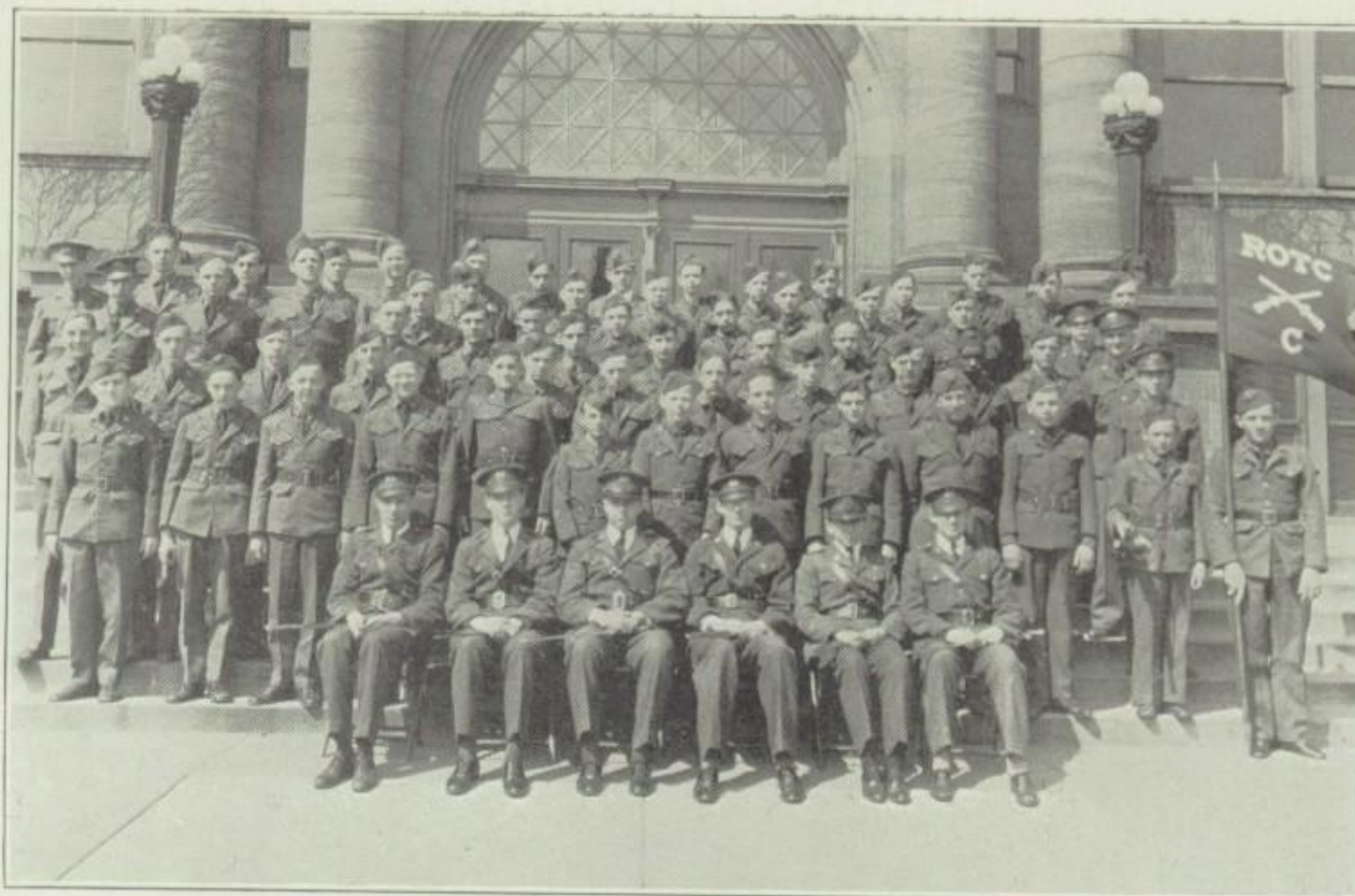
PRIVATES

Melvin Atzen
 John David Bruns
 James Cochrane
 Franklin Collins
 Irvin Dennie
 Lester Downs
 Gerald Duffy
 Charles Ewert
 Edward Freymann
 Paul Glaudel
 Clarence Hanssen
 Louis Holdt
 Ralph Jackson

Roy Joens
 Edward Johnson
 Robert Kerns
 John Koester
 William Kulp
 Henry Lischer Jr.
 Kenneth Lockrem
 Robert Lovett
 Dick Mack
 Robert Bernard Martin
 Alpheus McCulloch
 Robert McKamey

Marion O'Haver
 William Schroeder
 Grant Smith
 Allen Spranger
 Carl Stahler
 Fred Stamp
 James Stopulos
 True Swanson
 Carl Teufel
 David White
 Oscar Wilhelm
 Carter Wolfe
 Elmer Zost





COMPANY C

Captain, Plans and Training	Sam Weigle
Captain Company Commander	Ernest Panusopulos
First Lieutenant	Loren Carlson
Second Lieutenant	Herman Alter
Second Lieutenant	Clyde Braun
Second Lieutenant	Ned Young

Range Sergeant Reinhardt Wuestenberg
 Regiment Supply Sergeant..Eugene Reistroffer
 Regiment Sergeant Major Orville Griffin
 First Sergeant Henry Koch
 First Platoon Sergeant William Hintze
 Second Platoon Sergeant Charles Fairall
 Sergeant George Boston
 Sergeant Clyde Heckerman
 Sergeant Avery McMillan
 Sergeant Clifton Mulinaux
 First Platoon Sergeant Clifford Klinck
 Company Supply Sergeant .. Lester Thoensen

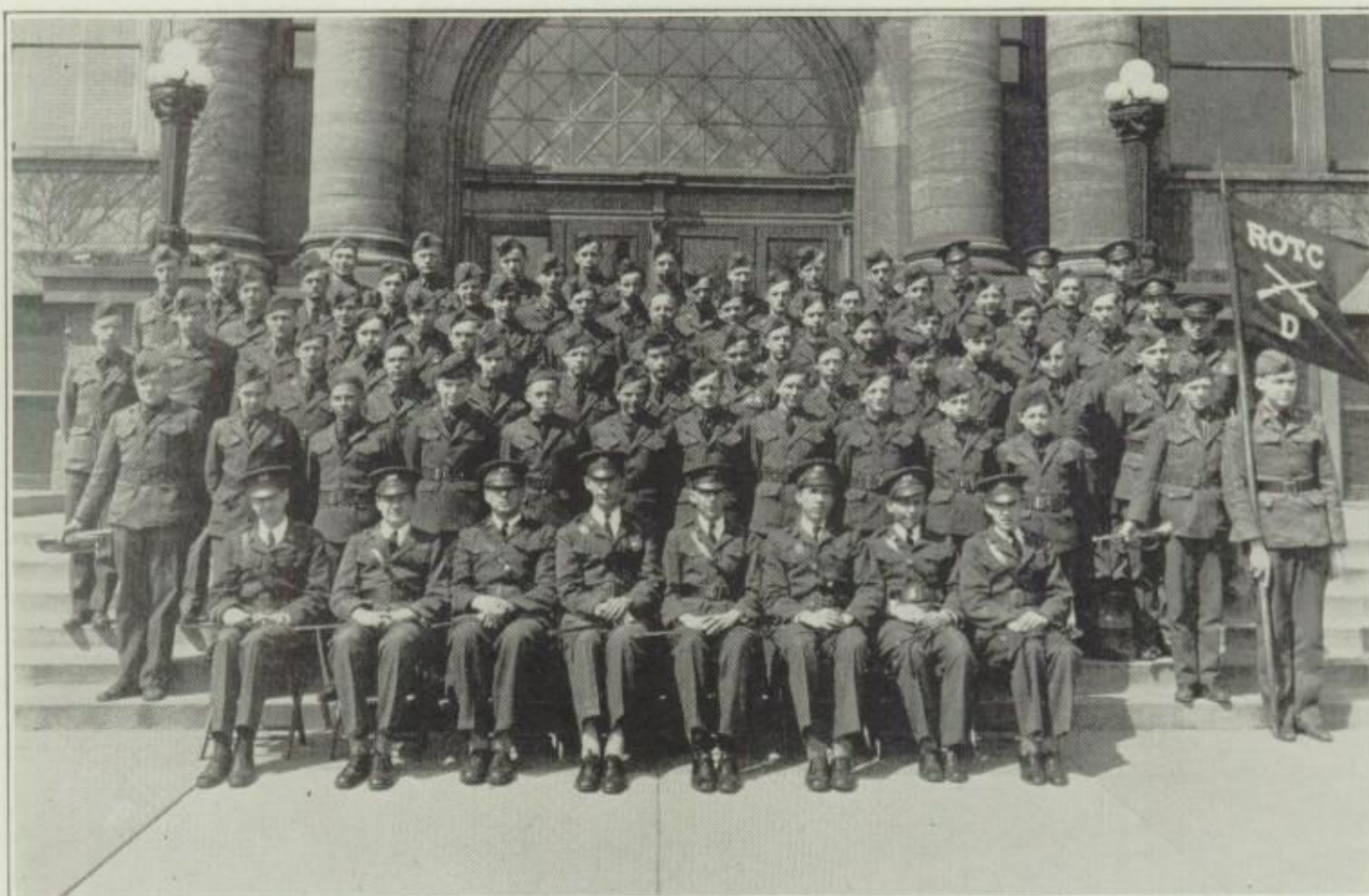
Section Guide Corporal	Robert Schulz
Section Guide Corporal	Harold Reid
Section Guide Corporal	Fred Lambert
Company Clerk Corporal ..	Russell Burmeister
Guidon Corporal	Robert Minard
Corporal	William Goenne
Corporal	Stanton Goldstone
Corporal	Richard Martens
Corporal	Robert Reading
Corporal	Clarence Schnare
Corporal	Wallace Shafer
Corporal	Robert Ward

PRIVATES

Donald Accola
 Cecil Bauer
 Lester Best
 Allen Boudinot
 Paul Clark
 Irwin Cooper
 George Crow
 Charles Cummins
 Frederick Danico
 Lauren Daut
 Kenneth Ditto
 James Dugan
 Delford Edens
 Evan Findlay

James Frederick
 Richard Garstang
 Henry Guenther
 Merrill Hamma
 Jack Hewitt
 Edward Hoffbauer
 William Kane
 John Knostman
 Leo Kranz
 Wayne Kuehl
 Robert Lapham
 Melvin Leuth
 Donald Lynott

Roy Mattingly
 Donald Moravek
 Robert Murray
 Raymond O'Brien
 Robert Offerman
 Wayne Ott
 Robert Otto
 Avora Peoples
 Jac Selby
 Leon Stender
 Oscar Stremlow
 John Thoren
 Leon Wahl
 Alden Wineke



COMPANY D

Post Graduate First Lieutenant Charles Kloppenberg
Post Graduate Sergeant Major George Balke

Captain Company Commander Edward Schneckloth
First Lieutenant Richard Von Korff
First Lieutenant Robert Harrison
First Lieutenant Keith Holvenstot
Second Lieutenant Robert Baker
Second Lieutenant William Campbell
Second Lieutenant Clarence Sehmman

Sergeant Major Second Bat. Donald Clay
Master Sergeant Regimental Staff.. John Vieth
Color Sergeant Dean Chance
Color Sergeant Richard Taylor
Supply Sergeant Leopold Simon
Sergeant First Platoon Rudolph Wales
Sergeant Second Platoon Martin O'Neill
First Sergeant Kenneth Iverson
Sergeant Joseph Green
Sergeant Peter Kunkel
Sergeant Robert Lynott

Sergeant Edward Lillenberg
Sergeant Leonard Soenke
Corporal Hugo Arp
Corporal John Ahrens
Corporal George Block
Corporal George Haigh
Corporal William Roe
Corporal William Hage
Corporal Roland Herzberg
Corporal Eugene Wallace
Corporal Kenneth Patch

Corporal Arthur Collins

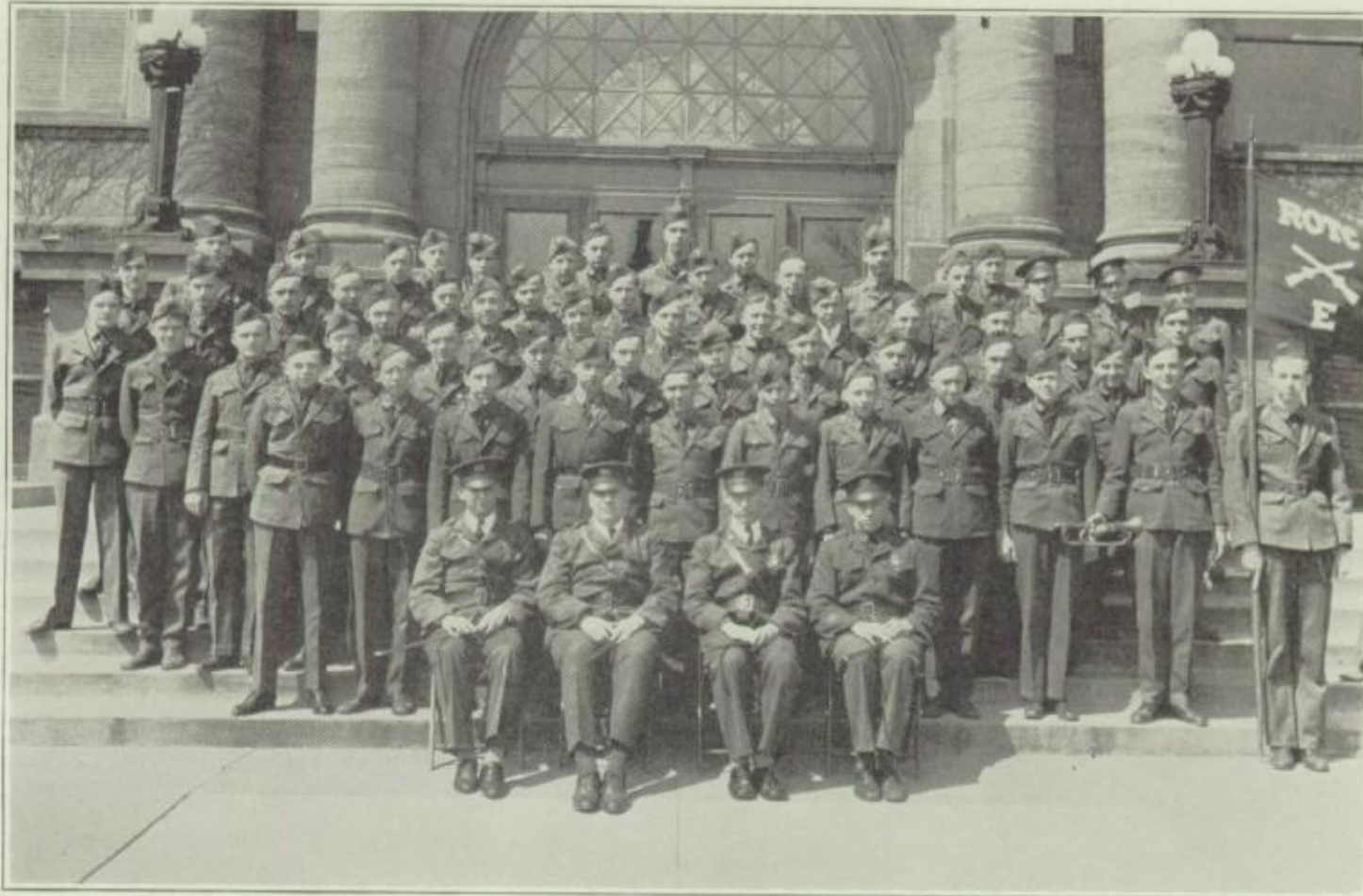
PRIVATES

Carroll Andresen
Roger Atkins
Gerald Bein
Elmer Bowling
John Brennan
Howard Burkhart
Warren Clapp
Herbert Clark
Charles Claussen
Robert Dau
Walter Davison
David Downey
Earl Draese
Louis Fleck

Warren Gordon
Dietz Hamilton
Clarence Henneman
Hugh Hill
Raymond Hladik
Frank Huber
Gail Hughes
Clarence Jehring
Lester Jones
William D. Kelly
Arthur Koch
Arthur Lange
Herman Lewis
Robert Liebke

Earl Logan
Everett Long
Septon Lockrem
Rudolph Lykam
Carl Maier
Herbert Maley
Curtis Martin
Phillip McReynolds
Laverne Montgomery
Chester Mundt
Elmer Naugle
Charles Ogden
John Parks

Karl Pfaff
Carl Schiff
Leo Schmidt
Russell Schultz
Paul Senjen
Rude Smith
Melvin Strandburg
Richard Strasser
Edward Voss
George Walters
Earl Wendland
James Wherry
Paul Wind
Norman Wolf



COMPANY E

Post Graduate Major John Zoeckler
 Captain Honor Company Richard Wolfe
 Captain Company Commander Henry Ottesen
 Adjutant Clyde Holvenstot
 First Lieutenant Paul Bitzer

First Sergeant Harold Young
 Supply Sergeant Robert McCluskey
 Sergeant First Platoon Bert Allender
 Sergeant Second Platoon Norman Wade
 Sergeant Robert Koenig
 Sergeant Allen Frickel
 Sergeant Harold Sears
 Sergeant Robert Frazee
 Section Guide Corporal Norman Wiese
 Section Guide Corporal Charles Winters
 Section Guide Corporal Wayne Schreck

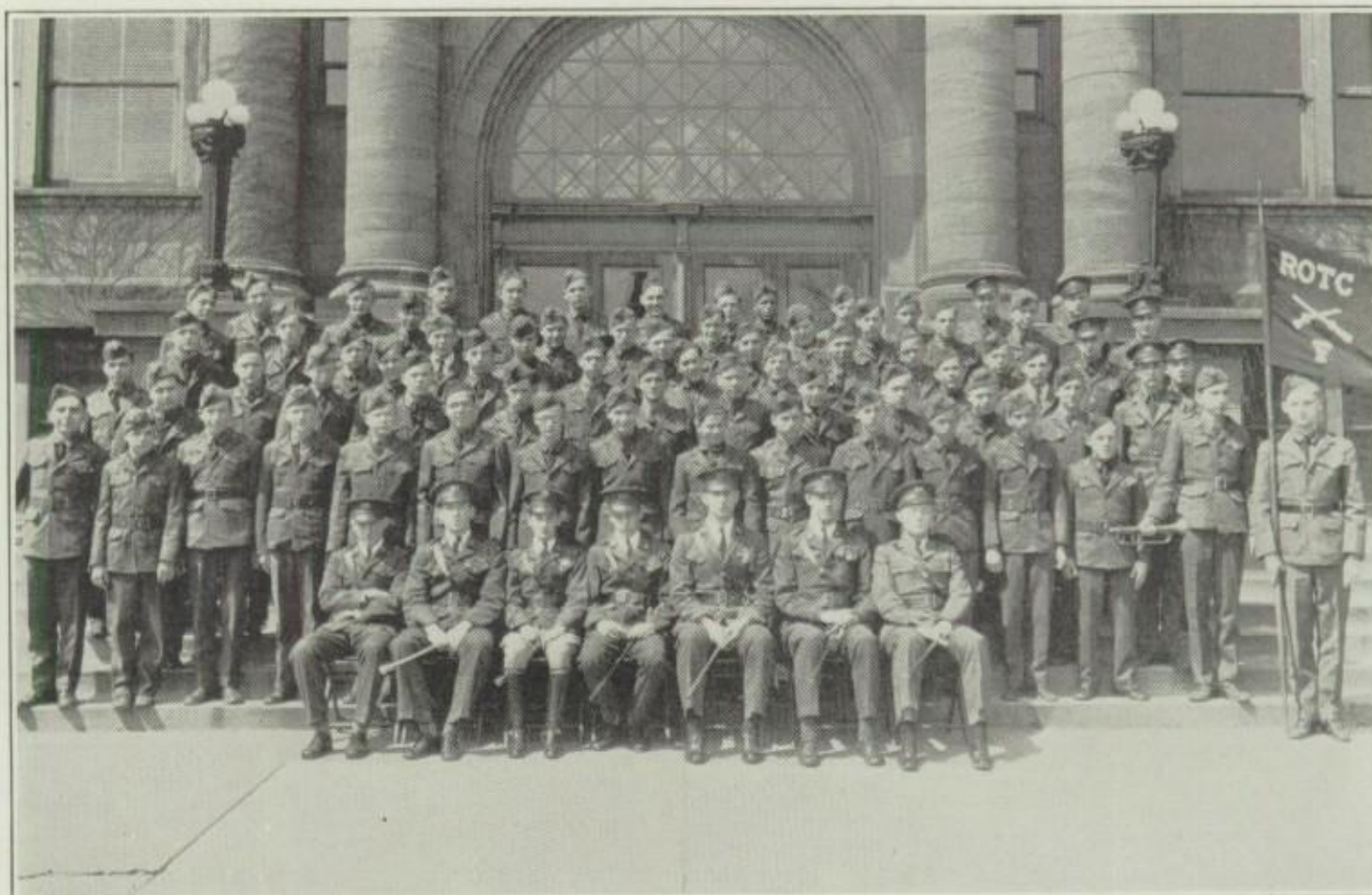
Section Guide Corporal Robert Hamilton
 Guidon Corporal Charles Struve
 Corporal Harold Baustian
 Corporal Lawrence Hanlin
 Corporal Richard Helfrick
 Corporal Richard Stoddard
 Corporal Henry Hartz
 Corporal Seymour Shapiro
 Corporal Arthur Compton
 Corporal Donald Duke
 Company Clerk Corporal Donald Green

PRIVATES

Howard Arp
 Roy Baker
 Richard Becker
 Jack Benson
 Harold Bohl
 John Bolwar
 Leo Burns
 Lorelle Childs
 Ernest B. Cook
 Melvin Dietz
 John Dismer
 Werner Dohrmann
 William Finch
 Allan Fischer
 Mardis Friedholdt
 Charles Gannon

Lloyd Gilbert
 Donald Glisman
 Carl Hentze
 Louis Herman
 Vernon Holst
 Wayne Keeffer
 Leo Keim
 Wm. Bishop Kelley
 Jack Kruse
 Ralph Loeber
 Glenn Lorenzen
 Kenneth Mairet
 Thomas Manning
 Jack Martin
 Thomas Martzahn
 Meryle McKinzie

Robert Miller
 Gustav Richter
 Robert Schminkey
 Victor Schneider
 Charles Smith
 Harry Speth
 Marshall Spring
 Henry Strong
 Frank Sunderbruch
 Arthur Timmermann
 Donald Turner
 Aubrey Vanderer
 Kenneth Wade
 Donald Williams
 Dwight Williams
 Robert Wiese



COMPANY F

Post Graduate Lieutenant Colonel Clyde Cardwell
 Post Graduate Captain Forrest Baker
 Post Graduate First Lieutenant Medical Officer..Clark Showalter

Colonel Everett Light
 Major Second Battalion Kenneth Cox
 Captain Supply Officer John Hayward
 Captain Company Commander Kenneth Webster
 Second Lieutenant Ted Jenkins

Battalion Supply Sergeant Ralph Chrisman
 First Sergeant Roger McShane
 Pilot Sergeant First Platoon....Lawrence Sierk
 Pilot Sergeant Second Platoon..Ralph Bracker
 Supply Sergeant Curtis Ford
 Color Sergeant Allan Gesell
 Color Sergeant Jack Firth
 Sergeant Wilford Booth
 Sergeant Malvin Hansen
 Sergeant Lloyd Wespler
 Guidon Corporal Elmer Anderson
 Corporal Arthur Weise

Corporal Erwin Cline
 Corporal Hugo Gamber
 Corporal Charles Hilfinger
 Corporal Randall Kirk
 Corporal Lyle LaGrange
 Corporal Paul Lund
 Corporal Richard Peterson
 Corporal Dean Rogers
 Corporal Verne Schriefer
 Corporal Laverne Schumann
 Corporal Frederick Teufel

PRIVATES

Robert Barr
 Harvey Bergendahl
 Charles Brandt
 Ralph Cadawalder
 Richard Cleve
 Koren Dadaian
 William Davidson
 Carroll Dawson
 Fred Dittmer
 Emil Flindt
 George Franck
 Allan Frandsen
 William Frith
 Mark Getzendaner
 Simon Goslowsky
 Glenn Gray
 William Griffin
 James Hanson

Edward Harksen
 Robert Haut
 Ralph Heuer
 Arlie Hintze
 Milton Hoffman
 John Huettman
 Arthur Hurlburt
 John Jebens
 Erwin Kakert
 Harry Keller
 Howard Leedham
 Russell Lindsay
 Richard Lorenzen
 Ralph Lunardi
 Guy Martin
 John Maxwell
 Richard Moses

Clayton Nash
 Walter Newport
 Edwin Nicholson
 John O'Shea
 Harvey Peters
 Vernon Poell
 Jack Privia
 Jack Puscas
 Harold Robb
 Charles Rodin
 Bruce Roseberry
 Eugene Searcy
 Leo Siefers
 Harry Shannon
 William Stoneburner
 Edwin Tyler
 Douglas Walton
 Floyd Woodson



JUNIOR RESERVE OFFICERS CLUB



OFFICERS FOR 1932

President Colonel John Voss
 Vice-President Major Robert Bielenberg
 Secretary-Treasurer First Lieutenant Cheral Hillier

OFFICERS FOR 1933

President Colonel Everett Light
 Vice-President Lieutenant Colonel Roman Stoltenberg
 Secretary-Treasurer First Lieutenant Loren Carlson

MEMBERS

Post Graduate Colonel John Voss
 Post Graduate Lieut. Col. Clyde Cardwell
 Post Graduate Major Walter Larsen
 Post Graduate Major Thomas Walker
 Post Graduate Major John Zoeckler
 Post Graduate Captain Forrest Baker
 Post Graduate First Lieut. C. Kloppenburg

Colonel Everett Light
 Lieutenant Colonel Roman Stoltenberg
 Major Kenneth Cox
 Major Donald Ogg
 Major Maxon Roller
 Captain John Hayward
 Captain Clyde Holvenstot
 Captain Terence O'Brien
 Captain Henry Ottesen
 Captain Ernest Panusopulos
 Captain Arnold Scammon
 Captain Elmer Schake
 Captain Edward Schneckloth
 Captain Kenneth Webster

Captain Samuel Weigle
 Captain Richard Wolfe
 First Lieutenant Paul Bitzer
 First Lieutenant Loren Carlson
 First Lieutenant Robert Harrison
 First Lieutenant Donald Heesch
 First Lieutenant Keith Holvenstot
 First Lieutenant Joseph Johnston
 First Lieutenant Donald Ohlsen
 First Lieutenant Clark Showalter
 First Lieutenant Arno Trede
 First Lieutenant Richard Von Korff
 Second Lieutenant Alvin Accola
 Second Lieutenant Herman Alter
 Second Lieutenant Clyde Braun
 Second Lieutenant William Campbell
 Second Lieutenant Ralph Griffin
 Second Lieutenant Lester Ihms
 Second Lieutenant Ted Jenkins
 Second Lieutenant Alfred Peterson
 Second Lieutenant Clarence Sehmman
 Second Lieutenant Ned Young

On May 10 the Junior Reserve Officers Club held a luncheon in the High School cafeteria in honor of Major John M. Fray, the Federal Inspector for this unit of the R. O. T. C. The members of the Board of Education, Superintendent Frank L. Smart and Principal A. I. Naumann were present.



BOYS' RIFLE TEAM



From left to right—Second Row: Charles Struve, Miles Pilgrim, Clifton Mulinaux, Robert Ward, Dietz Hamilton, Reinhardt Wuestenberg, James Frederick. First Row: George Block, Wesley Wochrle, Wilford Booth, Lowell Flenker, Vincent Lorrain, Richard Freund, Lloyd Wespler, Nahum Blackman. Kneeling: Ralph Bracker, Richard Wolfe, Lester Ihms, John Hayward, Everett Light, Edward Schneckloth, Arnold Scammon, Vernon Holm.

The Boys' Rifle Team competed in twelve matches throughout the year. Ten were postal matches and two were shoulder to shoulder.

Davenport won from the New York Military Academy 3525 to 3448. The Denver public schools lost to Davenport 1656 to 1808. Davenport scored 3525 points to defeat the Owensboro Senior High School of Kentucky with 3009 points. Davenport won ten matches and lost only two. The total points Davenport made for the year were 24,863 against 23,791 for her opponents.



GIRLS' RIFLE TEAM



From left to right—Seated: Arlie Murphy, Eileen Kopp, Lore Jebens, Pauline Winters, Marjorie Stanley, Jean Orendorff. First Row: Margaret Hall, Frances Zoeckler, Jean Hahn, Viola Woehrle, Helen Ebersole. Second Row: Evelyn Bergstrom, Nancy Riegel, Louise Lage, Phyllis Haglund.

The Girls' Rifle Team was reorganized this year by Captain Lewis E. Reigner, P. M. S. & T. of the R. O. T. C., with Sergeant D. H. Barlow taking charge of the instruction. William Ramm and Arnold Scammon were the student coaches who kept the records for the team.

The high qualifiers and their scores of the first semester were: Marjorie Stanley, 299; Nancy Riegel, 275; Lore Jebens, 269; Phyllis Haglund, 266; and Jean Hahn, 261. Those of the second semester were: Marjorie Stanley, 321; Nancy Riegel, 292; Lore Jebens, 281; Margaret Hall, 277; and Pauline Winters, 274.

This group participated in three postal matches this year, losing to the Coe College team of Cedar Rapids and to the Central High School squad of Washington, D. C. The results of the match with the Waterbury team of Connecticut have not been calculated as the Yearbook goes to press.



R. O. T. C. SUMMARY

The enrollment in the R. O. T. C. increased this year from 350 to 490, while the number of companies grew from 6 to 7 by the addition of an honor company. Bugle and drum corps with tabards composed of the school colors on their instruments, a sharpshooters squad and mounted messengers were interesting features added to the organization.

Many new policies were instituted during the year. All commissioned officers were equipped with swords, noncommissioned with leather belts, and privates with pistol belts. All collars on the coats were rolled. Officers were selected by competitive examinations, which were strict and thorough. All regimental administration, paper work and orders were made out and issued by the student officers. Student officers were trained in the making of maps of areas adjacent to the campus and in the preparation and execution of terrain problems and tactical exercises. The year's program included road march, regimental review, regimental parade and formal guard mount. An Infantry Board composed of postgraduates instructed all companies in their drills. A system of campaign badges and merit bars was created. Uniforms assigned to each boy have been stored away and will be kept separately during the vacation to be used by the same student next fall. Through the cooperation of Principal A. I. Naumann, a unit drill was held every Tuesday morning from 8:30 to 9:30. The principal was on hand to view the drill once a month.

On May 10 the unit was inspected by Major John M. Fray, F. A., with headquarters in Omaha.

A competitive drill took place on May 24 at Vandeer Veer Park. The captain of the best drilled company was presented with a saber which he was allowed to keep. The boy who made the most advancement through the year received a five dollar gold piece. The final events in which the unit took part were the Armistice Day parade and the Memorial Day parade.



MUSIC



CLARA L. THOMAS



KENT GANNETT



ORCHESTRA



Director Kent Gannett
 Concert Master Norma Sutz

FIRST VIOLIN

Varna Hass
 Gertrude Isenberg
 Norma Sutz
 Donald Richardson
 Betty Hoyer
 Marguerite Wallace
 Burdette Ward
 Virginia Truedson

SECOND VIOLIN

Virginia Rohde
 Evelynsle Hentzelman
 Louis Boyler
 Irene Purkapile
 Mary Bedeian
 Nelda Goetsch
 Helen Gray
 Marguerite Norskow
 Dorothy Schminkey

VIOLA

Verne Murphy
 Dorothy Graham

BASS VIOLIN

Robert C. Martin
 Robert Phillips

FLUTE

Dietz Hamilton

SOUSAPHONE

Sam Woodgate

CLARINET

Lloyd Pollitz
 John Kaufmann
 Richard Becker

TENOR SAXOPHONE

Lester Thoensen

OBOE

Leo Seifers
 John Beresford

TRUMPET

Walter Dawson
 Richard Taylor
 Harriett Paarmann

FRENCH HORN

Kenneth Booth
 Edward Johnson
 Victor Stein
 John Fischer

TROMBONE

Mary Louise Kreie
 Carl Teufel
 George Weismann

PERCUSSION

Arnold Bode
 William Fisher
 Kenneth Clark

PIANO

Jeanette Schutter

Activities of the High School Orchestra for the past year include programs for assembly periods, a participation in the annual Spring Concert, May 23 and the Iowa State contest at Iowa City, May 4, 5 and 6, where it received the rating "good."



BAND



Director Kent Gannett
 Student Director Walter Dawson
 Drum Major Kenneth Booth

CLARINET

Richard Becker
 Maurice Bruckmann
 Lloyd Gilbert
 Harold Kaisen
 John Kaufmann
 Junior Hubert
 Herbert Maley
 John Maxwell
 Walter Nelson
 Lloyd Pollitz
 Lester Sothmann
 Lester Thoensen

TROMBONE

Ervin Dennie
 Mary Louise Kreie
 Eugene Moeller
 George Weismann
 Carl Teufel
 Floyd Woodson

OBOE

Leo Seifers

FRENCH HORN

Kenneth Booth
 John Fischer

BARITONE

Robert Phillips

TRUMPET

Tom Carney
 Frank Bowker
 Robert Close
 Walter Dawson
 Emil Flindt Jr.
 Allen Horst
 Edward Johnson
 Vernon Jungjohann
 Robert Schminkey
 Richard Taylor
 Russell Trenary
 Robert Wiese

FLUTE

Dietz Hamilton

SAXAPHONE

Victor Bluedorn
 Clarence Hanssen
 Henry Hartz
 Ralph Hawley
 Robert Nantz
 George Schwerdtfeger
 Fred Teufel

SOUSAPHONE

Robert C. Martin
 Sam Woodgate
 Mark Getzendaner

PERCUSSION

Arnold Bode
 William Fisher
 Fred Lambert

The band has appeared at football and basketball games, at the annual Spring Concert, May 23, at the State contest in Iowa City, where it received the rating of "good," and before the student body in the High School Auditorium. It also participated in the Armistice Day and the Memorial Day parades.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



Director Kent Gannett
Accompanist Donald Ohlsen

MEMBERS 1932-1933

FIRST TENORS

Carroll Andresen
Clyde Cardwell
Waldo Goetsch
Erhard Harms
John Koester
John Kruse
Robert Otto
John O'Shea
Jack Puscas
Raymond Reese
Leo Schmidt

BARITONES

John Beresford
George Boniger
Louis Boyler
William Box
Angelos Draenos
John Fischer
Curtis Ford
Harry Hahn
Randall Hansen
William Kroeger
Wallace Passno
Wilfred Powdrill
Frederick Shaw
Richard Stoddard
Earl Wendland

SECOND TENORS

Lorelle Childs
Henry Dimer
John Jebens
William Kellenberger
Robert Kelley
Jess Long
Stuart McCleary
Richard Neff
John Payton
Delbert Reese
Phillip Russell
Leon Van Camp
James Wherry

BASSES

Chester Abel
Lloyd Anderson
Phillip Ashby
William Bargmann
Franklin Collins
Charles Connor
Warren Clapp
Bernard Doescher
Samuel Glenn
Charles Hilfinger
Milton Hoffman
Charles LeVake
Kenneth Leatherman
Wilfred Schultz





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Director Clara L. Thomas
 Accompanist Genett Herrick

MEMBERS

SOPRANOS

Rosemary Anderson
 Audrey Bradley
 Rachel Brown
 Virginia DeJaeger
 Dorothy Deware
 Marian Ditto
 Pauline Friend
 Roberta Fuller
 Florence Illian
 Gladys Mills
 Lantha-Dale Neil
 Mildred Nelson
 Elzina Oakberg
 Verlia Santee
 Marie Schlapkohl
 Eileen Schroeder
 Gladys Schwieger
 Geraldine Shoemate
 Norma Selken
 Mary Snavely
 Elizabeth Stage
 Helen Stebbins
 Jean Tart
 Lois Timmerman
 Irene Whalen
 Madelyn Wolff
 Frances Zoeckler

SECOND SOPRANOS

Adelaide Anderson
 Gail Anderson
 Leone Barrett
 Josephine Betty
 Lillian Bozman
 Verne Edmunds
 Lois Faulstich
 Kathryn Felderman
 Mildred Fisher
 Geraldine Groves
 Mary Jane Halton
 Frances Hand
 Gertrude Holmgren
 Welma Johnson
 Eloise Kepler
 Gertrude Kolb
 Dorothy Lange
 Agnes Lawlor
 Lois Moore
 Jeanette Noel
 Ruth Nyemaster
 Arlene Payson
 Mildred Runge
 Irene Schneider
 Janice Stover
 Jean Warner
 Betty Youngblood

ALTOS

Elizabeth Bennett
 Jean Beresford
 Opal Bond
 Eleanor Codd
 Mary Louise Donegan
 Wanda Gibson
 Jean Glaspell
 Hazel Goens
 Margaret Hall
 Margaret Janssen
 Maurine Johnson
 Catherine Josinger
 Frances Kohrs
 Ada Krambeck
 Gertrude Kunkel
 Betty Lage
 Elizabeth F. Larson
 Bernice Lindblom
 Dorothy McCord
 Nancylee McKee
 Betty Morgan
 Hazel Mulcrone
 Teresa Petruccelli
 Leola Pitts
 Florence Pohlman
 Beatrice Rhodes
 Ruth Ann Riegel
 Hazel Schieberl
 Suzanne Schmidt
 Naomi Taggart
 Erna Warren
 Frances Whalen



A CAPPELLA CHORUS



Director Clara L. Thomas
 Accompanist William Kroeger

COMMITTEE

Chairman William Kellenberger
 Assistants.....Clyde Cardwell, Elizabeth Larson, Irene Whalen

MEMBERS

SOPRANOS	Lois Timmerman	ALTOS	Randall Hansen
Rosemary Anderson	Norma Walcher	Opal Bond	Charles Hilfinger
Elizabeth Bennett	Irene Whalen	Wanda Gibson	Marvin Jones
Audrey Bradley	Margaret Wilson	Jean Glaspell	Wallace Passno
Marian Brenton		Mary Jane Halton	Wilfred Powdrill
Naomi Cox	TENORS	Eleanor Hummel	Clifford Rathjen
Virginia DeJaeger	Carroll Andresen	Maurine Johnson	Frederick Shaw
Marian Ditto	Clyde Cardwell	Catherine Josinger	Richard Stoddard
Jane Elmegreen	Lorelle Childs	Frances Kohrs	Earl Wendland
Kathryn Felderman	Henry Dismar	Wilma Krieger	
Pauline Friend	Angelos Draenos	Gertrude Kunkel	BASSES
Margaret Lee Griffin	Erhard Harms	Elizabeth Larson	Chester Abel
Geraldine Groves	Norman Johnson	Nancylee McKee	Lloyd Anderson
Welma Johnson	John Koester	Florence Pohlman	Phillip Ashby
Hazel Kurth	William Kellenberger	Clara Lou Sanford	William Bargmann
Gladys Mills	John Kruse	Frances Whalen	Warren Clapp
Gladys Mitchell	Stuart McCleary		Franklin Collins
Lantha-Dale Neil	John O'Shea	BARITONES	Charles Conner
Elzina Oakberg	John Payton	George Block	Bernard Doescher
Doris Preston	Jack Puscas	William Box	Dietz Hamilton
Verlia Santee	Phillip Russell	Louis Boyler	Milton Hoffman
Marie Schlapkohl	Leo Schmidt	Curtis Ford	Charles LeVake
Geraldine Shoemate	James Wherry		Robert Phillips



STRING QUARTET



First Violin	Norma Sutz
Second Violin	Gertrude Isenberg
Cello	Elizabeth Blackburn
Viola	Verne Murphy

This recently organized group has proven an asset in the musical field of the school activities. Much credit should be given to this selected group due to the fact that all their rehearsing is done outside of school hours.

They were amply rewarded for their efforts by winning first place in the sub-district contest at Wilton, Iowa, and by ranking first at the district contest, which was held in Fairfield, Iowa. By winning these contests, they were permitted to enter the State contest at Iowa City where they won the rating of "superior." Verne Murphy, the violaist in the quartet, ranked "superior" in solo work in the same contest. They have made appearances at the Rock Island radio station, W H B F, the music department program, and the Spring Concert.



BOYS' QUARTET



First Tenor	Clyde Cardwell
Second Tenor	William Kellenberger
Baritone	Wallace Passno
Bass	William Bargmann
Accompanist	William Kroeger

During the past year the Boys' Quartet has proven very popular. They made public appearances at the following places: Polk School, Lend-A-Hand Club, the three Intermediate Schools, Rotary Club, Kiwanis Club, Music Club, Parent Teachers' Association, Student Club, Men's Club of the Edwards Congregational Church, Rock Island Federation of Labor, Peace Conference, St. John's Methodist Church, W H B F Radio Station on April 8, Chamber of Commerce, Parents' Evening at D. H. S., April 28, D. H. S. Mixer Dance, April 29, Senior Hi-Y, Drama Festival, Spring Instrumental Concert (one number) and Glee Club Spring Concert. In addition to the above the group has presented many interesting and novel entertainments before the D. H. S. student body.



MUSIC SUMMARY

It was a busy year for the Glee Clubs and A Cappella Chorus. During the past year, public appearances were made before the Rotary Club, Kiwanis Club, three Intermediate Schools, Parent Teachers' Association, Lend-A-Hand Club and three times before the student body. The Girls' Glee Club also sang for the Parents' Evening at D. H. S. An evening concert was given May 23 at the High School Auditorium. These organizations entered the State Contest at Iowa City, May 4-5, at which time the Boys' Glee Club and the A Cappella Chorus each won the rating of "excellent" and the Girls' Glee Club, "good."

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The following selections were sung at the various performances:

1. To Music Schubert
With solo by William Kellenberger, Tenor
2. Cherubim Song Bortniansky
3. She Never Told Her Love Haydn, arranged by Barratt
4. Chorus of Bacchantes from "Philemon and Baucis" Gounod
5. Chorus of Polovetzian Maidens from the opera, "Prince Igor" Borodin
Solo by Marian Ditto, Soprano
6. Chinese Lullaby from "East is West" Bowers-Riegger
7. Pop Goes the Weasel Schaffer-O'Shea
8. Sing Noel French Noel, arranged by Clokey

Contest Numbers:

1. Let All My Life Be Music Spross
2. The Song of the Rain Mac Micheal

Director Clara L. Thomas
Accompanist Genett Herrick

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Some of the selections sung in the past year are as follows:

1. Sylvia Speaks
2. Shenandoah Marshal Bartholomew
3. The Builder Cabot

Contest Numbers:

1. Home Sweet Home Sir Henry Bishop
2. Rolling Down to Rio Edward German

Director Kent Gannett
Accompanist Donald Ohlsen



A CAPPELLA CHORUS

The Chorus has sung the following numbers:

1. The Sleigh Kountz-Riegger
2. Robin Loves Me Adam de la Halle (1285)
3. The Three Cavaliers Dargomyshsky
4. Walk Together Chillun Noble Cain
5. A Tone Cornelius
6. The Three Kings Cornelius
Descant sung by Wallace Passno, Baritone
7. Tantum Ergo Gluck
8. Taps Custance
9. Celtic Hymn Roberton
10. Three Men Trudging Provencal Easter Carol, arranged by Gaul
11. O Rejoice Ye Christians Bach

Contest Numbers:

1. Cargoes Lutkin
2. Go Not Far From Me, O God Zingarelli

Director Clara L. Thomas
Accompanist William Kroeger



DRAMATICS



The Dramatic Club has had an active and interesting year. We should like to make the production of a Shakespearean play an annual custom.

LOUISE K. ROSS.



"TWELFTH NIGHT"



The Shakespearean comedy, "Twelfth Night," directed by Miss Louise K. Ross, was presented by the Dramatic Club, April 18-19, in the High School Auditorium, for the benefit of the Senior Class Yearbook. This was the first Shakespearean play ever given by Miss Ross at the High School.

Evelyn Westphal, chairman of the costume committee, with the assistance of Bernice Moore, was responsible for the designing of the costumes used in the play; the club members assisted in the making of the costumes. Gertrude Ann Holmgren designed the settings of the play. Robert Minard had charge of the lighting effects. Their many hours of patient labor and planning were amply rewarded, for the play met with delighted approval.

A few scenes of the play were repeated at the Friendly House, May 3, for the Drama Festival, a large crowd of friends being present.

The cast included:

Viola	Dorothy Peterson
Sebastian	Virginia Peterson
Maria	Eleanor Codd
Sir Toby	William Box
Sir Andrew	Fred Shaw
Fabian	John Zoeckler
Feste	Henry Dimer
Olivia	Evelyn Maxfield
Malvolio	Wallace Passno
Antonio	Albert Steffen
Roberto	Fred Lambert
Duke of Orsino	William Bargmann
Curio	Charles Voss
Valentine	Ward Hollingsworth
A Friar	Clyde Cardwell
Officers	Vaughn Baggerly
	George Volrath
Sailors	Edgar Haggard
	Floyd Macon
A Page	Bernice Moore
Ladies in Waiting	Evelyn Westphal and Ida Shugar





DRAMATIC CLUB



From left to right—Seated: Ward Hollingsworth, Miss Louise K. Ross, Eleanor Codd, Virginia Peterson, Edward Hass. First Row: Genett Herrick, Gertrude Ann Holmgren, Mary Jane Halton, Verdelle Frerichs, Bernice Moore, Eileen Schroeder, Evelyn Voss, Marjorie Hakendorf, Clyde Cardwell, Seymour Shapiro. Second Row: William Kellenberger, Helen Collister, Frances Whalen, Nancy Lee McKee, Alta Sorrowfree, Ida Shugar, Fred Lambert, Harold Young, Robert Minard. Third Row: Phillip Russell, Irene Whalen, Dorothy Peterson, Evelyn Westphal. Fourth Row: Charles Doyle, Wallace Passno, John Zoeckler, Robert Schulz, Leopold Simon, Floyd Macon. Fifth Row: Frederick Shaw, Henry Dismer, Charles Voss, Albert Steffen, William Bargmann, George Volrath, Vaughn Baggerly, Edgar Haggard. Members not appearing in picture: William Box, Mabel Buchner, Richard Daly, Richard Englehart, Robert Frazee, Jeanette Garrison, Bessie Grant, Harold Hoppe, Florine Kneipp, Dorothy Lange, Everett Light, Evelyn Maxfield, Hazel Mulchrone, Florence Murray, Lantha-Dale Neil, Nelle Jane Quinn, Ruth Reistroffer, Gertrude Schneider, Dorothy Seemann, Ruth Stender, Lillian Stull, Hershel Weinrott.

OFFICERS FOR 1932-33

President	Eleanor Codd
Vice-President	Ward Hollingsworth
Secretary	Virginia Peterson
Treasurer	Edward Hass

Under the skillful training of Miss Louise K. Ross the Dramatic Club presented some unusually good plays during the past year.

On the evening of January 6, a sketch, "A Marriage Proposal," by Anton Chekov was given in the High School Auditorium. The cast included: Stephan, Henry Dismer; Natalia, Marjorie Hakendorf; Lomov, Wallace Passno.

Max Maurey's one-act play, "Rosalie," was presented at the Friendly House Auditorium for the Civic Recreation Commission. "A Marriage Proposal" was also given the same night. The cast for "Rosalie" included: M. Bol, Fred Lambert; Madame Bol, Eleanor Codd; Rosalie, Helen Collister.

The expression department was capably represented at the Speech Festival, held in the High School Auditorium on May 26, when the one-act comedy "Modesty" by Paul Herivu was given. The cast included: Henrette, Marjorie Hakendorf; Jacques, William Kellenberger; Albert, Vaughn Baggerly.

At the second annual Drama Festival in Davenport, which was held at the Friendly House, a sketch from the play "Twelfth Night" was given by the High School Dramatic Club. A silver trophy was presented to the club by Mr. O. E. Johnson, Superintendent of the Playground and Recreation Commission.



GIRLS' IOWA NINE REPRESENTATIVES



Bernice Moore, Marjorie Hakendorf, Esther Vergo

The Girls' Iowa Nine Declamatory Contest was held this year at Muscatine, Iowa, on February 9.

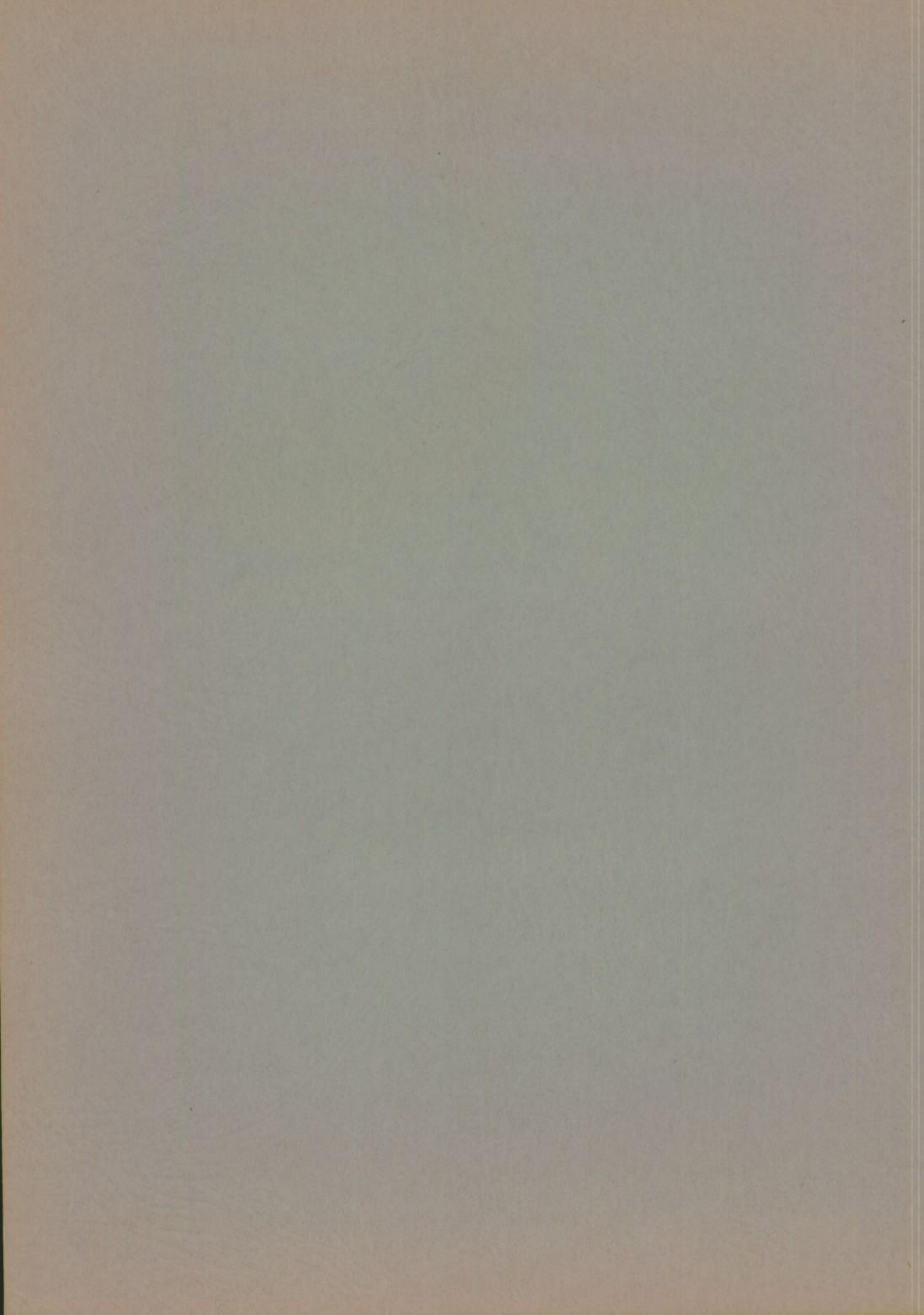
The seven largest cities in eastern Iowa were represented; they included Burlington, Davenport, Fairfield, Iowa City, Muscatine, Ottumwa and Washington.

The three girls who entered from Davenport had previously entered minor contests which were held in the Davenport High School Auditorium. The pupils of the expression classes were the judges in the eliminations, preliminaries, semi-finals and finals at D. H. S. Bernice Moore proved superior in the dramatic division, Esther Vergo, in the oratorical, and Marjorie Hakendorf, in the humorous. These were then sent to Muscatine to represent Davenport.

As usual Davenport's participants scored the highest. Bernice Moore presented "St. Joan" by Bernard Shaw. She received a gold pin for placing first in her division. Esther Vergo presented Victor Hugo's "Voltaire," winning second place and receiving a silver pin. Marjorie Hakendorf gave the humorous reading, "Show Boat," by Edna Ferber.



ACTIVITIES





COMITIUM ROMANUM



From left to right—Seated: Jayne Krebs, Louise Lage, Elizabeth Ann Coe, Forrest Baker. Second Row: Mildred Blackman, Billie Burr, Marion Fick, Nancy Case, Ruth Herrick, Lucy Chapman, Ruth Wulf, Phyllis Smith, Mary Katherine Sanley, Dorothy Schuller, Shirley Harte, Lyle Eaton. Third Row: Miss Flossie Bates, Jane Scholl, Wilma Schmidt, Henrietta Martin, Lois Larssen, Alice Arp, Maxine Wilson, Arline Miller, Eileen Schroeder, Alta Sorrowfree, Jean Orendorff, Robert Martin, Victor Lipsman. Fourth Row: Miss Frances Thelemann, Dorothy Deware, Gladys Mills, Lois Faulstich, Eloise Kepler, Genett Herrick, Donald Richardson, Robert Lapham. Fifth Row: Phyllis Jones, Gertrude Isenberg, Sylvia Isenberg, Ruth Overett, Irene Pillion, Jeanette Datin, Bernice Byers, Jeanette Peterson, Amber Henson, Miss Minnie Eskelson, Robert Kelly. Sixth Row: Phyllis Blackman, Ruth Madden, Roberta Fuller, Shirley Thias, Ida Miller, Martha Cooke, Lester Sothmann, Russell Burmeister, Arvora Peeples. Seventh Row: Clara Lou Sanford, Catherine Case, Dorothy Loufek, Vivian Rochau, Bernice Rogers, Mildred Fisher, Mary Jane Blemker, Jessie Krause, Russell Schultz, James Cochrane, Herman Schmidt, Warren Clapp. Members not appearing in picture: William Kane, Gertrude Palmgren.

OFFICERS

First Consul	Elizabeth Ann Coe
Second Consul	Louise Lage
Scriba	Forrest Baker
Quaestor	Miriam Posner
Censor	Jayne Krebs
Aedile	Bernice Rogers
Faculty Advisers	Miss Flossie Bates, Miss Minnie Eskelson, Miss Frances Thelemann

In February the Latin classes organized the Comitium Romanum. The purpose of the group is to create a greater interest in the study of Rome and Roman classics. The club is divided into three ranks: Senatores (the Virgil class), Equites (the Cicero classes), and the Plebs (those in lower classes). Meetings are held in Room 10 every two weeks on Wednesday. Membership is open to any junior or senior who studies Latin and to any sophomore who plans to take more than the required two years.

Interesting programs were given at each meeting. Dolls were dressed to illustrate Roman togas; club members in costume presented various dramatic sketches; Miss Frances Thelemann gave an interesting account of her visit in Venice; musical numbers enlivened some of the programs, and Miss Minnie Eskelson described her impressions of Naples.



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS



From left to right—Seated: Miriam Posner, Dorothy Taylor, Helen Ebersole. First Row Standing: Lois Siegfried, Lenora Jones, Pearl Wilson, Ingeborg Weder, Josephine Helble, Wilma Clere, Mildred Haden, Nell Jane Quinn, Ruth Nyemaster, Josephine Betty. Second Row: Alma Wickersham, Verna Baumgartner, Charlotte Griggs, Hallie Jones, Jeanne Sley, Shirley Thias, Dorothy Schuller, Marcea Cessna, Bettina Ebersole, Victor Lipsman, Edwin Kraftmeyer. Third Row: Alice Griggs, Emilie Placatka, Elva Bowley, Rose David, Vivian Rochau, Ilse Pohling, Frances Hand, Frances Zoeckler, Evelyn Bergstrom, Jean Orendorff, Robert Spencer. Fourth Row: Jeanne Phillips, Eloise Kepler, Doris Fennell, Dorothy LaBarr, Helen Bennett, Marcella Schupp, Ruth Stanley, Arlie Murphy, Dale Stevens, Miss Ella Behnke. Fifth Row: Margaret Janssen, Phyllis Haglund, Ruth Parsons, Jeanette Madden, Helen Sundberg, Martha Cook, Dorothy Peterson, Charlotte Knostman, Harold Sears, Erwin Schultz. Sixth Row: Frank Stewart, Jack Firth, Bernice Rogers, Mary Louise Donegan, Jeanette Peterson, Louise Lage, Leon Baker, Robert Phillips. Members not appearing in picture: Edward Schneckloth, William Brown, Lantha-Dale Neil, Ruth Overett.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Jack Firth
Vice-President	Louise Lage
Secretary	Lantha-Dale Neil
Treasurer	Jean Hahn

OFFICERS FOR 1933

President	Dorothy Taylor
Vice-President	Miriam Posner
Secretary	Helen Ebersole
Treasurer	Edward Schneckloth

The purpose of the French Club is to promote interest in the French language, to give the members an opportunity to use the language and to derive pleasure from this social organization. Two meetings a month are held—the first and third Mondays. Club members prepare the programs, which consist of short plays, often original, scenes from plays, French anecdotes, declamations and poems, informal French conversation, essays on French topics, French songs and instrumental music. A portion of the annual dues is used to buy pictures for the classroom, French music records and books for the French library.





DEUTSCHER VEREIN



From left to right—Seated: Virginia Rehling, Margaret Ristau, Walter Biehl, Bernice Diederichsen. Second Row: Virginia McElroy, Marcella Joehnke, Virginia Rohde, Izetta Reese, Eleanor Remley, Clementine Schluckwerder. Third Row: Alfred Jackson, Otto Rascher, Laurel Rider, Helen Strohkarck, Paul Moon, John Dismer. Members not appearing in picture: Henry Dismer, Marvin Mueller, Anna Keppy, Gertrude Schneider.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Gertrude Schneider
Vice-President	Margaret Ristau
Secretary	Bernice Diederichsen
Treasurer	Virginia Rehling

OFFICERS FOR 1933

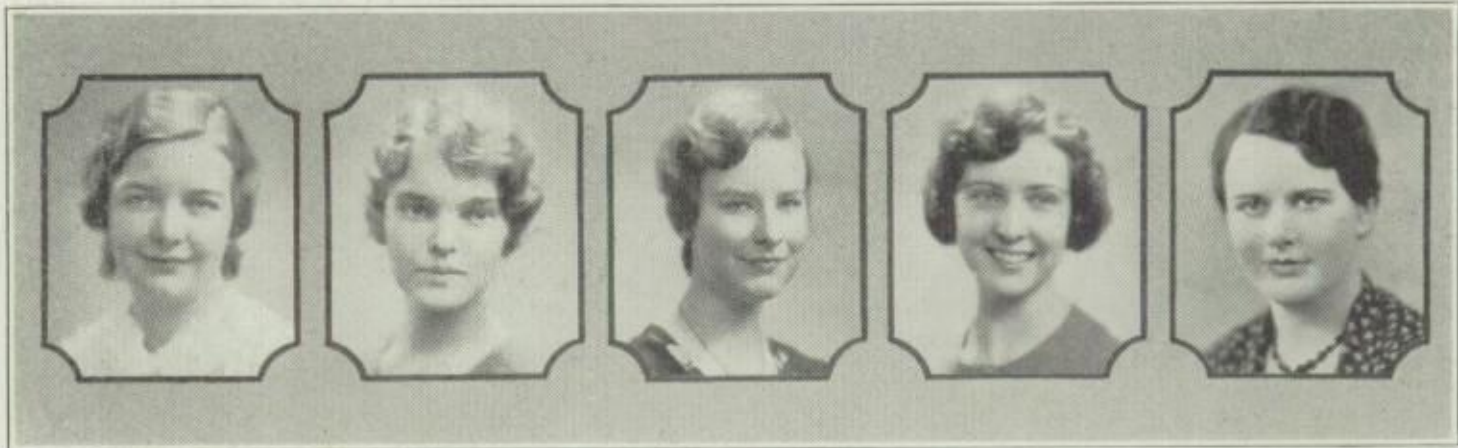
President	Margaret Ristau
Vice-President	Walter Biehl
Secretary	Bernice Diederichsen
Treasurer	Virginia Rehling

Members of the German Club have enjoyed several unusual programs during the past year. Twice in succession entertainment was provided by a jig-saw puzzle of the map of Germany which was finally put together correctly. One meeting was in the form of a cut-up party which proved much fun. Several club meetings were devoted to the study of the myths and legends of Germany. A Christmas program was held before the holidays. Ilse Pohling as guest speaker told of her own Christmas experiences in Germany. A German village was arranged beneath the Christmas tree.

Approximately twenty new members joined the club during the second semester.



STUDENT CLUB



OFFICERS FOR 1932-1933

President	Phyllis Haglund
Vice-President	Gertrude Ann Holmgren
Secretary	Mildred Pennock
Treasurer (First Semester)	Jane Kline
Treasurer (Second Semester)	Giovanna Smith
Girl Reserve Secretary	Mrs. W. R. Olsen

The Student Club, sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association, is the largest student organization in the High School. Interesting programs have been presented through the year for the most part carrying out the theme, "Life and I." The highlights of the season follow:

FALL SEMESTER

Pal Party to welcome all new girls; Political Rally to arouse enthusiasm for the election; Candlelight Carol Service in keeping with the Christmas season; Recognition Service for all new members.

SPRING SEMESTER

Marionette Show presenting "Rumpel-stilts-ken"; Holy Week Services for Easter meditation, consisting of talks by pastors of different churches and special Lenten music; Mother and Daughter Tea to acquaint the girls' mothers with the work of the club; Senior Farewell given by the undergraduates in honor of the seniors; Spring Ceremonial at Vanderveer Park, including the presentation of rings, recognition of members and installation of officers for the coming year.





STUDENT CLUB



MEMBERS

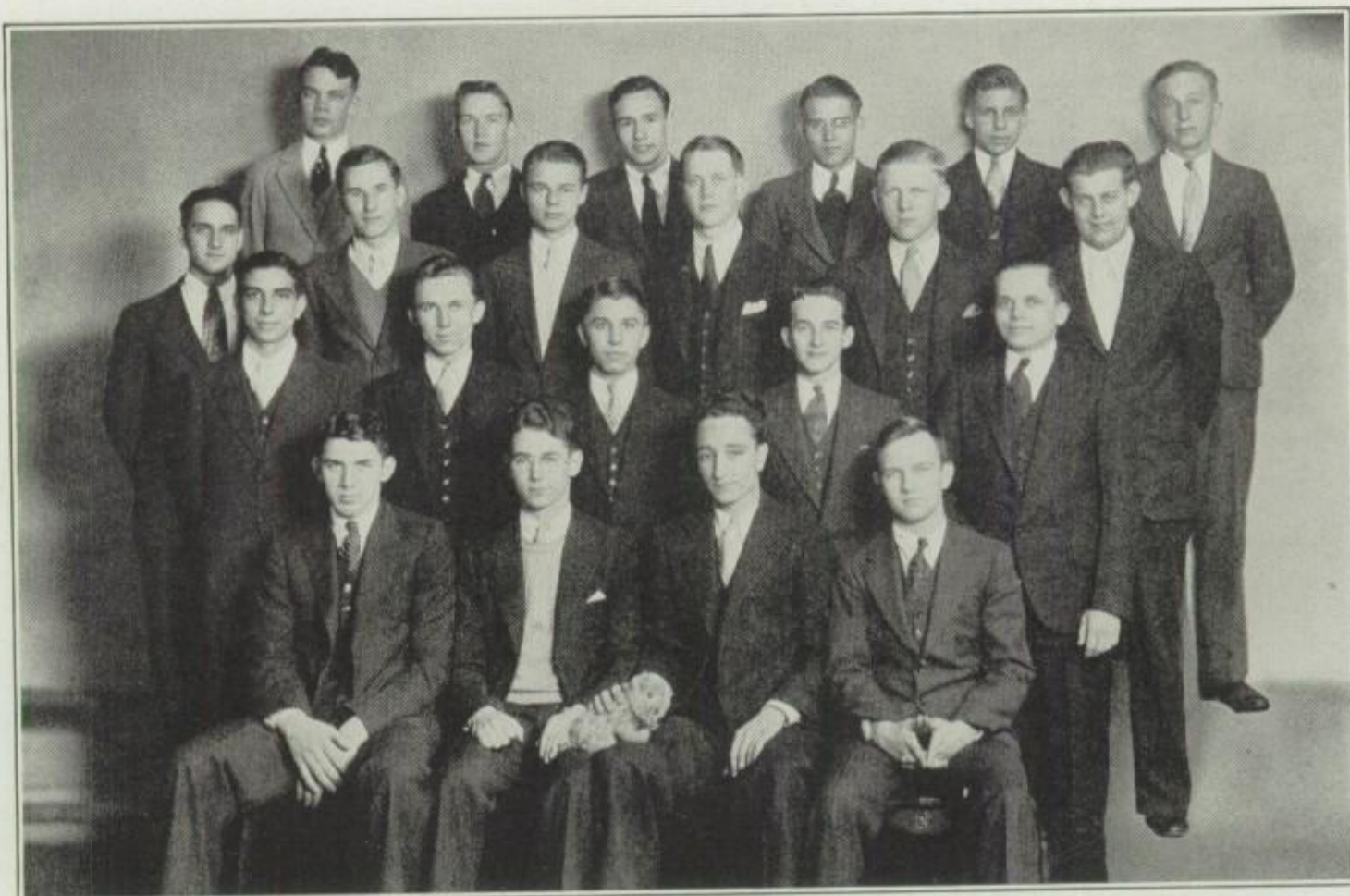
Gail Anderson
Jean Babcock
Mary Beal
Frances Beck
Geraldine Beh
Helen Bond
Marian Brenton
Faith Ellen Brownlie
Mabel Buchner
Bernice Byers
Elsie Carlson
Catherine Case
Eilene Casebeer
Lucy Chapman
Willmina Cleve
Evelyn Coats
Margaret Coleman
Nelda Conkity
Helen Crowder
Helen Delarue
Dorothy Deware
Bernice Diederichsen
Louise Drechsler
Bettina Ebersole
Helen Ebersole
Mildred Fisher
Marjorie French
Jeane Glaspell
Nelda Goettsch
Jeannette Gould
Charlotte Griggs
Eleanor Gruenau
Phyllis Haglund
Margaret Hall
Mary Jane Halton
Frances Hand

Fay Hansen
Virginiamay Hentzelman
Maxine Heyer
Marcine Hogue
Helen Holland
Gertrude Ann Holmgren
Maxine Hupfer
Eugenie Incze
Gertrude Isenberg
Louise Johannesen
Phyllis Jones
Virginia Kane
Eloise Kepler
Jane Kline
Gertrude Kolb
Jayne Krebs
Helen Kroeger
Jeanette Kroeger
Wilma Kroeger
Gertrude Kunkel
Kathryn Lemon
Bernice Lindblom
Betty Long
Helen Mace
Henrietta Martin
Octavia McCabe
Dorothy McCord
Arline Miller
Ida Miller
Bernice Moore
Vivian Moorhead
Virginia Morgan
Cleora Murray
Ruth Parsons
Mildred Pennock
Marian Peterson
Dorothy Peterson

Virginia Peterson
Elizabeth Perry
Ilse Pohling
Isabell Poston
Irene Purkapile
Vivian Rochau
Ruth Ann Riegel
Bernice Scholer
Lois Schroder
Eileen Schroeder
Ione Schroeder
Margaret Schroeder
Dorothy Schuller
Ida Shugar
Edith Smith
Giovanna Smith
Virginia Smith
Elsa Soenke
Fauna-Faye Sorenson
Alta Sorrowfree
Louise Spoo
Elizabeth Stage
Marjorie Stanley
Ruth Stanley
Margrette Stenger
Elsie Stoffers
Helen Strohkark
Dorothy Taylor
Phyllis Uhlman
Erna Warren
Violet Wendhausen
Evelyn Westphal
Frances Whalen
Mary Alice Wigglesworth
Adeline White
Viola Woehrle
Frances Zoeckler



SENIOR HI-Y



From left to right—Seated: Glenn Baggerly, Alfred Jackson, Wallace Passno, Thomas Killion. First Row: Robert Hagin, Ward Hollingsworth, Edwin Kraftmeyer, Clyde Cardwell, Charles Cutter. Second Row: Raymond Stevenson, Harold Hoppe, Robert Niemand, Clyde Braun, Donald Ogg, James Wherry. Third Row: Marvin Bittenob, Kenneth Cox, Kenneth Booth, Edward Hass, William Bargmann, Marvin Rosene. Members not appearing in picture: Paul Dunker, Hershel Weinrott, Harry Wilson.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Alfred Jackson
Secretary	Ward Hollingsworth
Treasurer	Kenneth Cox

OFFICERS FOR 1933

President	Alfred Jackson
Vice-President	Wallace Passno
Secretary	Glen Baggerly
Treasurer	Thomas Killion

The Senior Chapter of the Hi-Y has been outstanding in promoting interest in D. H. S. activities during the past year. The club promoted the first football homecoming in the history of the school. This event took place on Armistice Day when Grant High of Cedar Rapids was the opponent of the Red and Blue. The club also petitioned the student body and the business men of the city to dedicate the new gymnasium in honor of the late principal, George Edward Marshall. An All D. H. S. Mixer was held at the Outing Club on April 29.

Regular weekly meetings took place at the Y. M. C. A., where plans were made for club parties and dances.



JUNIOR HI-Y



From left to right—Seated: Harold Sears, Harold Young, Fred Lambert. First Row: John Walker, George Weismann, Jack Dale, Donald Ohlsen, Ralph Rhoads, Louis Andre. Second Row: Keith Holvenstot, Richard Sunderbruch, Vernon Jungjohann, Don Gaylor, Norman Wade, Vaughn Baggerly, Clifton Mulinaux. Third Row: Leond Baker, Richard Taylor, Roland Barber, Robert Harrison, Frederick Shaw, Richard Schwarte, James Gruenwald. Members not appearing in picture: John Fischer, Joseph Green, Alpheus McCulloch, Earl Redshaw, Robert Reading, Calvin Hileman, Robert Beyer.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Vaughn Baggerly
Vice-President	Harold Young
Secretary	Joseph Green
Treasurer	Harold Sears
Sergeant at Arms	John Fischer

OFFICERS FOR 1933

President	Harold Young
Vice-President	Harold Sears
Secretary	Fred Lambert
Treasurer	Joseph Green
Sergeant at Arms	John Fischer
Adviser	Melvin Buckwalter

The Junior Hi-Y Club has been prominent in furthering D. H. S. activities, which have included dances, parties, wiener roasts and the sponsorship of Marquis, the Magician. By means of various programs, funds were raised to build a cabin at Camp Abe Lincoln for the benefit of Hi-Y club members.

Meetings were held at the Y. M. C. A. building every Tuesday, at which time interesting programs have furnished entertainment for the club members. A few of the speakers were Mr. George Potter of the High School, who told of his war experiences; Mr. R. J. Ramser, who spoke to the club members regarding their future as leaders of the Hi-Y of Davenport; Mr. Boyd Liddle and Mr. R. A. Leake, also of the Y. M. C. A., presented interesting talks.

The adviser of the Junior Hi-Y is Melvin Buckwalter who starred in athletics at D. H. S.



SOPHOMORE HI-Y



From left to right—First Row: Jack Puscas, Bernard Duffy, Robert McKamey, Hugo Gamber, James Stopulos, Laverne Montgomery. Second Row: Arnold Likeness, Ronald Allen, William Kulp, Russell Trenary, Walter Newport, Kenneth Mairat. Members not appearing in picture: Allen Boudinot, William Box, Charles Cook, Earl Cutter, Emil Flindt, Ross Frick, Stanton Goldstone, Howard Hoffman, William Hunt, John Keith, John Koester, Roger Meyer, Seymour Shapiro, Paul Wind.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Ronald Allen
Vice-President	Hugo Gamber
Secretary	James Stopulos
Treasurer	Paul Moon

OFFICERS FOR 1933

President	Hugo Gamber
Vice-President	Robert McKamey
Secretary	Bernard Duffy
Treasurer	Robert Jordan
Adviser	Clifford Jordan

Membership in this club is extended to all sophomores of D. H. S. interested in Hi-Y activities. Next fall this group will become members of the Junior club.

A basketball team, composed of Hugo Gamber, Charles Cook, Arnold Likeness, Bernard Duffy, Lawrence Montgomery, James Stopulos, Howard Hoffman, Roger Meyer and Earl Cutter was organized. This quintet lost but two games during the entire season.

The activities enjoyed by the club were a skating party held at Vander Veer Park, a wiener roast, and a banquet at the Y.



NORMAL CLUB



From left to right—Seated: Eileen Hoffmann, Eleanor Rytzel, Marcine Hogue, Elva Bowley, Miss Elsie Wallace. Second Row: Elinor Van Evera, Evelyn Schroder, Geraldine Beh, Virginia De Vore, Luverna Broders, Bernice Moore, Lila Conover, Edna Martin, Blanche Cooper, Dorothy Hartmann. Third Row: Lucy Chapman, Phyllis Walker, Mary Ann Puscas, Alice Mary Wright, Maxine Wilson, Helen Kahl, Margaret Johnson, Kathryn Lemon, Louise Spoo, Ione Hoffmann. Fourth Row: Elinor Tonn, Verlia Santee, Sarah Engledow, Dorothy Meyer, Hilda Hess, Adeline White, Ruth Hasenmiller, Arloine Arp, Lucile Wulf, Virginia Hourigan. Fifth Row: Eleanor Gruenau, Ione Schroeder, Alma Lineburg, Emily Arp, Margaret Schroeder, Ida Byers, Alice Kronenberg, Gladys Peeters. Sixth Row: Annie David, Helen Holland, Margaret Coleman, Frances Dodge, Mary Helen Wickland, Dorothy Rudolph, Marie Jugenheimer, Elsa Sundberg, Elsie Struck, Elsie Soenke, Martha Sawyer, Bernice Madden. Those not appearing in picture: Lorna Swanson, Rose David, Naomi Dillon, Jeanette Holman, Dorothy Anne Seemann.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Norma Plambeck
Vice-President	Marcine Hogue
Secretary	Helen Kahl
Treasurer	Ruth Meyer

OFFICERS FOR 1933

President	Marcine Hogue
Vice-President	Eleanor Rytzel
Secretary	Elva Bowley
Treasurer	Eileen Hoffmann

Normal Club membership is open to any girl pursuing the Normal Course. The club meets on alternate Wednesdays at 3:45. All the programs presented through the year attracted a good attendance.

The activities began September 14 with the election of officers. During the football season the club divided according to grade and sold candy at the Davenport-Dubuque game. The losing team entertained the other at a Hallowe'en party later on. A wiener roast on October 19 and a picnic afforded other good times. The girls made two excursions, the one through a Davenport ice cream factory and the other, the Iowa Soldiers Orphans' Home. Some of the girls presented Morley's play, "The Rehearsal," for one of the programs. An Initiation and a Senior Farewell took place both semesters.



DAUBERS CLUB



From left to right—Seated: Gertrude Ann Holmgren, Eileen Schroeder, Ruth Ann Riegel, Clara Lou Sanford, Bernice Diederichsen, Miss Mary E. Krall. First Row: Marietta Garlock, Elizabeth Ann Coe, Marjorie French, Mabel Buchner, Virginia Smith, Dorothy Willey, Lois Siegfried, Laura Leake. Second Row: Phyllis Haglund, Helen Strohkark, Oliver Kurtz, Hugo Arp, William Firth, Elsa Soenke, Margaret Dawartz, Ruth Moore. Members not appearing in picture: Henry Reichert, George Kniegge, Robert Zimmerman.

OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Gertrude Ann Holmgren
Vice-President	Rhea Moeller
Secretary	Helen Strohkark
Treasurer	Carl Heeschen

OFFICERS FOR 1933

President	Ruth Ann Riegel
Vice-President	Eileen Schroeder
Secretary	Clara Lou Sanford
Treasurer	Bernice Diederichsen

The purpose of the Daubers Club is to maintain an interest in art and to learn more about it. To gain admittance to the club one must submit a work of art to be passed on by the old members.

At the meetings of the group on the first and third Thursdays of the month, varied programs have been given. Early in the school year the old members initiated the new ones at a picnic on Credit Island. Later the club made linoleum block print Christmas cards. During the Christmas season members invited their friends to a party in the art room. Miss Ella E. Preston, supervisor of art in the public schools, gave a lecture on American sculpture at one time and on Ancient Greek sculpture at another time. In January the group visited the Municipal Art Gallery to view an exhibit of the work of Tri-City artists. On May 24 the club closed an outstanding year with a school dance.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB



From left to right—First Row: Bernice Diederichsen, Betty Hoyer, Mary Nolan, Laura Leake, Mildred Putnam, Isabell Poston, Giovanna Smith. Second Row: Jeanette Datin, Florence Murray, Anna Baker, Edith McAninch, Mary West, Virginia Smith, Evelyn Riessen. Third Row: Mary Murphy, Irene Purkapile, Anna Keppy, Lillian DePooter, Mildred Fisher, Virginiamay Hentzelman, Miss F. Marie Weiss.

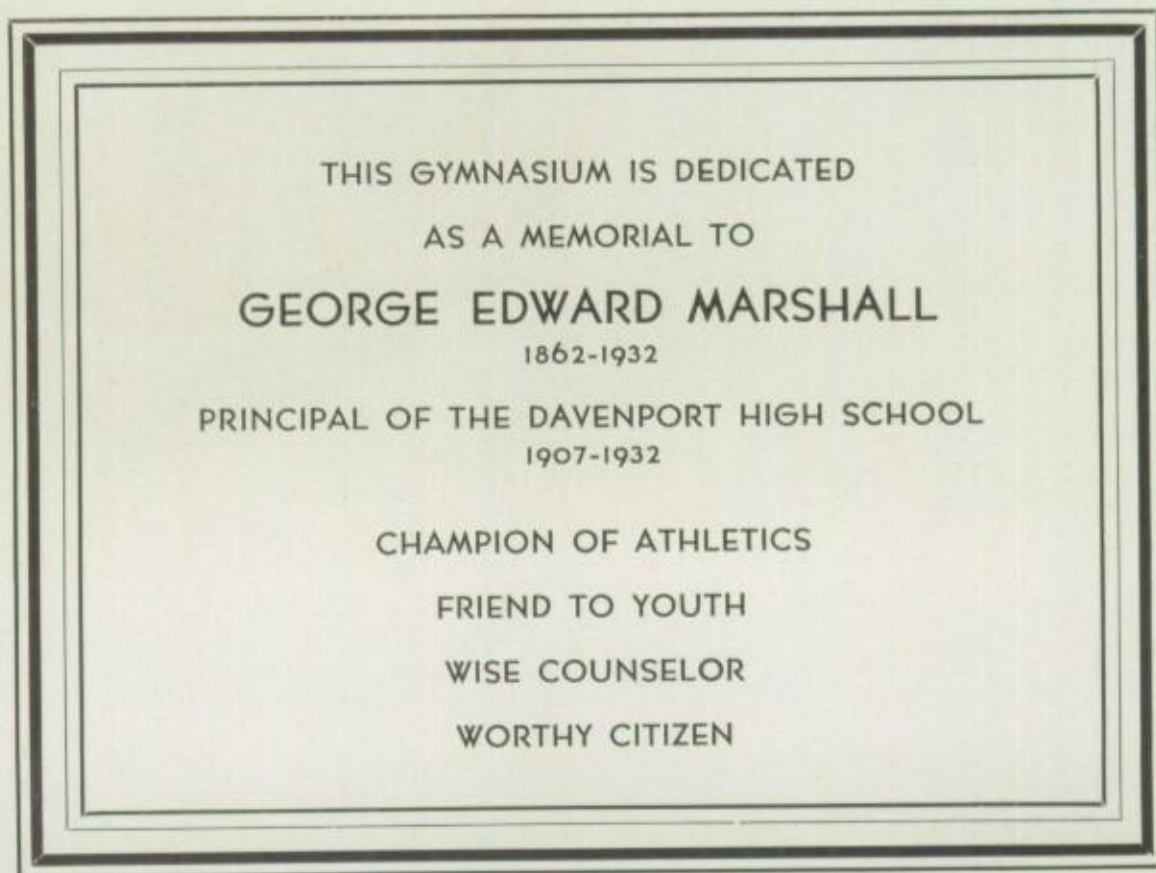
OFFICERS FOR 1932

President	Florence Murray
Vice President	Mildred Putnam
Secretary	Ruth Hasenmiller
Treasurer	Anna Keppy

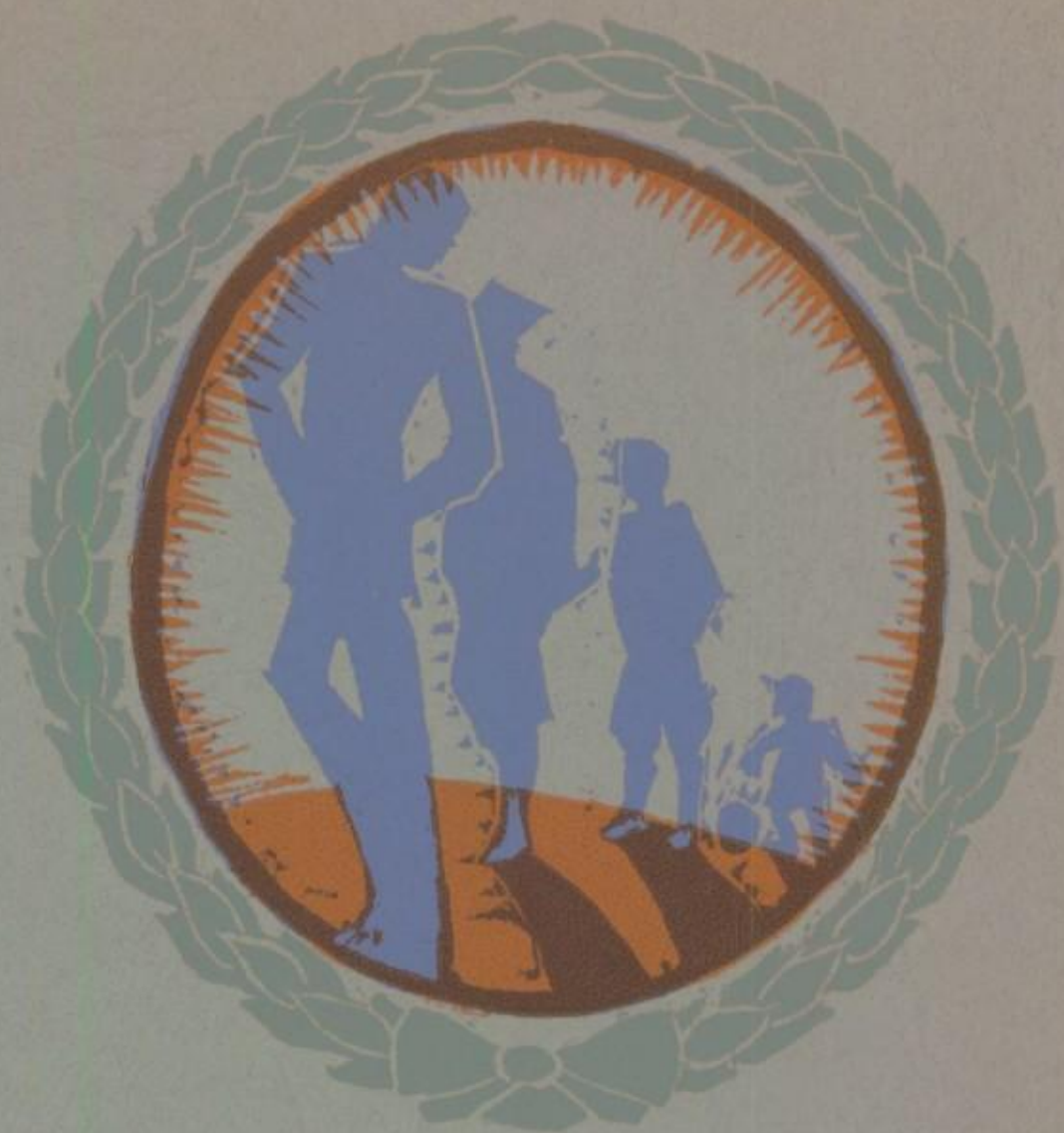
OFFICERS FOR 1933

President	Jeanette Datin
Vice-President	Giovanna Smith
Secretary	Florence Murray
Treasurer	Bernice Diederichsen

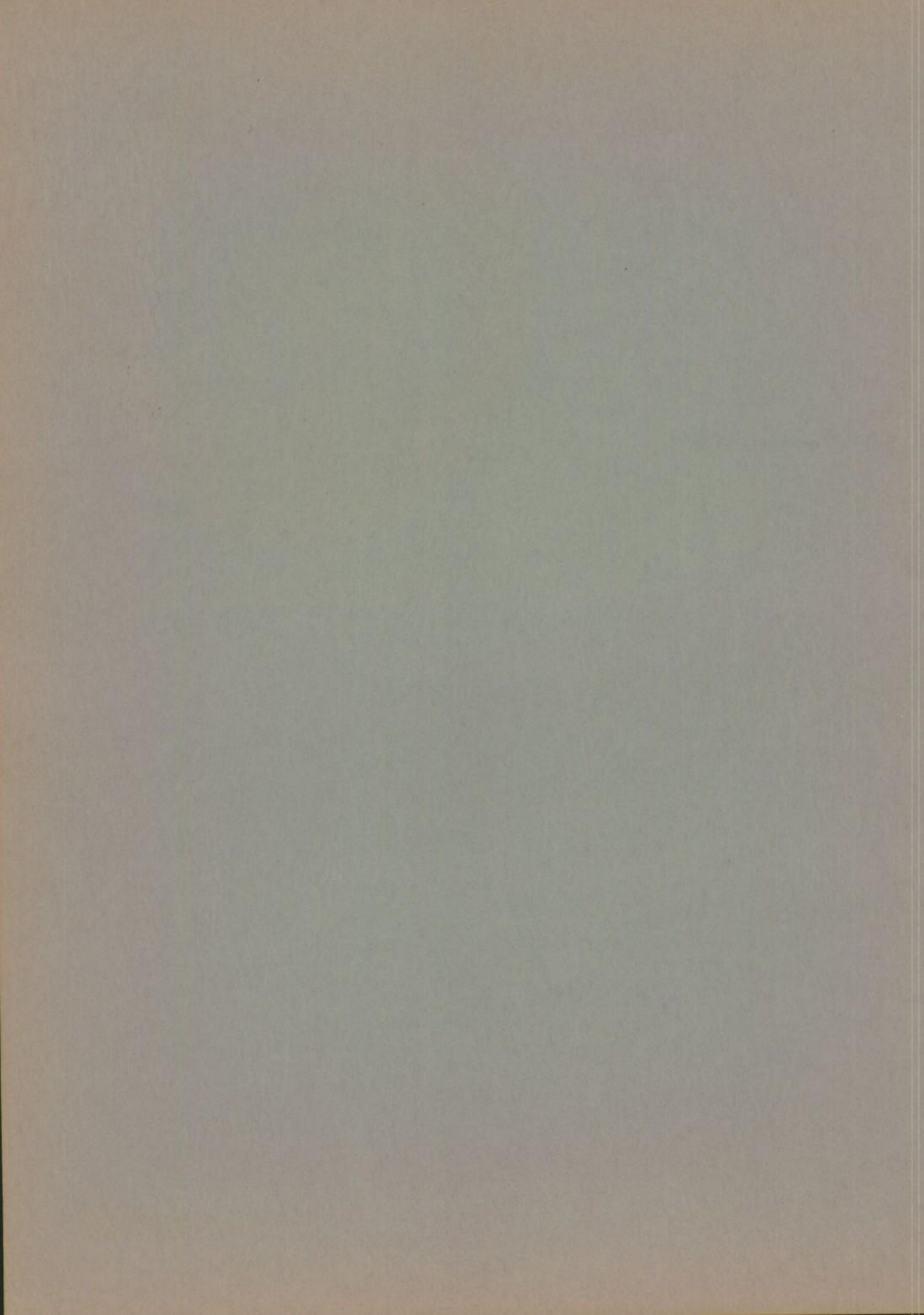
The G. A. C. extends its membership to all girls who are interested in athletics. This year, swimming classes were sponsored for club members at the Lend-A-Hand Club. The girls also enjoyed a hike to Walnut Hill. Initiation services and a party were held at the Lend-A-Hand. Three nights a week at the close of school the gymnasium was open to the members, where baseball, volleyball and basketball games were played.

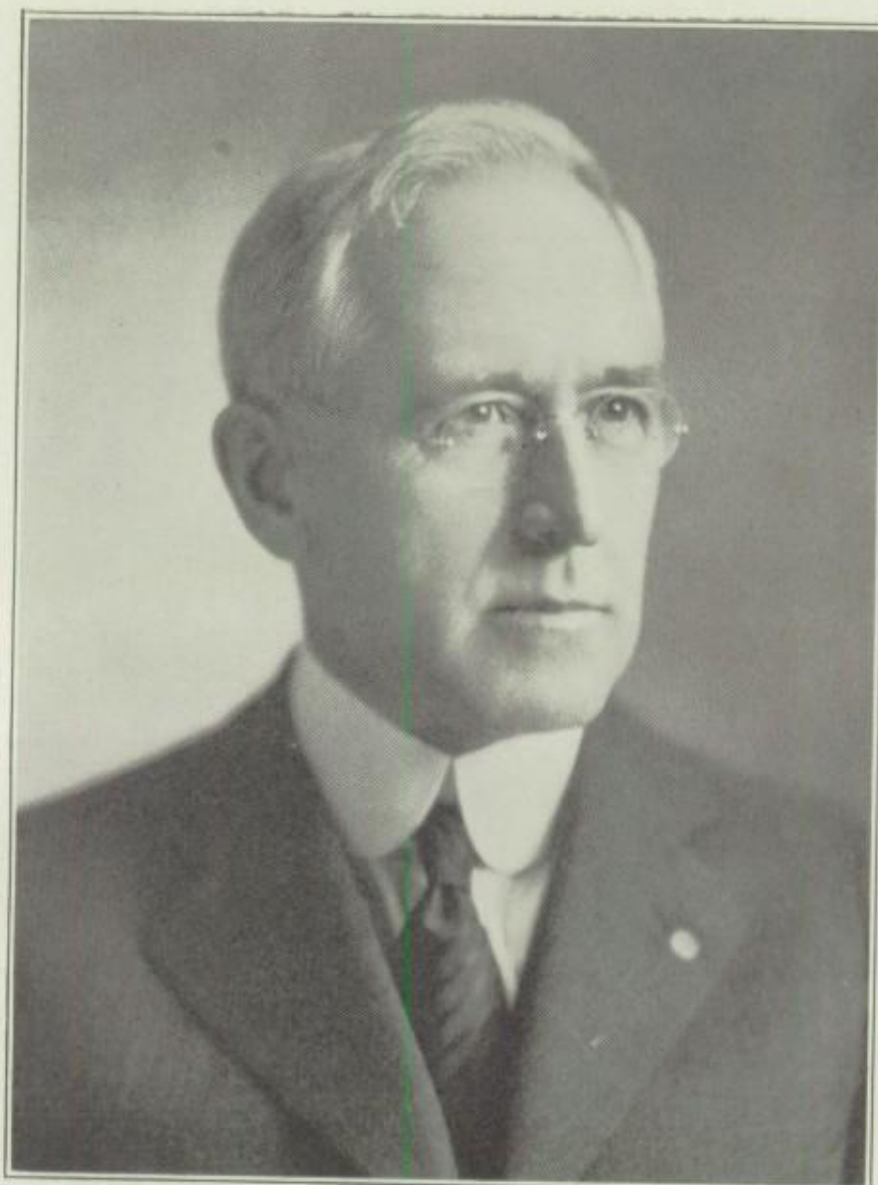


THE ABOVE IS THE WORDING ON THE TABLET
THAT IS TO BE PLACED IN THE LOBBY
OF THE GYMNASIUM



REMINISCENCES





I find it difficult to write briefly about George Edward Marshall. The subject is too big, and too present.

Mr. Marshall and I were the closest of friends for almost a third of a century. No one, I am sure, aside from the members of his immediate family, knew him so well as I knew him. Yet there were many things about his life that I did not know, some of which I have learned since his death. He never talked about himself or his personal affairs, even to me.

In all the years of our association not one cross or unkind word ever passed between Mr. Marshall and me. I offer this as evidence of his extreme forbearance and kindness. Of course, on many things we did not agree. He had positive opinions and vigorously upheld them but would never wrangle about them or insist that you accept them.

Mr. Marshall's fine qualities were numerous. He was genuine through and through. He heartily disliked show and pretension. He had no time for hypocrisy and no patience with falsehood. He never grumbled or found fault. If conditions were not to his liking, he proceeded to remedy them. If they could not be remedied, he made the most of them cheerfully and without comment.

He never sought honors of any kind for himself. Those that came to him, and there were many, were conferred upon him in recognition of his integrity and ability.

Mr. Marshall liked his work, enjoyed it and took pride in it. The money reward was a minor consideration. In all his years here he never asked for an increase in salary. When questioned on this subject his invariable reply was, "I'll leave that to you and the Board." For twenty-five years his "consuming passion," outside his home, was the Davenport High School.

FRANK L. SMART,
Superintendent of Davenport Schools.



BOARD OF EDUCATION
RESOLUTION
ON DEATH OF GEORGE EDWARD MARSHALL

The following resolution was adopted by the Board of Education on January 9, 1933:

"It is with deep sorrow that we record that on December seventh, nineteen hundred thirty-two, death removed from among us Mr. George Edward Marshall, Principal of the High School. For more than twenty-five years he had served continuously and with marked success in this position. He was widely recognized as a distinguished leader in secondary education in all its phases. His great purpose in life was the education and training of boys and girls of high school age. To this task he gave himself without stint. He liked young people. He had a deep and sympathetic understanding of adolescent boys and girls. He had a profound faith that youth was sound at the core regardless of its foibles and transient shortcomings. The breadth and depth of his influence over the thousands of boys and girls who came under his leadership is beyond calculation.

"Mr. Marshall had the uncommon faculty of making friends wherever he went, both within school circles and without. To know him was to like him. He was ever cordial, genial and loyal. He hated sham and show. The many honors that came to him were wholly unsought by him. Sincerity, integrity, ability and dependability seldom appear in one man as these qualities did in him.

"In his passing the school has lost a loyal and capable leader, the community, an outstanding citizen and his wife and family, a devoted husband and brother.

"BE IT RESOLVED, THEREFORE, that we extend to Mrs. Marshall the assurance of our sympathy in her bereavement, that a copy of this resolution be sent to her and that it be spread upon the minutes of this Board."



MEMORIES

1908 — 1933

In January, 1908, the auditorium of the new D. H. S. was filled with mothers, fathers, sisters and relatives, and on the stage were seated twenty-two graduates, the first and smallest class ever sent on its way by "George Edward." Twenty-five years later, in 1932, the son of one of the twenty-two was sent on his way by the same "George Edward" from the same auditorium, a member of the largest class ever given diplomas at D. H. S. And, peculiarly, the son of the 1908 grad is contributing in these pages, as a member of that largest and last class, some of his memories of the same beloved principal, George Edward Marshall. But what can the old graduate write that will not be repeated by the younger one and other contributors in these pages, except that back in 1908 we knew him first and loved him for his so-called peculiarities.

WILLIAM RITTER SR., '08.

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No doubt whenever former students recall their High School days under Mr. Marshall's direction, the majority of them associate with him something amusing.

I believe, however, that there was something even more significant than his keen sense of humor. This was his most unusual gift of recognizing faces and recalling names at an instant. Upon meeting Mr. Marshall in the corridor at school or on the street, the student expected to be noticed and spoken to, and he was mighty sure not to be disappointed.

In later years when the student was no longer a youngster, he was still greeted in the same way whenever he met his former principal. At least ten years after my graduation from High School, I had an occasion to go to Mr. Marshall's office. I was greeted by the old familiar question, "Well, Louise, what can I do for you?"

I wonder if Mr. Marshall ever realized what this little recognition meant to a youngster, and how it still is, and always will be, remembered by his students.

LOUISE E. JEPSEN, '09.

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Mr. Marshall possessed an uncanny knack of appearing at scenes of mischievous activities when least expected, and at the same time was keenly observant.

For example, a very good attraction was one day playing a matinee performance at the Burtis Opera House. Although school was in session, the student body was well represented at the theatre, standing on the sidewalk waiting for the gallery doors to open. From the remarks Mr. Marshall made to the individual representatives on the following

day, it was very evident that he had not missed a face in passing. Subsequent matinee box-office receipts slumped considerably.

FRANK J. KAUFMANN, '09

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I class Mr. Marshall as one of my great, good friends. I did not have to worry about his having forgotten me, for once I put him to the test in Marshall Field's, and he was instantly aware of the familiar face, and flatteringly remembered my name. We chatted and I asked for all my old friends. Once, even, he told me, that if I would promise to obey all the rules and regulations, I might try to teach in the Davenport High School, but since I could not come, he never knew, at first hand, all the lapses of pedagogical skill I possess.

How difficult it might have been for me and those friends of mine to have been active had there been over a thousand students in those days. As it is, so self-centered is human nature that I think of "D. H. S." as a part of me and the things I own. I should know my way about, even to the stage where you will remember one of the major engagements in the war of "Woman Suffrage" was fought. My hand should involuntarily reach for the false hair at the back of my head which Mr. Marshall once picked up and returned to me with all the gallantry that came so easily to him.

LOUISE C. ROWLANDS, '10.



As my mind wanders back, I recall those years, 1906 to 1910, as four of the happiest years of my life, and closely associated with them will ever be that jovial, friendly spirit of George Edward Marshall; he was a genuine friend of all boys and girls. We respected him always, yet I don't believe we feared him; he was more of a comrade to each and every student.

In recalling incidents of every day school life—perhaps some of the "1910'ers" remember the day "Jimmy" Thatcher stood me up in the corner of Study Room A with my face to the wall because I tossed a note down the aisle. Those were "difficult" days; life was "hard," so we thought, and punishment was meted out in a deserving measure.

ETHEL J. MCKOWN, '10.

• • •

The announcement of the death of Mr. Marshall caused me to realize that I had never regarded him as a bit older than when he



first came to Davenport High School, back in 1907 or 1908. His seemed to be a spirit kept young by his contact with youth.

Mr. Marshall's success as a principal was due in no small way to his understanding of and his sympathy with the spirit of youth. I well remember a little incident that showed me his understanding and yet his ability to direct those in his charge.

One bright spring morning, when I was a senior, I happened to have a little time between class periods. I wandered out the Main Street door and spread myself comfortably on the lawn in the sunshine. In those days, when all classes were cared for under the one roof, going out-of-doors between classes was not permitted. I could see no harm in enjoying a bit of sunshine, however, since I had time on my hands and the day was so pleasantly warm. Mr. Marshall soon located me and came out. He sympathized with my desire to be out in the warm sunshine, spoke of the loveliness of the day, but called my attention to the fact that I was not permitted to leave the building, explaining why. And with a pat on the shoulder, he sent me off to the study room feeling that, much as I might like to do certain things, if Mr. Marshall had a reason for not wanting it done, it would not be done.

HARRY HUMMEL, '10.

• • •

The name of George Edward Marshall brings forth happy memories of the High School days in which his friendly personality and inspiration played such a large part.

The class of June, 1910, had much ability and resourcefulness, its energies being directed along many lines, and although we may have presented "George Edward" with an occasional problem, his capable methods and youthful understanding spirit guided us in the right direction and left us an enduring friendship and warm regard for this fine gentleman.

His presence on athletic trips was always an added incentive to a High School team and his unmistakable satisfaction in a well earned victory was apparent, but, win or lose, he was a thorough sportsman at all times.

ROY H. SCHMIDT, '10.



High School days—four years of your life you like to think back over and refer to Mr. Marshall as a grand companion. One of his greatest accomplishments was his ability to judge quickly whether to rule by a stern hand or omit punishment.

As juniors we succeeded in disrupting the orderly presentation of the 1910 Senior Class Play, and I do not believe a single junior ever heard a word of criticism from him. The next

morning when we met in the hall he stepped to the side as we passed by and looked straight at us without saying a word, which was his unique way of saying, "Boys must have their fun and now that it's over let's get back to work."

I believe we still hold the record of presenting the first and only live pig attending a High School Class Play.

H. O. BROWNLIE, '11.

• • •

Tardiness was one of my weaknesses during my High School days. At that time the charge was a grave and serious one, but as I look back and think of the personal contact I made with Mr. Marshall because of the fault, I feel that it was a blessing in disguise.

One winter morning I entered the building just as the tardy bell rang. This meant a trip to the office before I could go to my first class. It was not my first offense, and very timidly I opened the office door and took a seat to await the arrival of the principal. In a few moments he appeared, looked sternly at me and said, "Are you late again? What is the excuse this time?" My excuse was not very convincing, and he gave me the lecture I so richly deserved. He excused me with a parting warning that I was not to appear in the office again. Just then the bell rang, and I started for my first class.

In those days a teacher was stationed at the foot of the stairs to maintain a semblance of law and order. The girl ahead of me forgot the traffic rules and proceeded to run up the middle of the stairs. The teacher on guard shouted lustily for her to come back and try it over, but she went blissfully on unaware of the thunder storm at the foot of the stairs.

This amused me and I unwittingly burst into a loud gale of laughter. Suddenly I heard an angry voice say, "Florence Carroll, you go to the office." My heart sank, for hadn't I been warned that I was not to appear in the office again. At that moment the lines closed in, and a chance of escape was in the offing. I ascended the stairs with the speed of the wind and rushed into the class room. I sat down and breathed a sigh of relief. My joy was short lived, however, for an irate little lady stood in the door and called in no uncertain terms: "Young lady, come right here."

Taking me by the arm she said, "Do you want me to take you to the office, or can you go alone?" One glance at her angry countenance assured me I would do well to plead my own case. However, she shadowed me until I was safely within the office.

Mr. Marshall was seated at his desk. He glanced up and asked, "Are you here again? What can I do for you now?"

"It's not what you can do for me, but probably what you will do to me that matters," was my rejoinder. I told him my tale of woe. His keen sense of humor arose to the fore, and I knew that he somewhat sympathized with me in my unsuccessful attempt to fulfill his command of not coming back to the office.



He smiled and said, "Well, Florence, you weren't living up to the Golden Rule. You shouldn't laugh at people in trouble. Don't do it again. Go and sin no more." I went back to my class with a very warm feeling in my heart for that beloved principal, who always saw through the eyes of the pupil as well as through the eyes of the teacher.

FLORENCE G. CARROLL, '12.



Mr. Marshall abhorred anything untidy. Have you ever heard the hat episode of 1911? It was then that huge twenty-eight inch sailors of stiff straw became the vogue and many girls appeared Monday morning decked out in the new hats. Lockers were too small, and hats too large and stiff, and we were in a quandary over their disposition. By careful balancing they could be made to stay on top of the lockers, so that became the solution for the problem. Every day more hats were perched on the lockers and every day the corridors appeared more untidy.

One day all hats disappeared and great was the consternation! There was only one solution. Some one was joking us. Every girl hurried to the office, there to have her hat issued to her, without comment, by Miss Welch. The next day the hats were confiscated again, and when the owners appeared at the office Mr. Marshall issued them with a few well chosen words. After that, each girl kept her hat in a teacher's locker and the corridors resumed their normal appearance and again became tidy. Yes, Mr. Marshall hated untidiness, which after all is a virtue any one of us might emulate.

MARY BAKER, '12.

• • •

To have been one of George Edward Marshall's pupils in our High School was a privilege that many of us have enjoyed, but the real appreciation of which ripens as the years roll on.

He was never the stern old fashioned schoolmaster. On the contrary, he taught us an understanding and a sense of fairness that in later years we learn to value as a quality of vital importance.

I feel very deeply that this respect for our opponents and this sense of fairness towards them as developed by "George Edward" and practiced on the athletic fields by the High School teams have been a wonderful contribution to real sportsmanship here in Davenport, and in fact throughout this section of the country.

Not only have those students representing the High School learned this lesson of sportsmanship, but gradually, and still very noticeably, year by year, has this feeling crept into the stands and gripped the spectators.

"Clean Sportsmanship" is the heritage which George Edward Marshall has left us. May we guard it well!

OSCAR F. PRIESTER, '12.



I think one of George Edward Marshall's greatest attributes was his ability to concede to the boy's point of view, without even in the slightest degree losing the boy's respect either for Mr. Marshall or for school discipline. The following incident typifies this—and although many years have elapsed, it is as vivid in my mind today as if it had happened yesterday.

Phil Davidson and I were rabid baseball fans. In those days Davenport was in the Three I League and the ball park was 'way down in the west end. It was our senior year and our last class for the day was through at three o'clock. So at noon on the opening day of the baseball season Phil and I stepped up to Mr. Marshall with our excuses asking for permission to leave at three o'clock.

"Going to the ball game?" asked Mr. Marshall of me, as I happened to present my excuse ahead of Phil.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You, too, Phil?" asked Mr. Marshall.

Phil nodded.

"Nothing doing!" said Mr. Marshall.

So Phil and I walked dejectedly to our seats—which were opposite each other in the first row.

On his way from the study room, Mr. Marshall stopped between our desks and said: "See me in my office on your way to the first class."

So we trooped in to see him.

"When do you get out of your last class today?" asked "George Edward."

"Three o'clock," one of us answered.

"Well, if you're reported missing from the study room after three, I'll forget about it," said Mr. Marshall, and he started to walk out of his office. Before we had recovered our breath he was gone. Needless to say, Phil and I were on our way to the ball park at 3:01.

The next day when I tried to thank Mr. Marshall he said: "I don't know anything about it!"

RUDOLPH MORITZ, '12

• • •

Thousands of students who knew "George Edward" remember him in many different moods and emotions, but I believe only three hundred and seventy-five of his students who were in Study Room A on January 2, 1913, at nine o'clock, ever had the opportunity of seeing him entirely different—bewildered.

Study Room A had assembled at 8:55. The bells had rung. The students were all seated,



and the hum of whispers was quieting down. Miss Bissell and "Dad" Lattin were pacing up and down the side aisles, checking up those present and accounting for disturbances. In seat No. 8 little Elizabeth Lamp was quiet at her desk, and back of her in seat No. 9 sat the writer.

"Dad" Lattin, the big, burly old guard of North Dakota University, swaggered down the aisle and stopped at seat No. 9 saying—"Harry, today Mr. Marshall will appear in this room returning from his honeymoon. You are to get up at the nine o'clock bell and lead this assembly in a cheer for him." To those of you who do not remember Elizabeth Lamp, I might say she was probably one of the quietest, sweetest little girl students in the High School. Overhearing this command she just about doubled up with laughter. To her it was a grand joke. To me it was like a death command.

"Who, me? No! No!" I protested.

"You do it or I'll flunk you," demanded "Dad" Lattin.

I breathed hard. I blushed. I lost my nerve, but encouraged by this little mite in Seat 8 I gained control.

The nine o'clock bell rang. The door opened. In walked Mr. Marshall. Up I sprang. I called for a cheer. Every one in Study Room A responded with three rousing cheers. The room echoed and re-echoed with the enthusiasm.

"George Edward" was bewildered. He wanted to scold. He wanted to run. He breathed heavily. In a trembling voice he responded and accepted the student body applause. Laughter followed. The embarrassment was relieved. He again won the hearts and love of his students as a real sportsman.

HARRY BAWDEN, '13.

. . .

From the day of my entrance into High School until his death, Mr. Marshall was always the same friendly, affectionate adviser to me. A very humorous incident, which placed me in close contact with him the day of my entrance, engendered an intimate friendship that increased with the years.

In early life my parents endowed me with a name that apparently caused considerable ambiguity to the powers-that-be in making out my class schedule. To the surprise as well as the consternation of the gym teacher, I reported for instruction with the girls' gym class. Apparently this was contrary to rule, and despite my protest, I was sent to Mr. Marshall. He got a big kick out of the incident, and said, "The Lord Himself couldn't make out from a name like that whether you are a boy or girl." The result was an immediate acquaintanceship.

He was a natural leader of boys with a certain magnetism which drew them to him. Oftentimes we find an outstanding teacher and educator and again we find charming personalities which command respect, love and affection. Mr. Marshall possessed both of these qualities, which brought him the respect of the entire student body. Instinctively these attributes were admired by the writer during

his school days. However, in later years when these qualifications became more of a reality and grew more and more into realization by analysis, I realized the real privilege which had been accorded me by his friendship and association. It is with deep gratification that I can look back upon my contacts with him.

W. PARMELE PETERSON, '13.

. . .

My acquaintance with George Edward Marshall began two days after I became a student in the Davenport High School.

Several months before I had suffered a severe injury to my leg and, when school began in September, my leg and foot were still swollen to the point where I was only able to wear a slipper and to walk with a decided limp. The assembly bell for the afternoon session, which in those days began at 1:30, was ringing and I was still on the first floor with a long flight of stairs and what then seemed to me to be an almost endless trek to the front door of Study Room B ahead of me. I hobbled along as best I could with thoughts of the embarrassment which I, a freshman, would suffer on account of my tardiness racing through my mind.

As I neared the door, I felt an arm steal around my shoulders and I heard a quiet voice say: "Young man, what's your hurry?" Without turning I recognized Mr. Marshall. In my confusion and embarrassment at thus being "caught late" on my second day as a High School student, I kept on hobbling toward the door, unable to utter a sound. I started to turn in when suddenly he propelled me away from and past the door down to the next hall to a vacant room where he bade me sit down. There, for the first time since he had encountered me, I looked at him. His face was wreathed in smiles and his eyes were twinkling good naturedly. From that moment my fears and embarrassment left me, never to return during my entire acquaintance with him, and for the next forty-five minutes we just talked. That was the beginning of a friendship and a relationship of mutual affection, respect and esteem which lasted throughout my high school, college and later years down to the time of his death.

If I were asked to choose one from among the many of his qualities which made Mr. Marshall not only outstanding in his field but so highly revered by everyone, I believe I should choose his unusual ability to gain and to hold the voluntary esteem and affection of all those with whom he came in contact, especially of the many students who had the good fortune to be under his direction during his long service in the Davenport High School. This he accomplished by a rare combination of faculties. Outstanding among them were his complete understanding of youth, its desires and ambitions and his sincere, unbounded confidence in and loyalty to young people, especially those under his immediate supervision. By the presence of these qualities he engendered in those with whom he came in contact a confidence and respect and affection which the passage of time neither diminished nor destroyed.



In the lives of most of us there are always a few characters we meet who leave indelible impressions upon us and the memories of whom seem to stand out with a greater luster and brightness than those of others. To me such a character was Mr. Marshall. Undoubtedly there are others who could have filled his place, but to me there will be, indeed—there can be only one Mr. Marshall, and the passage of time can never dull the luster of my memories of him.

HAROLD THUENEN, '13.

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Mr. Marshall has always stood in my mind as such an essential part of my four High School years, that I somehow feel I have lost contact, irrevocably, with that important period of my educational life, now that he has gone. On the other hand, I rejoice that I was privileged to be in High School under his sympathetic, capable handling. The benefit to the thousands of Davenport pupils during his twenty-five years there constitute a remarkable record of achievement. If there were more such influences and such records, the world would not be such a sorry place today.

ELOISE B. CRAM, '14.



One lovely spring day way back in 1914 when the urge to get out and away from classes became too strong to resist, a group of senior girls, about eight in number, held a secret consultation over the lunch table. We agreed that no student ought to finish his four years of High School without at least one experience of playing hooky.

There happened to be, that day, a much-advertised play, called "Within the Law," showing at the old Burtis Opera House on Perry Street. So, very stealthily, by ones and twos we left the school building and met later down town. At the ticket office of the Burtis we discovered a shortage of funds. Going into another huddle we decided to make a day of it anyway and so the party started out again, this time to the American, a vaudeville house on Third Street. In high hilarity we were walking eight abreast along Fourth Street past the post office, when some one saw Mr. Marshall coming toward us, already bending on us his everwatchful eye.

Right there beside us stood the open door of the livery stable of Jerry Jaeger's father. Again eight girls felt an urge—this time to get in, not out, and eight girls popped through those open doors and hid behind a big black hearse which stood conveniently near. Peeking out, just in time, we saw Mr. Marshall pass with head erect and face straight ahead. Well *that* was something.

Morning came and a long excuse line, including the other seven sinners! Mother had refused to write a note for me so I did

not join the line but remained in my seat, which happened to be very near Mr. Marshall's desk, and composed a very wordy explanation of the situation, drawing his attention to the fact that I was being honest about it anyway and that I felt such a virtue should merit a blue slip, maybe??

At the last moment I went to the desk and handed him the note. My knees trembled, for this was my first offense, and control, if any, was remote. He read the note and looked up at me without a flicker of expression on his face. Then he reread it and reached out toward the white slip pad glancing up at me again. This time a sense of failure on my part and something in his look brought a grin of embarrassment to my face. He looked at me steadily a moment and his hand passed slowly to the blue slip pad. Perhaps it was the note, or again perhaps it was that the play at the Burtis had been very good—I've always wondered. But I am sure his marvelous understanding of the individual has endeared Mr. Marshall to thousands and has marked his life among us—successful.

HARRIET TOWNSEND BASMANN, '14.

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High School was opening in about a week and I had changed my mind about the course I registered for. The following took place in the office.

Mr. Marshall: What do you wish to see me about, young lady—surely not about entering High School? You are too small for this big school.

E. J. D.: I am registered for commercial and wish to change it.

Mr. Marshall: Change your mind, eh? Aren't even big enough to have a mind of your own, much less change it. Even at that size, the female already changes her mind. Well, I'll change your schedule, and I hope you will like it.

ELSIE J. DAU, '14.

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Memory retains many incidents which portray the unique and wonderful personality of Mr. Marshall. Space allows the recalling of but one or two.

Spring calls to mind the usual annual "oration" given by Mr. Marshall at "Auditorium" on Encephalitis Lethargica (sleeping sickness) or kindred subjects. How he made us like it! Sarcasm—? Well, if so, then tempered with such a subtle and kindly good humor that one loved it.

No one need attempt a eulogy of Mr. Marshall. The hundreds of lives that he touched and helped so constructively is eulogy enough. Nor could words describe or follow the labyrinth of far reaching imprints left on the minds of so many.

The wonderful thing to me was that, notwithstanding his responsibility for those hundreds under his direct supervision, he was always able to keep in touch with and willing to help those who had gone. On no less than three occasions did he assist me after I had left school. Several letters and recommendations, written by him to others about me, I have and prize most highly, one, particularly,



sent me while I was serving in the U. S. Navy, and two received while I was residing in Chicago. They are of a personal nature, and I do not quote from them here. It is enough—he was my true friend yesterday—he remains a force in my life today!

F. W. RICHARDSON, '15.

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One evening about a year ago, a group of us were chatting with a friend who had taken teachers' training at High School in 1911, and now is teaching in California. Telling of acquaintances renewed on her visit here, Miss R. said: "Oh, and I met Mr. Marshall today and had a nice long visit, and he is just the same as ever."

Miss Jane H., '32, spoke up, asking, "Which Mr. Marshall, my Mr. Marshall from High School?"

"Yes, your Mr. Marshall, and my Mr. Marshall," was the reply.

"Well, then he is my Mr. Marshall, too," said M. H., '18.

W. S., '16, joined with "And my Mr. Marshall" and another, R. S., '17, hastened to add, "And mine, too."

And I was glad to unite with them, "Mine too."

Our young senior, class of 1932, was indeed surprised and pleased at the oneness of our thoughts, as we all had a happy time relating experiences and claiming him as "ours."

And we realized then, that our Mr. Marshall truly knew the secret of laughing at time and years, and so became endeared alike to all who had the pleasure of being one of "his" boys and girls.

HARRY R. HEESCHEN, '15.

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George Edward Marshall did so much for me, I can never revere his memory enough. My High School recollections of him tumbling my hair as he came along the aisle or kissing me on the forehead are unique. Whoever heard of such a thing being done by a principal! The opportunity he gave me to work in his office has been of inestimable value to me in later life. From my first day at High School, fresh from the farm, when he put his arm around the tearful lad scared to death, with an encouraging word, I have known him as a comforting friend.

C. L. McDOWELL, '16.



Folks may say that Mr. Marshall was a man without hobbies; I'm quite sure he had one—his great love of flowers. Don't you remember how he liked to wear a flower in his buttonhole—a rose, a cosmos; sometimes in early spring, a dandelion? He not only liked to wear them, he liked them in his home, on his desk at the office; he sent direct to Hol-

land for tulip bulbs and took great delight in raising tulips; oftentimes he brought choice tulips to school and proudly measured the length of the stems. One of the funniest things I remember seeing Mr. Marshall do was to eat part of the bouquet which was on my desk in the D. H. S. office. Oftentimes in the summer I'd have a bunch of nasturtiums on my desk; one day Mr. Marshall came into the office, stopped at my desk to speak to me, casually helped himself to several nasturtiums from my bouquet and ate them. I gazed with astonishment. He said, "Why, Leona, they're good; here, taste one! I always eat nasturtiums." I didn't try one, but he ate several, flowers and stems as well.

These little interesting sidelights about "G. E. M." do have a place, but because I was so closely associated with Mr. Marshall for four years as a D. H. S. student and then nine years as his office secretary, I must close by saying once more what I have often said, "Mr. Marshall was the very finest man I have worked with, and I know I shall never have a better employer."

LEONA L. SOEHREN, '16.

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George Edward Marshall was truly a GEM. He had the enviable quality of making you feel that you were his best friend, and that he was yours. Those who spent days and years in the Davenport High School under his direction look back upon them as the most precious of their lives. His unique personality pervaded the school. Gentle and yet firm, affectionate and yet severe, scholarly and yet human, he was an influence in our lives we shall never forget. To experience his pat on the head, and to hear him lay down the law in no uncertain terms in auditorium periods were experiences that linger. He was a most emphatic man, and one knew exactly what he was talking about.

I knew him not only as my High School principal but also as my Sunday School teacher in Trinity Cathedral when I was in High School, and so profited by his knowledge of things Biblical and churchly.

His death came as a shock to me and as a keen personal loss. Only a few days before he died I was thinking about him, and thought of how negligent I had been in going to see him in recent years, and made plans to rectify my mistake very soon and drop in at the good old D. H. S. and have a personal chat with him in his private office. But, alas, he slipped into the Great Beyond quietly before I had carried out my intention, and I had to be content with attending his funeral.

I take great pleasure, although mixed with sadness, in paying tribute to George Edward Marshall whom I counted as one of my best friends and whom many of us really loved very deeply and respected very highly. He sought not earthly honors, fame or prominence. He was content with his boys and girls blossoming into manhood and womanhood whose lives he had been called to shape, each one of whom upon graduation he called by name from memory, because he knew each one personally. His work continues in the



lives of those he sent forth in his long service at the Davenport High School. He did not live in vain, but perhaps influenced for good more people in Davenport than any other person in its history.

THE REV. RODNEY F. COBB, '17.

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Starting High School a month late as a freshman, I was rather awed by all the commotion I found upon entering the building, and, reaching the office, was told to wait for Mr. Marshall. After half an hour of waiting, I was becoming rather restless and wishing it were over, when Mr. Marshall appeared. He immediately put me at ease and had me telling him all about myself and the course of studies I wished to follow.

Mr. Marshall never changed, only our friendship grew with the years. I always felt at home with him and will never forget the first time we met and his ability to set a restless freshman at ease.

LYNN FULRATH, '17.

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I think back very happily to those years in High School. In all sincerity I believe they were, of all school years—and there have been many of them—the ones most filled with zest and the sense of things that were great accomplishments.

Mr. Marshall! Well, his was the personality that gave the years their ease, their charm. I can imagine now that he curbed our enthusiasms and our wild schemes, but at the time he seemed to be a willing accomplice in all sorts of adventure.

My particular enthusiasm, I remember, was dramatics. It still is for that matter, though there is all too little time for dramatics. I was the one delegated to go to see Mr. Marshall, tell him of our plans and ask his permission to form a dramatic club. It was a new departure, as I remember, and at first Mr. Marshall was rather skeptical of the plan. Nevertheless, I went out of the office with his permission and his blessing.

I have very definite memories of beady black eyes that on occasion could both snap and smile, of the quirk of the lips. But all those qualities that went to make the man, the very definite personality that is so very vivid, somehow defy description or explanation, at least my powers of explanation at the moment.

JOE JACKSON, '18,

(But I was "Joseph" in High School.)

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George Edward Marshall was a friend of everyone who had the good fortune to know him. He had the faculty of giving a personal touch to all his acquaintances. He always made one feel as though he were his best friend, and in most cases this feeling was not exaggerated.

It is a long time since I first came in contact with him, yet he still stands out as one of the most vivid personalities I have ever met. The neatness of his appearance and his never failing good humor were his earmarks.

One always felt better after seeing him. There was a refreshing bluntness about him that endeared him to his friends. He never failed to speak his mind when the occasion warranted it. He was the friend of all young men. He was one of them. He never grew old. His viewpoint was of the younger generation. He never looked down from the pedestal of old age.

Students, past and present, of the Davenport High School have lost a true friend.

J. M. CHAMBERLIN, '18.

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How well all of us must remember him! "George Edward"—never to his face—but *always* in familiar and affectionate reference. He knew everyone by his first name, or hers; and how he ever learned all those names, no one ever knew. And, no one ever needed to have "George Edward" designated as the principal—he was identifiable at first sight.

One remembers a gray clad figure in the corridors or the study room or on the stage of the auditorium—hair thinned to baldness and gray-white, and a moustache, and rapid small steps, a smile and friendly interest. One doesn't remember him startingly, as in a crisis, because such things never arose under his calm authority; and if one had, he would never have treated it as such. He would have dismissed it with dry incisiveness of speech and something of a reprimand.

He was the same, always—unchanged by the span of years between the first glimpse of him and the last—and he is unchanged in memory.

W. H. SHOREY, '19.

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One of my many pleasant and inspiring contacts with Mr. Marshall occurred in his inner-office. The firm and commanding terms of his secretary, "Mr. Marshall wants you in his private office," changed from an order of fear to one of keen anticipation of fifteen minutes of real pleasure.

The first request was made during my third year in High School. What fear I had on this occasion was immediately banished when he asked, "How are you getting along? I really can't know much about these students unless I ask personal questions." Other questions followed. "Why don't you have your mother and dad come up here so that I may become better acquainted with them? How does Carl like college? Howard will be here in another year—is that correct?"

He discussed the past football games and showed a lively interest in my part of each game. Not a month passed in my last two years at High School without the welcome call from the secretary, "Mr. Marshall wants you in his private office."

MERLE MAKEEVER, '19.

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Mr. Marshall has often been spoken of in gatherings both large and small as being the one man who could always be counted upon to adjust himself perfectly to the time, situation or place, while at all times being at perfect ease. In my own opinion one of his best





roles was being "one of the gang." I clearly recall many instances in which Davenport High School was to meet other schools in football or track on the other school's field. Our bunch was always eager to go, and of course that meant getting some Dad's permission for the use of the family automobile. The father approached could always be counted upon to reply, "Well, what older person will you get to go along?" and the chorus always answered, "Let's see if Mr. Marshall won't agree to go again. He's always a 'good egg'."

L. R. BEST, '16-'19.

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Mr. Marshall was beloved by all the students whom I knew without exception, because he was so very fair and just. Often he gave a very necessary and cutting reproof behind a veil of cynicism or amused scorn which left the lesson to be learned without the bitter sting of a severe scolding. Once over, he forgave and the matter was not referred to again.

Another thing which I observed, which is rare and wonderful, was his remarkable hold on young people. We sometimes see a man who has a marvelous way to which boys are attracted and which wins them; this he had, and the boys admired him. But, more than this, he possessed this same attraction for us girls. I have often taken him into my confidence about something and received advice from him. He seemed to be such a pal.

MARGARET FRANK GARTHOFF, '20.

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Two Memories of Mr. Marshall

The occasion was an auditorium period to work up interest in the first Music Appreciation Contest back in 1920.

Mr. Marshall was explaining the rules of the contest and, to show how simple it would be, said, "I listened to some of the selections the other day during one of the practice periods and found there were two or three numbers I knew; in fact," he added, "I would know them in the dark."

A beautiful and inspiring side of George Edward Marshall was, I believe, never better evidenced than in the never-to-be-forgotten eulogy he delivered on the occasion of the death of Stanley Nordengren, prominent member of the class of 1920.

We, of that class, dearly loved "Sie," as he was known to us all, and Mr. Marshall, by his beautiful eulogy, made us realize all the more what we had lost.

RICHARD E. PETERSBERGER, '20.



It was with a deep feeling of regret that I first heard of the sudden death of my friend, adviser and disciplinarian, George Edward

Marshall. He was the outstanding man in my High School education, and during my college years it was a habit of mine to see him when I was at home.

Many are the chuckles when I reminisce of the days when I used to hand in excuses for being absent. From the door to Mr. Marshall's desk was short in distance but long in thought until the time arrived for me to move into position before the desk and I would be recognized with a "Well, ahem." My excuse was handed over; one look at the paper; a sharp glance at me, and he poised his pencil over the pad. A cryptic sentence: "Your writing is getting better, Elmer." A blue slip, a feeling of relief. Legitimate excuse or not, the feeling lingered. Stern, yet kind, he was the cornerstone of my education.

ELMER LAYDEN, '21.

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Among his many fine qualities, Mr. Marshall was certainly unique in his kindly, intimate and, withal, most helpful interest that he took in the lives of literally thousands of his pupils. He had a way of taking an active and yet most pointed interest in a fellow that strengthened the ties between the pupil, Mr. Marshall and the pupil's High School program.

A typical illustration of this was the way he spurred me on to greater efforts in a mathematics course in my senior year. I was in the cast of the senior class play and it was sort of an unwritten law that members of the cast would not be flunked in any subject. Mr. Marshall suspected (no doubt with good reason) that some members of the cast were putting a little too much faith in this unwritten law. I was in none too strong a position in my mathematics class. About three or four weeks before the close of school, Mr. Marshall stopped me in the corridor and said that it grieved him greatly to tell me that my chances of graduating were mighty slim because I probably would not pass that mathematics course. Despite renewed efforts on my part, he would stop me every now and then and say that he was just afraid I would not make it. My probability of graduating was almost too slim to be measured, he said.

On the night of the class play at the old Columbia Theater Mr. Marshall came back stage to pass on his pertinent remarks and reassuring pats on the shoulder. As he came to me he whispered that the miracle had happened, that I had passed the course and would graduate. Later on he told me that he hadn't intended to tell me until the night before graduation exercises, but Mrs. Marshall had thought it wasn't fair to keep me in suspense so long and that it was at her request that he told me when he did.

Looking back, I realize how effectively he handled that situation, phrasing his remarks with just the right touch to have the most stimulative effect on me. He endeavored to inspire the pupils with whom he came in contact to develop themselves to their best advantage, and he usually succeeded.

LAWRENCE EVANS, '21.



One of my most cherished memories of Mr. Marshall is the warm and affectionate way he had of always calling me by my nickname. Whenever I visited him in his office or passed him on the street, he refreshed me with his friendliness and understanding. The following conversation a short time before his death illustrates his genuineness and understanding of boys. I remarked to him that I thought it very strange that he didn't have a car after all these years—that it would be very convenient to run to town in as he so often had to.

"Well, Skibbie," was his remark, "I don't want to bother with one of the things. Besides, what do I need a car to run to town in when any kid here in school would be tickled to death to get out of class for a little while?"

ROBERT FOX, '22.



When one thinks of George Edward Marshall a series of vagrant memories comes to mind. One recalls not so much any single event in which he figured spectacularly; rather, one reviews a host of kindly interviews, salty scenes, friendly gestures. There were

The innumerable times one passed down Main Street in the late evening and saw a tiny bulb burning high overhead in the principal's office. If one were disposed, he might enter the building through the basement door, climb the stairs, push into the official office—and find a friend. Lost in a smoke cloud of Blue Boar tobacco and a maze of formal reports, George Edward would be sitting there, fingering his pencil, seemingly awaiting just such an errant stroller. He would offer you his time and his rich and witty wisdom. And, you would become aware, presently, of the many formal photographs and more informal snapshots of those others who had preceded you in his affections. These he cherished—stuck in every convenient crack and corner of his big roll-topped desk—they were his laurels. And on the vacationary visits that a large group of D. H. S. alumni paid him these pictures would be drawn out fondly and chuckled over

I remember, too, the profound and respectful quiet that prevailed when, on a fateful morning, he arose to deliver a sensitive and moving memorial to the president of the senior class, who had died that day There was also that time when he discovered me sending frightening, disciplinary notes to another student signed, artfully enough, with the familiar Marshall signature. He rewarded me, not with a rebuke, but with the tedious assignment of signing a batch of his routine letters. And his eyes twinkled

Then, who among his students fails to recall his intermittent and unannounced visits to classrooms. Whether we were studying

Latin, trigonometry, French or history, we would be subjected to an acid quizzing that was designed not to expose our ignorance but to spur our minds And there was his comic use of resounding phrases and archaic words And, at the start of each semester, (even as it might have been whispered at the end of his life) his traditional speech of welcome beginning, "If there are any errors of omission — —."

OTIS L. WIESE, '22.

I was thumbing through the pages of my 1922 class book, realizing for the first time perhaps the happy heritage that was ours in those crowded and contented years, when I came to the picture of Mr. Marshall. Once more I read his words, "As you recede into the background of happy memories you bear with you the lasting friendship and esteem of your sincere friend, George Edward Marshall." How like him was that simple sentiment!

Mr. Marshall has passed into the shadows. As he sleeps peacefully beyond Time I think back how very much his friendship meant to me. He was peculiarly aware of the problems I faced, the things I did, and conditions as they came. We wrote to each other frequently and freely. That correspondence I cherish as highly as my little personal visits I had from time to time in his office. On Saturdays when Blackhawk editorial work was done, I would drop in and chat with G. E. M. If there had to be any stiff formality between student and principal, it was dropped for those intimate Saturday morning visits. Nothing I later learned from textbooks stood by me as well as the humble philosophy I gained from Mr. Marshall in our talks together.

It is hard for me to think in terms of High School without bringing back memories of George Edward Marshall. I will always admire the rare devotion and enthusiasm he brought to his daily task. I cannot feel that Mr. Marshall is gone. All of us have carried away something of the spirit that was his, for "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

PHILIP D. ADLER, '22.

The writer was a member of the class of 1922, the last to spend a full four years—and then some—under the wing of George Edward Marshall. It may have been that Mr. Marshall saw with injured pride his temporal power over the youth of the town shortened a year by the advent of the Junior High Schools, and it may have been pure presumption on the part of the members of my class, but it always did seem that Mr. Marshall was closer to our group than to those who followed us. Conversation with members of both previous and subsequent classes would doubtless elicit the same sentiment—"George Edward" made you feel that his sole purpose of existence was to see you through the vicissitudes that High School discipline might bring.

He was not what is called a merry fellow, yet put small store by that which commonly passes as dignity. He was too big to be bothered by the manifold problems of his charges; indeed, when things seemed to be



all wrong, Mr. Marshall was at his best, growing in stature in the eyes of the student every minute. I think he endeared himself to the greater part of the student body by the consistently jaundiced eye he turned on the "grind," and, at the other end of the class, the loafer. He cared nothing about what one's grades were, except that if they happened to be very high, he thought they should be thus with less effort than when they were low. His anomalous viewpoint was that, by and large, real ability would be more likely to be found in the student having slightly below or slightly above average grades.

With Mr. Marshall's death, Davenport has lost a noble servant, and I, a loyal friend. But Mr. Marshall's influence on the school is deathless. No one will ever take his place there. In the school library, a motto hangs (or used to) which all should ponder, the while thinking of George Edward Marshall—"I am what is, what shall, what hath been."

RICHARD BALLARD, '22.



There was something of the showman about Mr. Marshall (we didn't call him "George Edward" until after graduation). I shall always remember his ability to rivet the attention of his audience at assembly whether by his whimsical searching of his pockets for his notes and, incidentally, the emptying of the contents on the platform table, or by his grim, almost dreadful, seriousness which he displayed to the gentlemen of my junior class the morning he tried to seek out the culprits who had emblazoned the class numerals on the Main Street portals of the High School building.

Perhaps Mr. Marshall's most outstanding trait was his unfailing loyalty to the student body, particularly the boys, for I believe that he considered the girls no more than a necessary evil. I believe that it was in 1922 when the newspapers seized upon a rather garbled account of events and openly pointed the finger of shame at certain irregularities alleged to have occurred during the course of a High School party at the Blackhawk Watchtower. The article did not pass unnoticed. Fred Speers and I, who were on the party committee, were promptly summoned to the front office bright and early the next morning and Mr. Marshall, after due investigation, saw that a complete denial was published that afternoon.

He was always ready and willing to fight for the honor of Davenport High.

WALTER I. HANSON, '23.

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One of the outstanding characteristics of George Edward Marshall was his ability to handle young men in a diplomatic way. I remember an instance in particular when I was at odds with one of my instructors. I

was sent to Mr. Marshall for a settlement of the difficulty. Mr. Marshall let me talk on and on with a long list of reasons why I thought I was right and the instructor wrong. Finally I grew bold and headstrong enough to say that I would not do as the instructor requested. Mr. Marshall looked at me in a kindly way and after some time said in a slow fatherly manner, "Now, George, I wouldn't say that." Needless to say he completely won me over to his viewpoint, settling the difficulty quickly and leaving all parties concerned in a good humor and with a high respect for his ability as an arbitrator.

GEO. W. VAN HOUTEN, '23.

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When I recall my school days in Davenport one event stands out clearly in my mind. I skipped school to hear the World Series. I thought I could slip one over on the principal; but my mother phoned Mr. Marshall telling him I had skipped school and was bringing an excuse written by a friend.

As was Mr. Marshall's way, he let me think I was putting it over for half a day. Then he called me to his office. Instead of the usual punishment meted out by most principals he talked to me like a father. He pointed out a code of honor which I shall never forget.

Mr. Marshall did much toward shaping the characters of the boys and girls with whom he came in contact.

LEONARD E. HUNN, '24.



It was in April, 1923, that the Boys' Glee Club left by a Pullman for Cleveland, Ohio. The occasion was the Biennial Convention of Music Supervisors, at which the Glee Club was to appear. It became the task of George Edward Marshall to guide the youngsters in their meanderings about the city.

Those who participated will recall the fatherly way that Mr. Marshall adjusted neckties, collars and the like before the jaunt from the Pullman to the Dutch Mill Cafeteria. Here he would steer a long line of hungry Davenporters through the many aisles. Each time on the way out he would make a careful and well enunciated count of the number before proceeding to the convention hall. This always brought a burst of laughter in which he heartily joined.

When the time came for the club to enter the stage Mr. Marshall was so busily engaged that he narrowly escaped being crowded on to the platform. Had the boys had their way he would have been.

Each night there was much running back and forth from the car to the business district. On passing the "headquarters berth" some brave fellow would peek in to see if Mr. Marshall was asleep. If he was, then there was no necessity for asking permission to go to



town. Mr. Marshall had the faculty for sleeping through more noise and boyish racket than could be deemed possible.

HENRY N. NEUMAN, '24.

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George Edward Marshall was no doubt one of the best known figures in the State of Iowa, and one of the outstanding authorities on athletics, chiefly their organization in high schools. His popularity was one of the outstanding features at an athletic event.

While a student at the University of Iowa, I had the pleasure of being the guest of Mr. Marshall at a Big Ten dinner. There were present at this event all the athletic directors and coaches of the Big Ten universities and also all the members of the respective university track teams that competed in the Big Ten outdoor meet on that day. As I walked into the dining hall of the Memorial Union with Mr. Marshall, he was immediately surrounded by a great number of men, among them being the Athletic Director of Purdue University, Mr. Yost, Athletic Director of the University of Michigan, A. A. Stagg, from the University of Chicago, and many other prominent figures in the athletic field of the Big Ten schools, who greeted him with a warm handshake and with, "How are you, George Edward?" He knew everyone and everyone knew him and they were all anxious to seek his views on the various problems that were confronting them.

The respect and admiration that he commanded from these prominent figures in the athletic world was paralleled with the love and affection that was shown him by his pupils. He had a good word for everyone; no matter what creed, color or nationality, to him they were all alike, human beings struggling for the same end and deserving the same friendly greeting that he gave to all.

With the passing of George Edward Marshall ended the career of one of the most colorful figures in high school athletics in the Middle-West.

NATHAN GRANT, '24.

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It is difficult to express one's thoughts about friendship; there are so many intangible things one feels which seem trite when expressed in words, and which strike the hearer or reader as inconsequential, or silly, or worse. These thoughts are none the less real, and, if intangible, are certainly substantial enough to be valuable. Because abstract expression is so ineffectual, an incident may serve to exemplify those qualities which I appreciated and which, I am sure, endeared Mr. Marshall to those hundreds of children and men and women who knew him:

The year following my graduation I saw Mr. Marshall frequently, since my youthful attentions were centered strongly upon a young lady then at High School. I assumed the extreme fondness which I felt for my former principal was mutual, and thereupon entered into a shameless exploitation of his friendship. I was exceedingly fond of my friendship and took no pains to conceal from the young lady that there were few things, if any, Mr. Marshall would not do for me; and

it was to quiet a strong feminine skepticism on this point that I arranged the proof. Having during my High School years entered the inner shrine—Mr. Marshall's office—with little trepidation, I now brazenly went in with a request to see the young lady who was at the time supposedly busy in the library. To my utter amazement Mr. Marshall entered into the spirit of the adventure (it was spring) and together we went to the library. In a minute he returned from within with a rather frightened young lady in tow, and, with no other indication that this was at all unusual than a more pronounced twinkle in his eye, this very sporting gentleman turned on his heel leaving a smug young man and a stupefied young lady standing in the corridor.

JOHN KEATLEY, '24.



It happened one morning in early November, 1923—that incident I like best to recall when thinking of "George Edward."

Study Room A buzzed excitedly. Roll call was being taken before students filed into the auditorium for a football "pep rally." The rustle of papers, scuffling of feet on the floor and low whispers blended together in a sound I haven't forgotten in ten years.

A hush fell over the study room. "George Edward" had slipped into the room through the center door. Clad in a gray tweed suit and wearing a vivid blue tie of which he was inordinately fond, he turned down one of the aisles in that soft, measured tread. Hundreds of eyes watched him move down the aisle. Here he stopped at a desk and patted someone on the head. It might have been "Sis" White or "Lewie" Wareham or "Dutch" Asman or "Happy" Jebens or anyone else in the room. A few steps further down the aisle he again stopped and exchanged a greeting. With whom he passed the time of day I don't remember, but I repeat the statement it could have been with any one of the hundreds of seniors in the room. He knew them all.

Reaching the end of the row, he turned and started up the aisle on which my desk was located. After greeting a couple of more students "George Edward" reached my desk and laid a newspaper clipping on it with the soft-spoken admonition, "Do something about this!"

"This," as he termed it, was the printed tirade of a Clinton paper against the Red and Blue football team which had lost to Clinton, 6 to 0, the Saturday before. Davenport's loss to Clinton had knocked into a cocked hat the chances of the Red and Blue for a state championship that year. Clinton was crowing about it and "George Edward's" ire was aroused.

That afternoon John Keatley, Bob Goddard and I joined in writing one of the most radi-



cal "anti-Clinton" articles which The Blackhawk ever printed. We put all the sarcasm and bitterness we could into that article. It was what "George Edward" wanted. "George Edward" was a good loser, just as he was a generous winner, but he would not let the Red and Blue be trampled on after the game was lost.

Months later it pleased him when Davenport's basketball team beat Clinton's quintet and later when Coach Jess Day's track team left Clinton, together with the other competitors, far behind in the Augustana indoor meet.

FRED SPEERS, '24.



Back in the spring of 1923 the last Kids Day put on by the senior class was in progress. The seniors were organizing themselves into a parade, and the juniors were waiting for a good chance to break up the parade. "Buck" Brookhart and I were sitting out on the monument on Main Street getting all set for some fun.

No doubt Mr. Marshall noticed us from his office window, for ere long he was hurrying down the walk in our direction. "Say there, you two, I don't want to see either of you mixed up in this rough stuff today." He didn't have to say a word more. We knew just what and how he meant it. As anxious as "Buck" and I were to throw a few eggs (not fresh) at the haughty seniors, Mr. Marshall's warning held us tighter than ropes.

HERBERT H. JEBENS, '24.

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The figure of George Edward Marshall is closely bound up with the many memories I have of Davenport High School. It is difficult for me to realize that this genial, great hearted man no longer walks the familiar corridors, speaking to each student, remembering his name, his interests and ambitions. To me he was the embodiment of the great teacher, for with all his learning he had a place in his heart for every student of the Davenport High School. George Edward Marshall will not be forgotten.

WILBUR F. CANNON, '25.

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Those years which were probably the greatest formative period of my life embraced a close association with George Edward Marshall.

Many are the occasions when I took refuge in his confidence for counsel, inspiration and aid. Social visits with him were among the happiest in my life; the rich memory of intimate contact with G.E.M. provides meaty substance for reminiscences.

Any character so approachable and so indelibly written on the minds of the legion that passed under his administration signifies

a colorful personality—a lasting memorial to his name.

His last written message to me during my university days remains a prized possession.

I am thankful for what he was to me: a true friend.

BERT E. DERRY, '25.

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I can not fail to appreciate the interest Mr. Marshall took in me as a student and friend. I feel he had much interest in the girls, but boys were just his hobby.

I recall many personal contacts with Mr. Marshall. During my senior year I was called to the office one day and Mr. Marshall greeted my perturbed look with his sympathetic understanding countenance and informed me I was to teach at Grant School the following two days. Filling a vacancy, I felt, was a huge task and I needed much encouragement. Mr. Marshall inspired me with confidence. Several weeks later he stopped me in the corridor to inquire about the teaching. He never forgot anything.

After graduating it was a number of years before I saw our friend, but he called me by name and inquired as to my teaching as a career and of LeRoy Wagner, the boy of my High School romance.

SALESTA WENDLAND WAGNER, '25.

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In death few men live as intensely and as vividly as in life. George Edward Marshall is of that select category. The influence which he exerted over all who came in contact with him and particularly those in his charge was that of a friend and counsellor. Those of us who knew "George Edward," and there are many, were benefited by his quiet manner, his gentle philosophy, his unique insight, his tolerance and his homely idiosyncrasies. Here was a father of none but a father to many.

KARL K. VOLLMER, '25.



I feel Mr. Marshall was a great psychologist. I knew him very intimately, as I had many pleasant as well as unpleasant sessions with him during my three years under his jurisdiction.

Mr. Marshall became very stern and effective after a Juniors' Day when I helped shave a certain senior's head, and sent me home telling me never to come back. I left and returned every morning for about a week teasing Mr. Marshall to permit me to come back. When he felt I had been duly punished he permitted me to return.

I never lost my good will or affection for "George Edward," and I felt his kindly advice was appreciated more as years rolled by.

LEROY A. WAGNER, '25.



This incident involved several fellows of my own age and our late Mr. Marshall. The place was the front section of Study Room B. It seemed that most of the fellows at that time were rather airminded. We had mis-spent our study period in the construction of paper aeroplanes and were delighted to see them soar and glide through the air; of course, the flight of each plane was timed so that the study room supervisor could not observe its graceful ascension and final landing.

One of the boys was the then small "Fleabite" Rush. He was very much engrossed in the sport of the moment. One plane seemingly misguided made its landing several rows of seats away from him and in retrieving the lost plaything it was necessary for him to crawl on his hands and knees that he might not be seen by the teacher. Very carefully and cautiously "Fleabite" crawled under the seats and at last held the treasured toy in his hands. The return trip was likewise apparently successful. He reached his seat and slipped into it with a triumphant look of joy—until he turned around and there standing beside him was Mr. Marshall. "Fleabite's" face turned to a crimson red when he realized that he had been apprehended. What thoughts raced through his mind in the next few seconds no one ever knew. There was no doubt, though, that he visioned some severe punishment falling on his head. However, Mr. Marshall pierced through the element of misconduct and saw the humor of the situation. He patted "Fleabite" on the head, crumpled the forbidden aeroplane in his hand and smilingly walked away. He knew "kids."

MARLIN HAKENDORF, '26.



Memories of the late George Edward Marshall come flowing back to me. He isn't really gone, for so much of his vibrant personality lives on in the minds and hearts of students of the Davenport High School.

I see him now in his natty gray suit, his flaming red necktie. His hand goes into his pocket, brings forth an immaculate handkerchief which he unfolds precisely. The morning assembly period is officially opened.

Mr. Marshall's appearance was that of an intelligent, alert individual. His bearing suggested a distinguished dignity. However, there was nothing austere about the man. It was evident he did not regard himself as the embodiment of Law and Order. Rather, he held himself a friend to all his students.

Once he noticed a boy who looked somewhat the worse for wear. His tones were coldly reproving as he inquired, "Young man, what's the matter with you?"

"Too much punch last night."

Then the twinkle in Mr. Marshall's eye grew more pronounced.

"Got any left?"

KATHRYN SMITH BUTLER, '26.



There is one little incident which I shall never forget which illustrates Mr. Marshall's keen sense of humor. During my senior year at D. H. S. I was the proud possessor of a rattletrap Ford roadster sans top or protection of any kind.

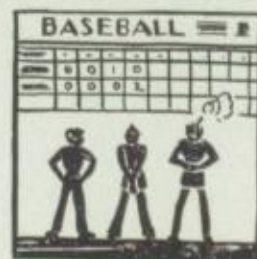
Knowing that I had a car, but unaware of the kind or its condition, "George Edward" called me out of class one day to drive him to a certain appointment. It was with some trepidation that I directed him to our means of transportation; however, my fears were groundless, for with a hearty laugh he said, "Well, Jack, I'm not proud. Let's go."

Thereafter on even the coldest days it was a common occurrence for us to brave the elements, with "George Edward" clinging to the side of the car with one hand and to his hat with the other. He afterward confessed that he became quite attached to the old puddle-jumper.

I wouldn't take anything for these pleasant contacts and cherished memories of one of the staunchest friends I ever had.

JACK L. SHUMATE, '26 Class President.

It would not be unusual for a stranger to wonder why graduates were so often seen about the halls of the High School. The casual observer could not realize that behind it all was a man whose character and personality was an institution—a man whose list of friends would approach the proportions of a city directory. With me, as with so many others, it was always a source of great pleasure to drop in at every opportunity and renew the friendship. Those frequent visits will be sorely missed by us all. JACK SOLLER, '26.



While there are scores of pleasant memories of the one and only George Edward Marshall in my mind, one, which at the time was rather unpleasant, made the deepest imprint.

It was one of those balmy spring days when the out-of-doors beckons so appealingly. Having only one afternoon class and dreading the prospect of spending the remainder of the afternoon in Study Room A, I decided to take "French leave."

Several of us were listening to the broadcast of a Cubs-Giants baseball game in front



of a radio store on Brady Street, when Mr. Marshall walked up to us, placed his hands on two of our shoulders, and said, "It's a fine day for a baseball game, isn't it?" We were a little disconcerted to say the least, but Mr. Marshall soon made us feel at ease. He remained with us for a while, listening to the game, as if it were perfectly natural that we weren't at school. Just before he left, however, he looked at each of us and, with a twinkle in his eyes, said, "It's a shame, isn't it, that baseball games and this fine spring weather can't change white slips to blue ones?"

Several years later, while a student at the University of Iowa, I met Mr. Marshall in front of the Jefferson Hotel in Iowa City one afternoon. His first words were, "Hello, Bud. What, no classes this afternoon? Or maybe there's a baseball game. How about it?"

GEORGE E. BISCHOFF, '26.

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Who doesn't remember our dear principal, Mr. George Edward Marshall, strolling through the study rooms? Occasionally he would stop at a desk and inquire how Dick was getting along in geometry, and tell Ruth how splendid her acting was in the last play. And those little words of encouragement meant a lot to us.

The personal interest he took in his students, which numbered 1,400 at that time, was remarkable. He would write remarks on our report cards, and these were real inspirations to us. His gentle pat on the back of the athletes made them feel they couldn't lose the game for love or money.

Mr. Marshall was one of us! I've even known him to get so chummy as to change neckties with the boys. He was always ready to help us. He wasn't a man who talked a lot, but he thought a lot, and the memory of him will live in our hearts forever.

HELEN FRAHM, '27.

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To the thousands of us who passed our three prep school years under Mr. Marshall, his passing isn't quite comprehensible. We find it almost impossible to conceive the crowded corridors of D. H. S. without his familiar face hovering somewhere in the vicinity, because we had come to look upon him as an institution, an inseparable part of the High School we knew and loved.

As one passes from high school to college and then on out into a not too kindly world one takes along certain memories of persons and incidents one has known—memories that are not permitted to fall unmourned into the chaos of the past. With the most cherished of these memories filed neatly away in the breasts of D. H. S. alumni, Mr. Marshall is closely associated, and as long as they live he will live.

Mr. Marshall is remembered not so much because he was a principal or because he was associated with a happy era in the life of all of us, but because he proved an understanding and lasting adviser. To the average high school student such a confidant is a rarity, for he considers himself misunderstood and most of his elders are too hasty in their analysis

to satisfy him. With the calm quiet and patient air, born of years of association with his students, Mr. Marshall was able to fill that need for many of us. That debt of gratitude we will never be able to pay.

Thinking back over the years (not too many of them) it is with little effort that one draws a mental picture of Mr. Marshall. His white hair, erect figure, slow easy gate, all stand out. Pushing these recollections for recognition are memories of his ready wit, his quiet and deliberate manner of speaking and his smile.

But it is necessary to stem this flow of reveries, lest accusations of trite sentimentalism be rightfully levied. It is sufficient to close with one incident—one that to me is typical of the man.

Strangely enough it happened after I had completed my High School term. I had returned rather condescendingly to my old haunts after a year at Columbia, full of stories of metropolitan wonders. During a brief conversation with Mr. Marshall I spoke glibly of the metropolis, my new alma mater and people I had met. Mr. Marshall listened quietly for I was doing most of the talking.

When I began to run down, he remarked quietly, "Yes, Lamoyne, it's a wonderful city and you're mighty fortunate to be able to attend Columbia and to realize all that living in a large city means, but don't you find it a lonesome place at times?"

He had punctured my illusion with a word and I suddenly realized that he knew more about what I had been through during the last year than I did.

Funny how you remember things of this sort after a few years. But as I said before no one will ever be able to repay the debt of gratitude we owe him.

LAMOYNE JONES, '28.



It was my good fortune to become quite well acquainted with Mr. Marshall during my regime as business manager of the High School Yearbook and student paper. While I was acting in that capacity, a particularly humorous incident happened. The episode occurred during a sunny spring afternoon when I, with Mr. Marshall's permission, walked into his office. Said I, "Mr. Marshall, I believe I had better use the afternoon to get some advertising for the next issue of our paper."

At this very point, one of those lovable, frequent smiles appeared and then he said, "That will be all right, Ellsworth, and—by the way—how is your golf game now?" His ability to foretell my premeditated afternoon's occupation was slightly flustering, but Mr. Marshall alleviated the tense situation by a pat on the back and an expression of, "Run along and have a good time."



Since then, I have often thought of Mr. Marshall's deep human interest and understanding. To me, at least, his handling of the situation was far more efficient than the use of a reprimand.

ELLSWORTH FERSCH, '28.

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I shall always distinctly recollect as one of the inseparable elements of my three year stay at the High School, the kind, genial figure of Mr. Marshall. As he stood attentively at the sidelines watching his proteges represent the school on the gridiron, as he delivered his terse announcements at the morning assembly period, or as he talked sympathetically to some poor little lost sophomore girl, he represented the spirit of Davenport High.

KEITH I. PARSONS, '29.

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Looking back in retrospective I see that even in the times when I was wrong or on the weak side of the picture that I could find guidance and assistance from Mr. Marshall after I had learned to differentiate between the principal and the man. Severe as his position may have demanded that he appear at times, his thoughts were seldom so.

How many of us will forget that memorable eighth period in "A" when the room got out of the supervisor's control, when aged eggs moved to new and sudden resting places, when nails clattered their way down the air chute. Then in response to a call to the office our principal appeared at the back of the room. I think that he was felt before he was heard. Soon the room was deathly still as we all fell back somewhat abashed before his piercing eyes that showed how much he was moved by the scene. After that the room was in order without office assistance.

On the night that I learned of the death of Mr. Marshall I joined in the group that excitedly rushed around at Iowa U. discussing this thing that just couldn't have happened. I think that within an hour all the Davenporters knew of it and were telling each other about it. And so it went—and it had to be true.

When the alums filtered back from the various schools shortly before the end of the spring term you would soon find most of them resuming their old strolling through the corridors, reviving old memories and acquaintances. This spring many of us will neglect to return to our corridor tours; to return would bring regrets that would wipe out the picture that Time is fast erasing of its own accord. Somewhere in our wanderings we would be greeted by the genial personality who was as solicitous of our welfare as he was in our love-smitten and exam-flunking adolescence. If we remained long enough we would meet him again. This time we would encounter a thinly disguised show at an attempted exasperation at our lingering and queries concerning our efforts to return when he thought he was rid of us forever. No, few of us will return to our rounds of the old school; for the alums there will never again be springtime in the corridors.

KENNETH RISTAU, '29.

One of the first bits of information that I received on entering High School was, "Beware Mr. Marshall; he doesn't like girls." I believed it all, and consequently I walked on my tiptoes past "George Edward's" office.

After many encounters with him, I decided that Mr. Marshall didn't dislike girls. He was friendly toward many girls, but usually only after he had frightened them thoroughly. Once a girl saw through his bluff, she was never frightened again.

Mr. Marshall often barked when he had no intention of biting. He no doubt had to do this as a protective measure. I never will forget the time I went in to ask for a special Blackhawk staff meeting during school hours. He told me "no" in no uncertain terms. I was ready to run, and I must have shown it in my face. He immediately began to ask for my arguments. Need I add that we had our special meeting? Now the occasion of the meeting was to present Mr. Marshall and the two advisers of The Blackhawk with books as Christmas presents. I am sure Mr. Marshall enjoyed his book all the more when he realized how nearly we came to not having that meeting.

NELLE B. TRAER, '29.



When I feel discouraged and somewhat downhearted, I usually let my mind wander to the days when I was a carefree and somewhat mischievous student at High School. There is one incident that always comes to mind and tends to make me forget my woes.

Picture, if you can, a tall, lean, red-headed youth, seated at a desk in a study hall, gazing intently and somewhat crestfallen at a copy of Cicero. This youth was myself. I had been having a great deal of difficulty with the translation of my Latin, and was resting my head on my hands with my elbows acting as props.

While thus engaged, I heard light footsteps in the aisle and felt a hand ruffling my flaming mop of hair. A sympathetic voice asked, "What's the matter, Reddy?"

I looked up, and there stood Mr. Marshall! I struggled for an answer and finally replied, "I can't get this darned Latin."

At his bidding I slid over in the seat, and he sat down. With scarcely a pause, he read passage after passage, and I was highly surprised, for I was of the opinion that no one could read and translate Latin without pausing for a considerable length of time at the beginning of each sentence. Suddenly he arose, and, with a "Does that help, Reddy?" he departed as silently as he had come.

So, when I feel discouraged and permit my mind to dwell on bygone days, I derive a great deal of comfort from my memories by pretending that I again hear light footsteps coming toward me, a friendly hand mussing my hair, and a kind voice asking, "What's the matter, Reddy?"

ROBERT SASS, '29.



It has been well said by Emil Ludwig, I believe, that 'tis the anecdote which best defines the personality, and many are the sparkling anecdotes which flash from the brilliantly polished facets of G. E. M.'s personality. But one side of his character in particular was ever a source of wonder to me—his disposition. Often jovial, sometimes gruff, and on occasions even severe, there was in everything he did an undercurrent of justice which rendered futile any inclination one might have to resist his discipline. I well remember one noon in the cafeteria when I was trying to do a bit of last minute translation before class, but found progress impossible because of the unholy delight my companions took in annoying me. At last when I could endure no more, someone came up behind me, burying both hands in my hair and ducking my head to the table. I swung about jabbing into my assailant's thigh an eversharp pencil I was holding. Then, much to my discomfiture, I discovered that my tormentor was Mr. Marshall. But he merely shook his head and went limping down the aisle ruefully rubbing his leg.

AUSTIN BOWMAN, '29.

. . .

In thinking over the memories of Mr. Marshall which I retain I have decided that the following sentence expresses my sentiments perhaps better than anything else I could write: "MY friend and interested in ME." I can say this because Mr. Marshall was like that.

BERTRAM METCALF, '30.



One morning during the first part of my 10B semester, I was hurrying to get to Study Room X before the last bell rang. In my dash down the stairway leading to the basement, I almost collided with a man coming up the steps. To avoid him, I clutched at the banister, my books flying from under my arm and littering the stairway with loose papers. I myself sat down most suddenly upon the cement steps.

And then I looked up and saw that the man was Mr. Marshall himself! Fairly purple with embarrassment, I stammered some sort of apology as he helped me to my feet. I expected, of course, that he would be angry, for students had been warned not to run through the halls or up and down the stairways. But, strangely, he was not angry. Instead, he made some joking remark about " . . . these little girls . . . they study so late that they can't get to school on time in the morning," and went off shaking his head, with the kindest twinkle in his brown eyes.

After that, I always thought of Mr. Marshall as he had looked that morning—shaking his head jokingly at the infinite stupidity

of "these little girls" and smiling with his eyes.

Often he would come into a classroom during a recitation and stand before the class with his arms folded, looking very solemn, as though about to make some drastic announcement. Then suddenly his eyes would sparkle and he would make some very subtly amusing remark. At once the tension in the room would be gone, and the class would laugh with him.

It was always that way, whether during an auditorium period, in a classroom or in his office—Mr. Marshall was never long without a joke—his eyes never long without their characteristic little twinkle.

ELIZABETH BRODERS, '30.

. . .

George Edward Marshall, or more affectionately called "George Edward" by many of us, was the most sincere friend and trusted pal any fellow student could wish for. We students will always remember him kindly, because of his understanding ways and good sportsmanship.

Many of us will remember that his frequent visits to the study room were always announced by a familiar little cough, giving everyone a chance to put away his or her tomfoolery or entertainment detracting from studies.

Mr. Marshall was always a great lover of athletics. His interest in his students and their success was so great that no matter how severe the weather or how busy he was, he always attended the games with a big smile and a friendly handshake for everyone present.

I can truthfully say that during my years at D. H. S., Mr. Marshall was more like an understanding father than a principal to me.

RAY SPORE, '30.

. . .

Most of us who were graduated from Davenport High in the class of 1930 can distinctly remember what an inspiring person George Edward Marshall was. He was always in an exuberant mood and took an active part in nearly all of the student undertakings—and now, three years later, he is gone. It can hardly be realized.

A picture of that venerable man will always be impressed on our minds, especially as he stood before the student body in a general assembly, wiping his face with his large handkerchief just prior to the reading of the day's announcements. (He never failed to draw his handkerchief from his pocket during an auditorium period.)

The thought of him brings to me a reminiscence of the study period during the sixth hour when he used to come in and walk down the aisles and say a few words to those who were in the room. Rarely would he ever stop at a girl's seat for he did not seem to be as interested in them as he was in the boys. He would creep up on you from the rear and run his hand through your hair, and more than



once I bet he left the room with his hands greasy from the stacomb that the boys used then.

He hardly ever missed a day to come in and help me get my Virgil (don't tell Miss Bates); and even as far advanced in age as he was, he could still read it fluently.

JERRY A. JURGENS, '30.

My experience as a former editor of The Blackhawk and the Yearbook of 1931 offered me the opportunity to come in contact with Mr. Marshall very frequently. Never on such occasions would he fail to give me a sufficient part of his busy time.

At times a contribution to the paper was asked of him. Never did he fail to cooperate with the staff, although each time he would remark that he thought his words would be of very little interest to the students. The actual student reaction was just the opposite. Most of his articles contained his ever-present humorous conception of events. I recall one in particular which explained the procedure of an intended High School picnic . . . "The weather man is going to be good, the music will be good, the sports will be good and the aforesaid 'hot dogs' will be the best that kennels can supply." . . .

Mr. Marshall's likeable characteristics were many, but I remember one that never failed to lend encouragement to me in various undertakings. Very often upon meeting him in the corridors he would approach me, place his hands on my shoulder, look me straight in the eye, and ask, "Is everything all right, Ernie?" If "yes" were the answer, he would appear satisfied and continue on his way. If "no" were the response, he would immediately assure me that his support and authority were available to aid the situation.

ERNEST HUECKSTEADT, '31.

Mr. Marshall's odd brand of humor always pleased me. Due to his unusual ability of remembering his countless sons and daughters, the application of his humorous sense was surely distinctive.

My experience was involved in a letter I received from Mr. Marshall one summer while I was visiting out West. It was a torrid spell and on account of loneliness, his discomfort was increased. He wrote—"Our July brand has been 100 to 105 right along. * * * Things much the same here, only very quiet about the halls of D. H. S. I see some of our inmates now and then. * * * Everything will be ready for you at the drop of the hat! Take care of yourself, son."

EDGAR BECKWITH, '31.

The little tragedy occurred one beautiful spring day near the end of the Jackson regime. All of the loyal subjects turned out in full for their fried hams on white or toasted peanutbutter. Time passed quickly due to the witty repartee of the gay company, and the call to duty approached without being heeded, until—alas, there was not a moment to spare! Realizing only too late the great disaster and not wishing to face the disgrace

of a half hour after school (did I mention before that the day was beautiful?), they decided to disperse and show up early the next day for blue slips. (Hope blooms eternal.)

The officials, however, insensitive to the warm sunshine and sky, worked like demons. Telephone wires buzzed all afternoon. The news had broken! And upon our return the blue slips were not forthcoming.

There was a shadow on every brow as the group filed out of that room. I think I must have managed my shadow with greater skill than my companions, for I was stopped at the foot of the stairs and beckoned to the office. Mr. Marshall waited till every one else had left, then turned to me very solemnly and asked if I had missed anything very serious. To which I woefully wailed "French" and went on to explain how the river or any other form of self-destruction seemed as nothing compared to showing my white slip in that class. I was then ordered to remain as forlorn as possible for appearance sake,—but in some miraculous way the ghostly paper began to assume a bluish cast.

ELIZABETH KEATLEY, '31.

Jack and Joanne of tomorrow will never know what they missed. A tender pat, being called by your right name, Johnny or Mary, and a sincere inquiry into what interested you most and what was always on your mind at the time, whether it was public speaking, dramatics or athletics, made you feel that you were not as insignificant as you imagined. I will always remember Mr. Marshall stroking his chin with his hand and flashing you an ever present smile of amusement.

MIKE LAYDEN, '31.

For those who have attended D. H. S. within the last twenty years, to remember High School is to remember Mr. Marshall. Who can think of aud without seeing the man who walked across that platform, a sheaf of papers in his hand, and stood waiting until the boisterous crowd before him calmed, feeling the power of his presence? There was his way of smiling, of stroking his chin, of making side remarks to those in the front row. There was his thundering voice denouncing this or that, which made the culprits squirm in their seats, and those who weren't feel as though they were. There were quips that sent ripples of laughter over the big room, remarks couched in terms far beyond high school vocabularies.

There have been pep talks and pep talks from that stage, but none like Mr. Marshall's. He gave us a sense of importance, a feeling that after all we weren't youngsters any more, but young men and women who could do things.

Awards were always being made—athletic, forensic, commercial. No matter how many there were, he had a way of pausing before each that set it apart. Stentorian tones announced the winner; the vibrant silence as he walked up the aisle, the flip of the hand as he received his trophy, the nod, friendly smile



and word of congratulation that went with it set him apart from all those hundreds in the background; he was an individual.

In a school that large it was impossible that the average student should have extensive personal contact with Mr. Marshall. Yet he was never a mere figurehead; only the very bad and the very good knew him individually, but the rest of us knew him personally. He did not have the remote, pedestal position that heads of large institutions are apt to. The man who strolled through study hall, with a nod here and a word there, was a man who knew young people and understood them thoroughly. He was familiar with their young mistakes, but he respected their potentialities. That is why Mr. Marshall is so inseparably a part of the high school lives of several thousand young people.

JANET REDFIELD, '31.

• • •

I am taking the liberty of recalling several incidents in an effort to portray the influence of Mr. Marshall over one of the many grateful students whose lives he guided and shaped.

I remember one hot, sultry, June afternoon in a crowded study hall. It was the last period, and there was an air of restlessness and nervous tension hovering over all. I was a freshman, and as such, was making an ineffective and half-hearted attempt to grasp the meaning of one of Caesar's experiences in his Belgian campaign. The assignment was but thirty lines long, yet over half the period had passed and my wandering mind had succeeded in translating but one sentence. In fact, at the very moment I was dreaming of a cool swim when I felt a soft hand gently placed on my head and heard a low voice murmur in my ear, "That looks rather familiar, son; let's see how much I can remember." Looking up in astonishment and recognizing Mr. Marshall, I moved over in my seat, though I could not imagine exactly how he and I were going to subdue Julius Caesar.



He sat down beside me, and inquired where we began. I determined to make the most of this heaven-sent opportunity and started him a full page back of the day's work. He placed a long finger on the first line and in a loud whisper began to translate. I do not recollect the passage, but I surely have not forgotten his method of translation. One moment he would almost hurl an entire sentence forth, the words fairly tumbling over one another in his eagerness to get them out from below that little moustache; the next few moments, only one word would escape; every now and then he would stop entirely and give me an impatient and gently chiding look which I usually interpreted as ask-

ing for the meaning of the particular word his finger lighted on. As a whole all went smoothly, although we had to skip one or two phrases that neither of us could quite straighten out. Just before the bell rang, he finished with a note of triumph in his voice. Another pat on the head, a "That's enough for today," and my fellow translator had gone.

Three years passed. The book was Virgil's Aeneid; the place was a small classroom with but ten fourth year students, not the crowded study hall. The period had just started, and the gods had decreed that I should be called upon to inform my classmates of the descent of Aeneas into Erebus. The only difficulty was that while my translation was supposed to be prepared, it was by necessity going to be a sight effort. I cleared my throat, put a knowing look on my face, breathed a prayer to Jupiter and muttered a few words. A glance at the frowning brow of the shocked teacher convinced me that those few words were wrong. I started over again in desperation; however, the gods had heard me, and relief was not far off, for at that moment the door slowly opened and Mr. Marshall walked in. He looked at me, turned to the instructor, and asked, "Where are we now?" "Here, Mr. Marshall, right here," I almost shouted, thrusting my book into his hands.

"Hmmm, harder than I thought! Let's hear you translate it, Robert." There was a twinkle in his eye as he made this last remark that seemed highly suspicious. I endeavored to pour my whole soul forth in an appealing glance at him. For once I was successful. "There is no sense in hearing you recite, Robert, for I'm positive that you know it; let me have your book, and I'll see how much I can remember." I never could be sure, but I am almost positive that he slightly drew down the eyelid over his left eye as he made the last statement.

One more incident and perhaps our fragmental picture will assume a more definite form. The time was after my graduation in September, 1932. I was preparing to return to college, but before I left Davenport like a magnet the old High School drew me to its precincts. I slowly walked up the broad stairs, paused a moment in the halls, and then turned instinctively and entered his office. Sure enough, there was Mr. Marshall behind the counter, and my heart leaped as I watched his face light up at the sight of me. Then followed the same old pat on the head, the same old hearty greeting, the same, never failing interest in my college activities. I mentioned the recent reports of his illness; he laughed, and I thought no more of it. I do not remember all we said. At last the time came for our parting; and I can still feel his hand on my head, see his eyes with just the trace of a tear in them, and hear his voice with but the suggestion of a break in it. "I'm mighty proud of what you have done, Bob, and I expect even greater things of you in the future. Don't forget me when you are away—drop me just a line now and then, and the first time you are home, don't fail to see me. God bless you, boy."

ROBERT KRAMER JR., '31.



One of our instructors had been obliged to leave the class for a full period and had no sooner departed than the students decided to conduct things in their own manner and proceeded to enjoy a great deal of noise. (I was informed afterwards that a class in the room below were afraid that the plaster might fall on them.)

Things were at their best when into the general pandemonium walked Mr. Marshall, who after eyeing us speculatively for a moment, remarked, "You fellas pipe down and make it snappy."

With this bit of advice he walked from the room leaving us to ponder upon things in general—in deep silence.

A little later in the day when Mr. Marshall saw me, he winked and said, "Too bad I had to interrupt the party."

ESTHER KLEIN, '32.

• • •

One day as my senior class was reciting on early English literature, Mr. Marshall came in and began firing questions about the Bible at the "highly rated" seniors. Those who remember Mr. Marshall's knowledge of the Bible will realize the fact that the seniors were due for a workout on this subject.

Mr. Marshall fired the first question at me, because I was half asleep. He wanted to know why the characters in the early English novels, plays, and poems were frequently named Peter, Paul and John. I finally answered this question after beating around the bush for several minutes before I hit upon the answer that it was because these were saints' names. I settled back in my seat with a sigh of relief; I was through for the day in English.

The final outcome of the Bible test was not so good for the seniors and Mr. Marshall decided that we could spend a few hours to good advantage in Bible study.

WILLIAM RITTER JR., '32.

• • •

Mr. Marshall always acted as a second father to me, watching my wandering steps lest they lead me into mischief, yet ever ready to help when the occasion arose. He won my instant admiration by possessing complete faith in the ability of my Ford, so that we spent many enjoyable hours riding together. In my opinion he was one of the few great educators that could see the same things the students saw. His, "Come on, fellows, how about a big D?" will perpetuate his memory.

JOHN BORNHOLDT, '32.

• • •

A group of about thirty students were standing at the Main Street entrance, talking and laughing. "What a grand day to play hooky!" was the general exclamation of the crowd.

It seemed an unusually long period, but still we didn't hear the bell. Suddenly someone looked at his watch—was it wrong? No, it couldn't be! But it read 1:20! We were late! Then thirty frantic boys and girls rushed into the building. At the top of the steps stood Mr. Marshall and directed us to Room 19 where he took our names and

numbers. For our carelessness he told us to leave for the rest of the day.

"But what shall we do?" asked a brave voice.

"Do anything you like. I don't care what you do. Go up to the park and feed the swans," was the reply.

"But we haven't anything with which to feed them," someone ventured.

"Well, here's a nickle to buy some crackers."

Those were the orders meant presumably severe, but who could escape seeing the twinkle in his eye?

DOROTHY SCHULLER, '33.

• • •

The following is an excerpt from the speech of Mr. Marshall at the Noncommissioned Officers Club meeting during the spring semester of 1932. The place was the Lend-A-Hand Club and the meeting occurred on the evening following inspection.

"You looked fine to me, fellows; of course, I don't know much about military inspections, but I was proud of you. Of course, some little nut had to fall on his nose right in front of the inspector. I never could quite figure why he didn't pick some place in the rear where no one could see him."

NED YOUNG, '33.

• • •

Things We Remember About G. E. M.

The pink shirt.

The green necktie.

The corncob pipe.

The cigar.

The way he cleared his throat in aud.

The way he bawled the kids out for not giving a big enough "D."

The way he would pull your ear in the study room, or scratch your head, or look into your pockets for cigarettes.

The time he played hooky with some of the students to see a baseball game, and the blue slips that circulated the next day.

The way he would yell, "Hi there, Major General," to the R. O. T. C. cadets in the halls.

The way he would get tired and go home at 10 o'clock when he was chaperoning a dance.

The way he used to "wisecrack" at the girls in the aud for "painting up" in the study halls.

RUSSELL SCOTT, NED YOUNG,

MARY KATHERINE SANLEY and

GEORGE B. BALKE, '33.

• • •

Clever Sayings of Mr. Marshall

Let slang be the paprika of the salad, but not the salad.

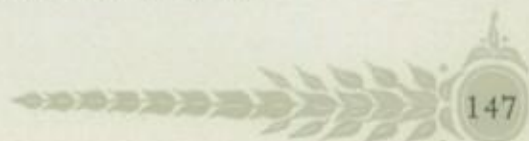
These blushing violets around here!

(In the springtime)—Now, you little birds, come off that monument now. It's time to go in.

I wish you devotees of Terpsichore who like to gambol on the green would confine your gambols to the walks.

I wish some of you young ladies would stop blocking traffic in the corridors by always looking around to see if "he" is in the rear.

Collected by NED YOUNG.





George Edward Marshall, Our Friend

Somewhere in that great beyond, he rests—
His task is o'er; life's work is done.
Gone, his sallies, his jibes, his jests.
Gone to Him, his reward is won.
The Lord giveth; He taketh away.
Beside Him now, he takes his place.
And on that far, dim distant day,
We'll see again his kindly face.
We miss him now. But 'tis too late;
'Twas always thus, I've heard it said.
Gone when we need him,—ah, 'tis fate;
His memory lives, tho he is dead.
Our heads are bowed. Oh, sound the knell.
We bid our last adieu. Farewell.

TERENCE O'BRIEN, '34.

George Edward Marshall—Requiescat In Pace

What page, what lesson have we, sir, today?
He does not speak; perhaps he has not heard;
For when I asked, he answered not a word.
He is preoccupied, no doubt. I say,
"What lesson, sir"—His face is strangely
gray;
His eye is fixed, unseeing, and his hand
Is cold. He dreams—about some distant land,
Perhaps, or some forgotten, happy day.

The lesson? Ah, the lesson for the school:
Another page of life. I turned my last,
And have prepared to take the final test.
Man can but fumble blindly for each rule
Till death enlightens him. The bell! How fast
The class time flew today! Now may I rest?

MARY LOUISE DONEGAN, '33.

. . .

In Memory of Him

Never again shall we hear the tread
Of one who is gone, but whose memory
Shall remain forever with us instead.
Many there are that will remember
When our loving friend and master
Passed away that memorable day in December—
Passed into the realms of the hereafter,
Where he shall again take us by the hand
In that new and promised land.

He was a man who was widely known
By great men, both far and near.
He was the king upon our throne.
Many thought he ruled with an iron hand
That place which was his domain,
But we can see they did not understand.
In many hearts there will remain
A place for this man, both tried and true,
Who has ascended into the blue.

Oh, how we miss that cheery word
And each day that friendly pat,
Which no more shall be felt or heard.
Our hearts, which once were very gay,
Are now hung heavy with grief.
We will have to wait for it to pass away,
Although the passing will not be brief.
He was a man among men—
Was dear old G. E. M.

W. A. LARSEN, '33.

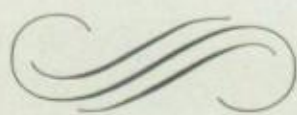




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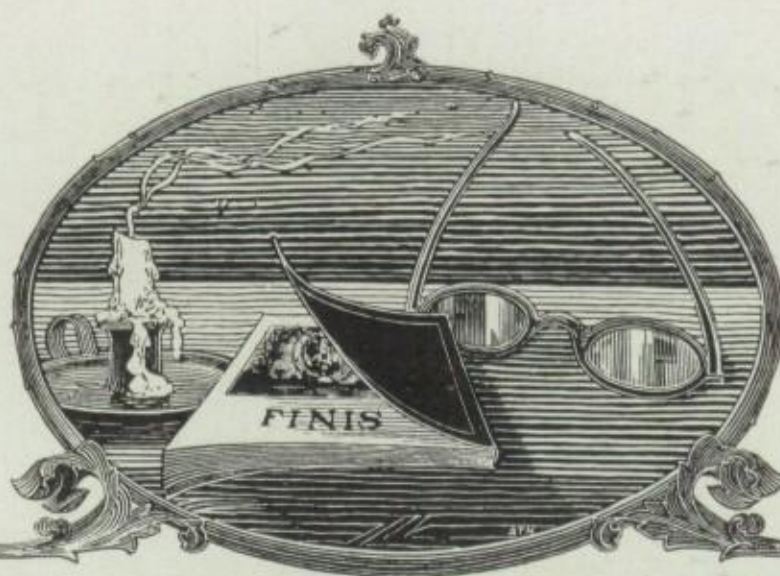
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APPRECIATION

No more copy for the printer. No more proof reading. No more cuts to make. One more final effort and the 1933 Blackhawk will be a reality. Before the last form is locked and put to press, the editors wish to thank personally all those who have contributed to the making of this book. This includes the following individuals:

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Without the aid of these individuals and business houses the 1933 Blackhawk would not have been.

THE EDITORS.



FINIS

